WEEK
ENDING
SEPT. 12, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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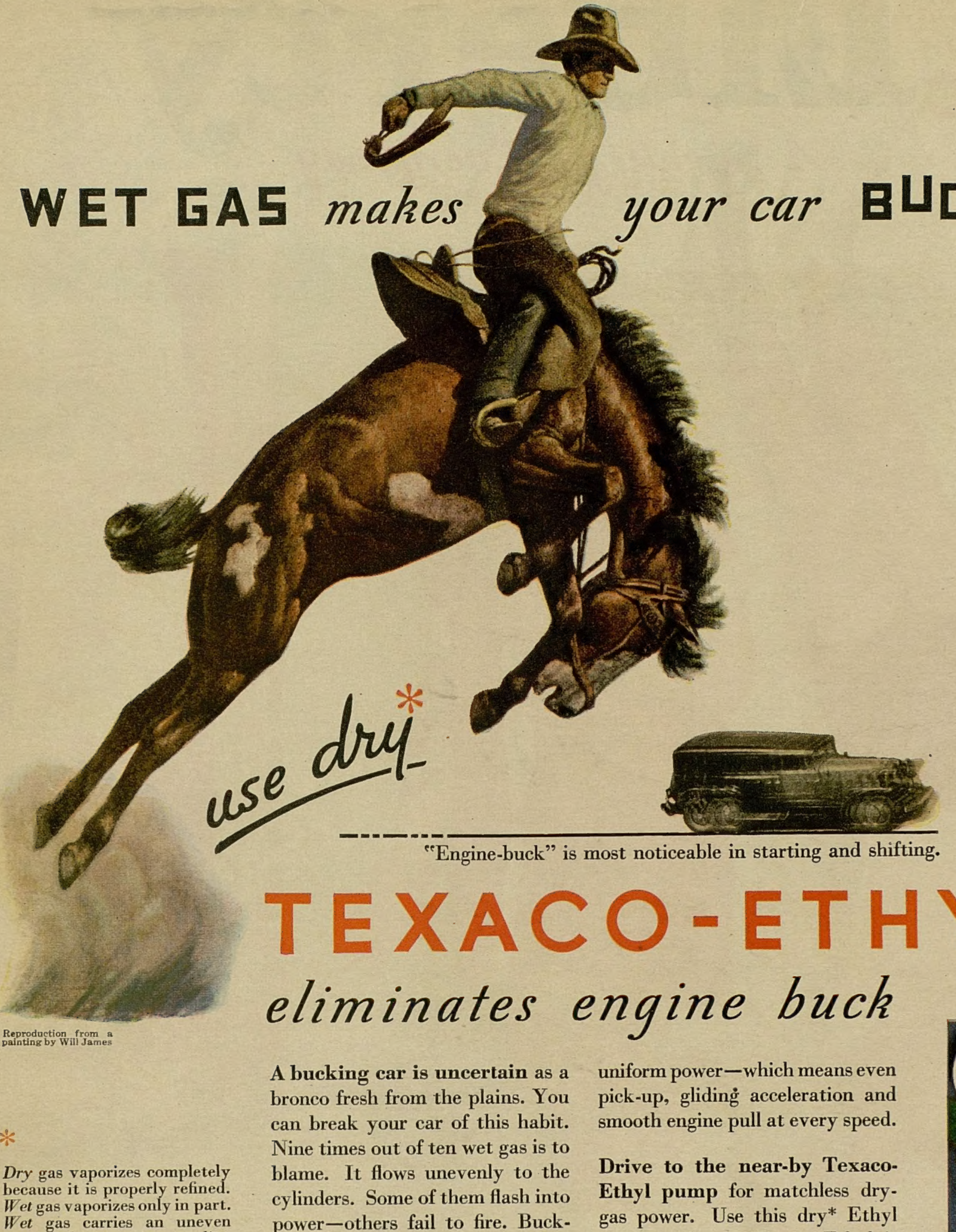
WARWICK DEEPING ~ **ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS** ~ **ALICE DUER MILLER** ~ **EDMUND PEARSON** ~ **ALBERT M. TREYNOR**

WET GAS *makes your car* BUCK



"Engine-buck" is most noticeable in starting and shifting.

Reproduction from a painting by Will James

TEXACO-ETHYL

eliminates engine buck

*

Dry gas vaporizes completely because it is properly refined. *Wet* gas vaporizes only in part. *Wet* gas carries an uneven spray of raw wet gasoline which chokes some cylinders at the expense of others, causes crankcase dilution and wasted power. *Dry* gas goes through the manifold evenly. It burns completely, delivering all its power into every cylinder.

A bucking car is uncertain as a bronco fresh from the plains. You can break your car of this habit. Nine times out of ten wet gas is to blame. It flows unevenly to the cylinders. Some of them flash into power—others fail to fire. Bucking is hard on any car.

Texaco-Ethyl, the dry* Ethyl gasoline, smooths out engine-buck. It enters the cylinders completely vaporized — a dry* gas which fires instantly. The result is uniform power—which means even pick-up, gliding acceleration and smooth engine pull at every speed.

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THERE IS NO BETTER GASOLINE

LISTEN

—*and for perfect lubrication, use*

"CRACK-PROOF"

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

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YOUNG WOMEN *no longer believe* ALL THEY ARE TOLD

They want facts from a reliable source . . . and they can learn the truth for themselves . .

THESE days, the young wife is not content with hearsay. She realizes that there is a great deal of misinformation passing around upon a subject of vital importance to her in her newly married state. She has listened to so many different opinions that she has become entirely distrustful. She wants facts. And there *is* a reliable source of information—a booklet written especially for clear-thinking women. It is called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene."

Zonite is absolutely safe

In back of the whole subject of feminine hygiene there is an uneasiness about the antiseptic to be employed. This is readily understood. Not so very long ago, caustics and poisons were the only germicides powerful enough for the purpose.

The medical profession naturally approves of feminine hygiene. More than anyone else your doctor appreciates the value of surgical cleanliness. But he would never advise the use of bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. Time and again he has seen the pitiful damage done to delicate tissues, the irreparable damage.

Fortunately for women, this situation has completely changed. *A new germicide has been discovered.* And this discovery has proved a priceless blessing to all women who demand the healthful cleanliness and the peace of mind that come with the practice of feminine hygiene.

All women should read this book . . .

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

The name of this new germicide is *Zonite*. You can use Zonite regularly with the assurance that it is *safe*. Women who realize the difference between Zonite and the old-fashioned methods will never again worry about feminine hygiene. For Zonite cannot cause mercurial poisoning. It will not desensitize the vaginal tract. It will not produce areas of scar-tissue.

Zonite is absolutely non-caustic, non-poisonous. It is actually soothing to membranes. And yet it is very powerful. *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body.*

Send for book of full facts

Mail coupon below for the frankly written book that goes right down into the subject. Full of modern information backed by high authority. You can read this in your own home—without any embarrassment—and you can learn the truth for yourself. Meanwhile you can buy Zonite at any drugstore. It comes in bottles, at 30c, 60c and $1. Full directions with bottle. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N.Y.

Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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SEPT. 12, 1931

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

STARVING MEN WANT WORK

The winter will be upon us very soon. There are millions of people out of work. During the summer season they can sleep out of doors, live on "hand-outs," and manage to exist somehow; but with the winter coming on something will have to be done.

Each community will doubtless find its charity resources taxed to the fullest extent. With some communities the situation will doubtless be desperate. Detroit, for example, is said to have gone bankrupt in its endeavor to feed the hungry. The mayor of that great city is to be commended for his whole-hearted attitude, but he will doubtless receive much criticism for his lack of business foresight.

The only way we can give away more than we have got is to use our credit, and if we use this to excess bankruptcy is sure to be our fate. We should all do the best we can to relieve the present situation.

But in these columns we have previously called attention to a definite dependable method of bringing substantial support to those who cannot find work. Creating a huge amount of governmental work, rushing ahead various activities in building, road construction, etc., are only temporary alleviations. Their permanent worth is doubtful outside of the actual value of the improvement to adjacent property. Some means of support should be furnished idle men—especially those with families that will be dependent for an indefinite period.

In the August 22 issue of Liberty we called attentio to the necessity of sending these workers back to the land. First send those with families out in the country and supply them with all the land they can individually work. Give them credit for whatever is necessary to erect a small house, to buy a cow and chickens and the implements necessary to work the land. Such a family should soon be self-supporting. They will no longer be subjects for charity. The family could operate this little farm and raise practically everything they want to eat, and with milk and eggs and chickens they could live on the fat of the land from their own labor.

The billions of dollars that we loaned to foreign nations, with the proviso that it be spent in this country, gave business an enormous uptrend during and following the war. Labor was scarce everywhere.

The factories and all the various businesses of our large cities offered such attractive wages that the country and small towns were drained of their surplus. Workers flocked in huge numbers to large communities.

And now that business is going back to normal, naturally there are literally millions of people out of work who were called to supply this extra demand, and those who came from the country and were unable to demonstrate unusual ability will have to go back to the country.

We can have all sorts of fancy theories, work out whatever plans we want, but in the end this is the only stable solution of our present problem. There are millions of acres of land that could be used for this purpose. The automobile roads that have been built in recent years give access to huge tracts of land that previously were not available for use. There are doubtless many landowners who would be glad to open up great tracts of land and give away every other plot to those who would settle thereon in accordance with the plan here proposed.

Land given away in this manner would tremendously increase in value, and the owners, by giving away every other plot and holding the alternate plot, would find themselves much richer because of the increased value of the land due to the improvements and the presence of the new tenants.

Let us hope that this practical constructive plan for permanently relieving the present situation will be given proper consideration, and that some action will be taken to relieve the present serious situation.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

"I'm over 40!"
Pauline Frederick
Photo By
RAY HUFF
Los Angeles, 1931

Fascinating stage and screen star has a Complexion Secret you, too, can share!

PAULINE FREDERICK in her present stage success, *Elizabeth the Queen*, transforms her face with the versatility for which she is famous.

"I AM over forty years old," says Pauline Frederick. But who would believe it looking at the recent picture above!

"And I am now realizing that birthdays do not count if a woman keeps her youthful complexion.

"After every performance of my present stage vehicle, *Elizabeth the Queen,* I use Lux Toilet Soap to cleanse my skin of makeup. Not only does it remove every trace of grease paint, but it protects my complexion and leaves my face feeling fresh and invigorated.

"For a long period I have used this soap regularly and find that it does wonders for my skin."

Countless other beautiful women of the stage and screen agree!

Hollywood's favorite Complexion Care

In Hollywood, of the 613 important actresses (including all stars) 605 use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*. The Broadway stars, the European stars, too, are devoted to it. Surely *you* will want to try it!

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

She can stand a "close-up" . . can you?

Millions welcome this thrift dentifrice *that beautifies teeth so swiftly*

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They found, as you will find, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a snowy cleanliness, and flashing lustre ordinary dentifrices fail to achieve.

They found, as you will find, that it cleanses every crevice and erases discolorations and tartar, yet does not harm the precious enamel itself.

They welcomed, as you will welcome, that wonderful feeling of cleanliness and invigoration it imparts to the mouth—the feeling you associate with Listerine itself.

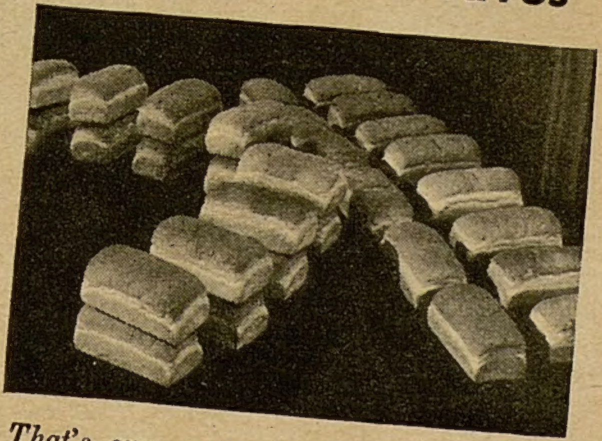
And while it didn't seem as important then as it does now, the saving of $3 a year over 50¢ dentifrices was nevertheless a factor. You'll appreciate its thriftiness now more than ever.

That we can offer such a quality paste at the price of 25¢ is due solely to cost cutting methods of manufacture and distribution.

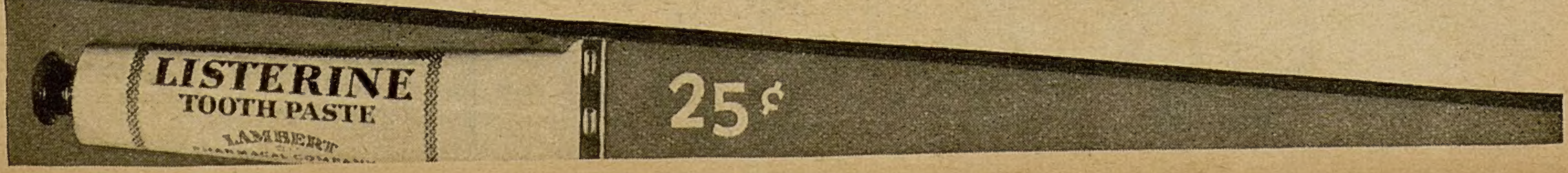
Get a tube today. Make it prove its merits to you. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

Thirty loaves of bread with that $3 it saves



That's one suggestion for spending that $3 you save every year by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.



OLD Mischief

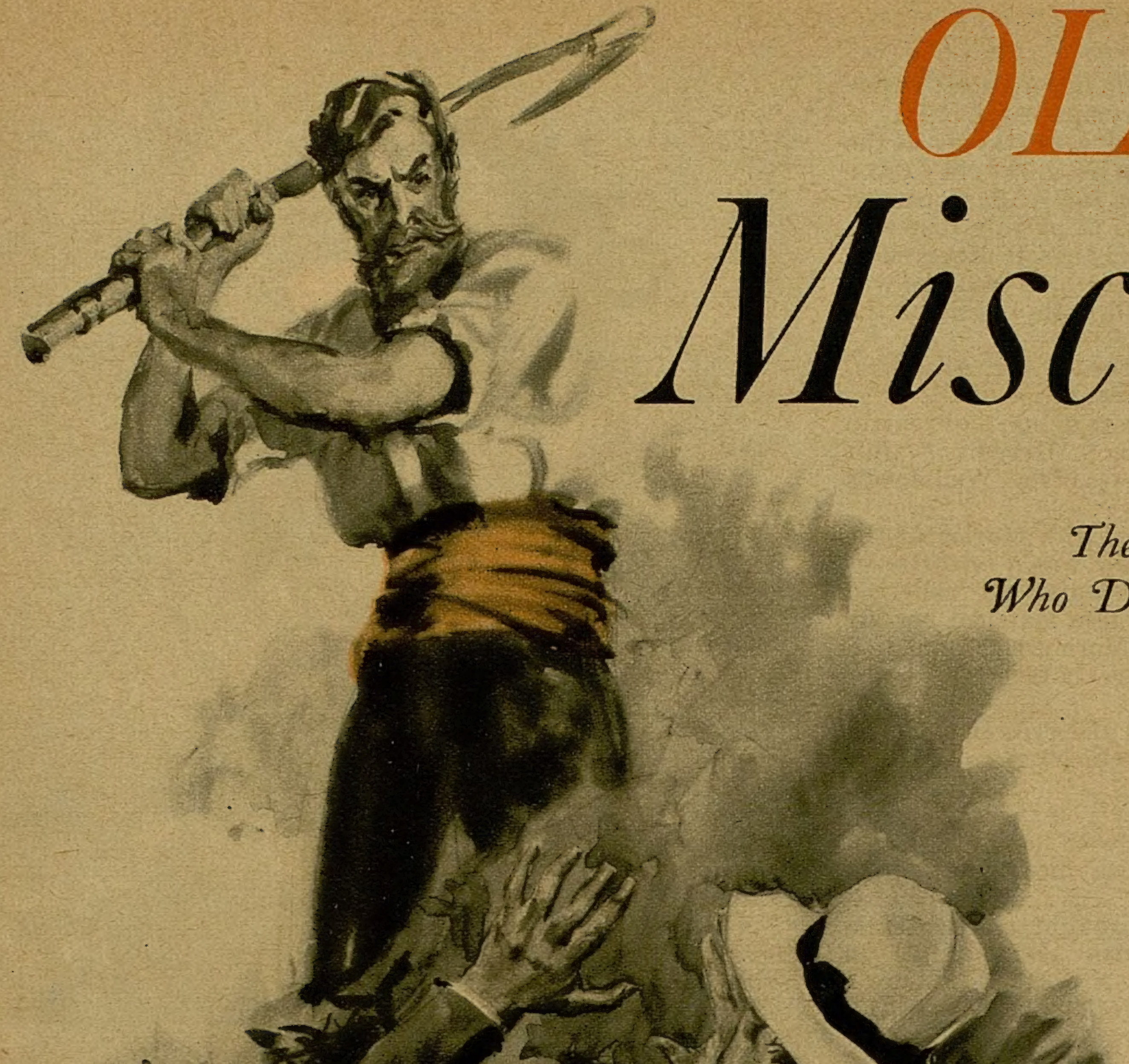
The Story of a Man Who Died and Lived Again

By

WARWICK DEEPING

Pictures by

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



The mattock swung in the air, and suddenly Mr. Allard let out a little chattering cry and put up his hands.

(Reading time: 22 minutes 20 seconds.)

MR. ALLARD was watching a man fishing for sea urchins. He had set out to walk to Portofino, and had turned aside to lean over the low stone wall where the coast road ran some twenty feet above the rocks. The sun shone, sea and sky met in an absolute blueness, and Allard was constrained to stand and stare. He preferred to regard life as a picture and not to fret over it as a metaphysical abstraction, and he contemplated the green-blue water with the black patternings of submerged rocks, the white boat gliding, and the Italian standing in it with his pronged stick ready to strike.

Another man came along the road, paused to stare at the boat, and, glancing at Allard's figure, looked startled. For a moment he was motionless, and then moved rapidly and almost surreptitiously behind Allard's back, his string-soled shoes making hardly any sound. But Allard was conscious of his passing presence. He turned an idle head and saw an Italian peasant in blue linen trousers and a faded black coat walking away along the road.

The man was tall, with well set shoulders and hollowed back; nor did he move like a peasant; and Allard's stare ceased to be casual. There was something familiar about the figure. The back of the fellow's neck and the shape of his head made some memory click in Allard's consciousness.

"Exactly like Wellsford!"

The absurdity of the suggestion reproved him. Wellsford was dead—anyway, he was supposed to have died of drink in a London slum.

But Allard deserted the hunter of sea urchins and followed the other man along the road, and then it struck him that this fellow was walking with unnecessary speed. Allard saw him glance back, and then diverge toward a rough path that looped its way up the hillside.

Allard strolled on. Obviously the thing was a mere coincidence. The fellow had no reason to run away from him; he was in a hurry and had taken a short cut, and Allard's eyes discovered a white building shining through the trees: the Hotel Bella Vista, set on a terrace about a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OLD MISCHIEF
Continued from page seven

hundred meters above the sea, a little family hotel whose *en pension* terms were exceedingly sympathetic.

Allard knew one or two people who were staying at the Hotel Bella Vista: Edith Morley, the novelist; old Trevor Cane, who was as poor as a church rat. Allard paused again at the gate of the Bella Vista. A private road zigzagged up the face of the hill. And then it occurred to him to wonder whether the man in the blue trousers was connected with the Hotel Bella Vista. He might be the gardener or something.

But supposing it had been Wellsford? Mr. Allard resumed his walk, reflecting upon the vagaries of the original Wellsford. Why did a man take to drink, and remain immersed in it to his own undoing? Heredity? But there had been no such taint in Geoffrey Wellsford's case.

That afternoon Allard met Miss Edith Morley at the casino of Santa Maria. Miss Morley was a celebrity of the new school, whose clothes suggested an old-fashioned plush portière. Her dusty meagerness matched her air of negative, pale irony; but Miss Morley was amusing, and Allard had passed beyond the pretty face.

“ May I join you? ”

She wriggled her shoulders, and the eyes that looked up at him through horn-rimmed spectacles were the color of frosted glass.

“ Does man condescend? ”

Allard sat down and ordered tea with lemon in it.

He said, “ Nothing coincidental convinces you.”

She put her head on one side.

“ Why so Judish? They have brought me two stale éclairs. Why are chocolate éclairs always stale in Italy? ”

“ Isn't that a matter for Mussolini? ”

“ Hush—they'll eject you! But you were suggesting a coincidence.”

Allard surrendered to a sudden whim.

“ You have a fellow named Wellsford staying at your hotel.”

“ I'm not responsible.”

“ A tallish, finely made man with curious blue eyes—and an air.”

She put a spoon to her second éclair.

“ The only reputable male about the place is the *padrona's* husband, and we only see him once a week. A hairy creature who looks after the garden and the vines, and who is stone deaf and never speaks. Yes; now I come to think of it, he has lapis-lazuli eyes.”

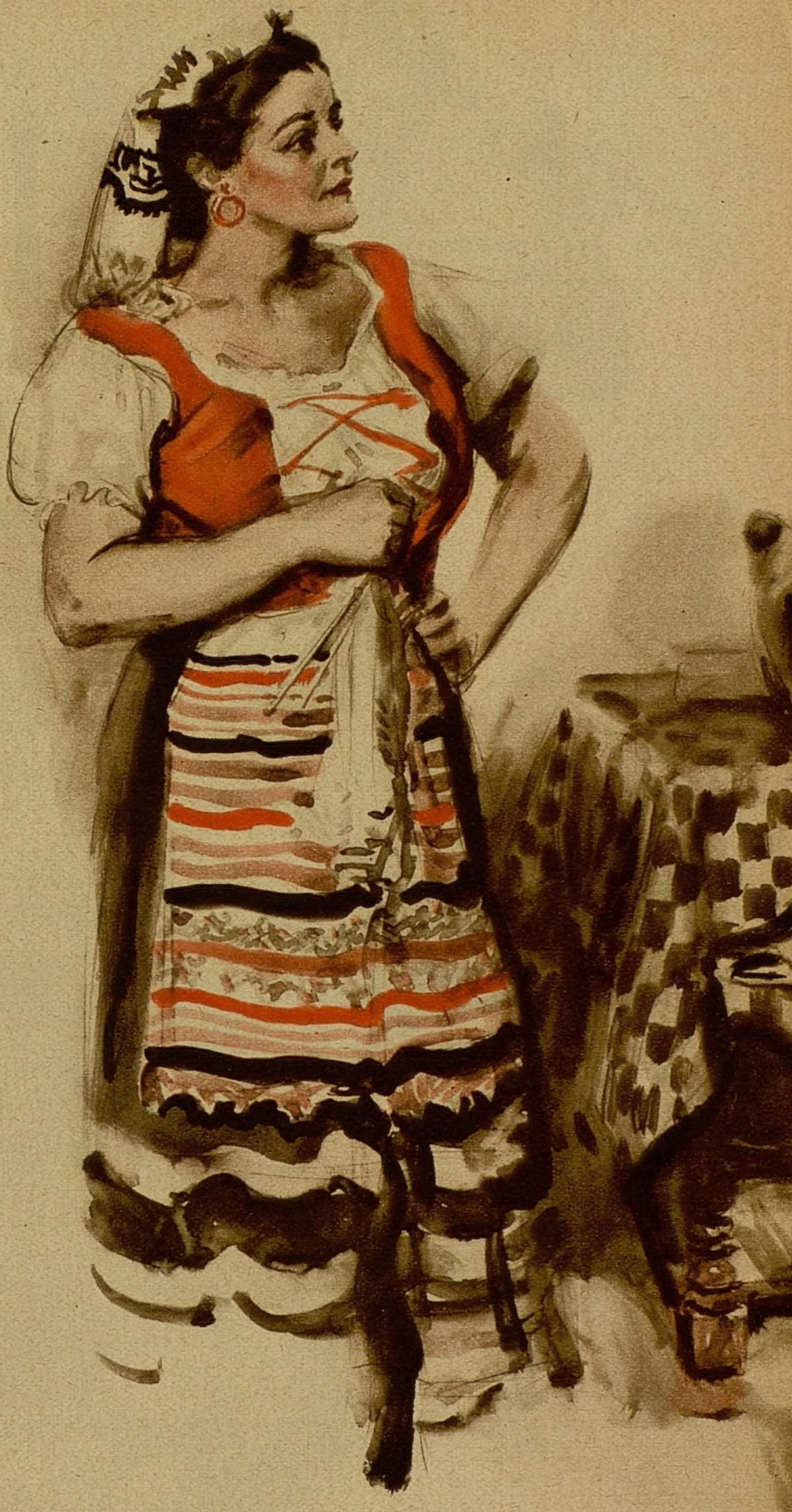
NOW, Mr. Allard was not a malicious person, but he was an idle man of mature years who had so little business of his own that he was constrained to dabble in other people's affairs. He was excessively curious. He had a nose for anything that was exciting and savory and a little scandalous.

Mr. Allard discovered a mule path that climbed through the olive groves behind the Hotel Bella Vista, and Mr. Allard pursued his hypothesis up this path. It was a warm day, with the sea like watered silk and the sky blue crystal; and looking down through the olive trees above the little hotel, Mr. Allard saw a man at work, turning over the rich, dark soil with the big mattocklike tool used in the south. His blue trousers and white shirt showed up against the vivid green of the herbage, which was starred with narcissi and wild tulips.

Mr. Allard removed his hat and sat down for a moment on a rock. His eyes twinkled; for the fellow at work there was the man he had seen on the road—the Italian ghost of a dead Englishman. Mr. Allard had slipped a small pair of opera glasses into his pocket, and he extracted them and turned them upon the peasant. The man Wellsford had been clean-shaven, but this fellow had a tawny beard and mustache, and a face the color of cedar wood.

Then Mr. Allard had an inspiration. It did not occur to him that there was anything reprehensible in the trick. It was a perfectly harmless experiment. He put a hand to his mouth and called:

“ Hallo—Wellsford! ”



NOW, what did Wellsford do but pick up Mr. Allard, and hump him down the hillside to Ambrosia's hotel, and carry him into the lounge.

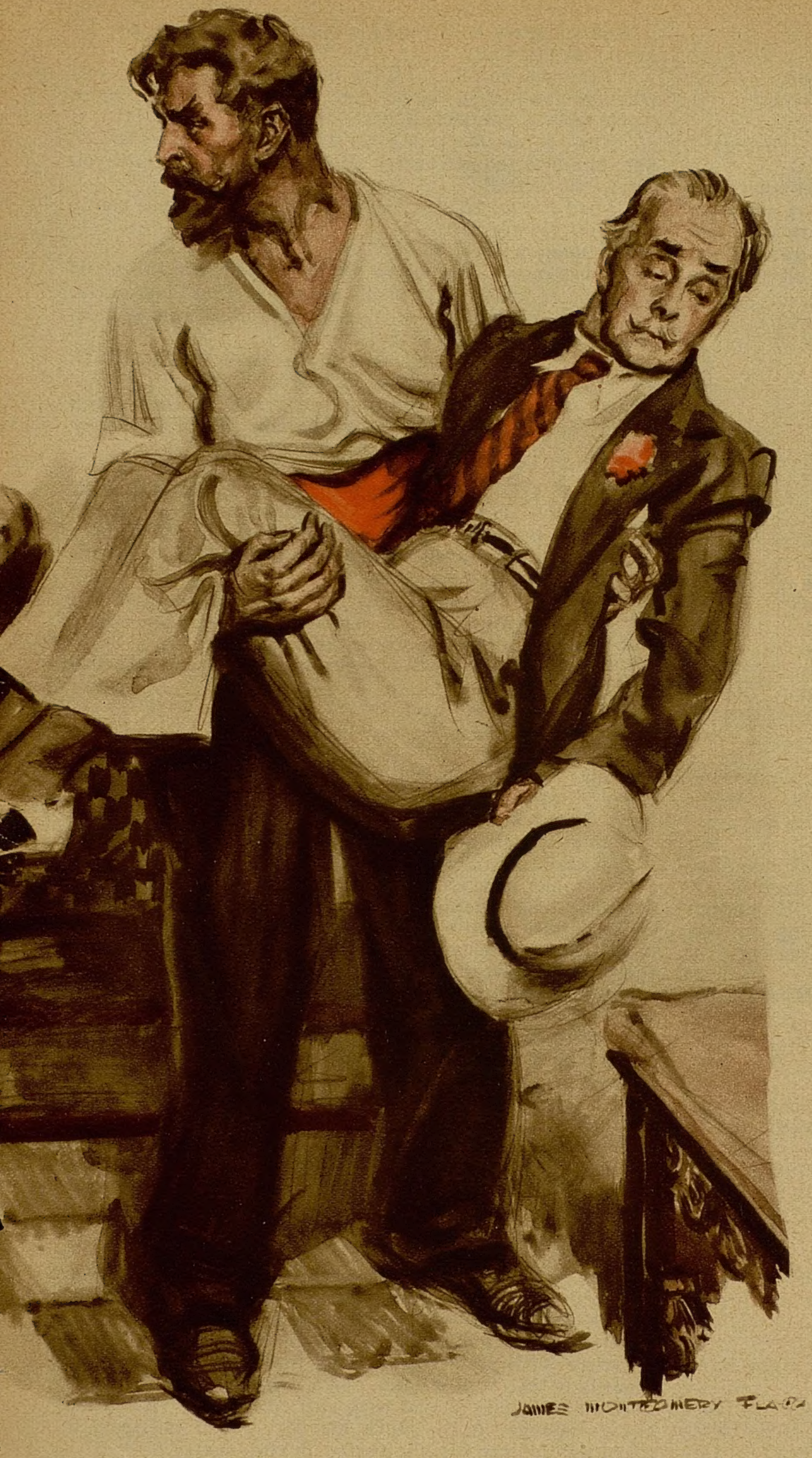
The reaction was instant. He saw the stooping figure straighten like a spring that had been held flexed. The man stood holding his mattock in two brown hands almost as though he were ready to defend himself. His very blue eyes stared up through the flicker of light and shadow under the olive trees. Mr. Allard stood up. The effect of the challenge had surprised him. He smuggled his glasses back into his pocket.

“ Excuse me—you understand English? ”

The blue eyes continued to stare. Almost they were like the eyes of a startled and angry animal. Mr. Allard felt vaguely uncomfortable.

“ Perhaps you can tell me if this is the path to St. Pietro? ”

The man gave a shake of the head and resumed his



work on the soil. The mattock rose and fell with a kind of rhythmic ferocity.

Mr. Allard raised his eyebrows. Had not Miss Morley said that the man was deaf?

" Damn it—I believe it is Wellsford! "

MISS MORLEY was at work at the third chapter of her new novel when Allard arrived on the terrace of the Hotel Bella Vista. Miss Morley held that a particular corner on the terrace was sacred to herself and her craft, and when she saw Mr. Allard's busy legs and self-assertive hat traveling in her direction she was annoyed. A woman's work can always be interrupted! It occurred to her that Mr. Allard resembled a dancing faun, an irresponsible and mischievous creature to whom the whole of creation was a joke. He took off his hat to her.

" *Scusi.* But—really—I have something important to ask you."

Miss Morley put down her fountain pen. " Indeed! "

" Yes. You remember the Italian chap I was talking to you about? I think you said he was deaf? "

Miss Morley snubbed him:

" Yes; he is so fortunate—so very fortunate."

She resumed her pen and sat waiting for Allard to appreciate the superfluity of his presence. That third chapter had just begun to trickle down on to the unruled foolscap, and though Miss Morley's inspiration was apt to be tenuous she clung to it tenaciously. But Allard pulled out a cigarette case and sat down on one of the iron garden chairs.

" *Scusi.* You'll forgive me if I unearth for you a human document. You say that this fellow is the husband—"

Miss Morley once more laid down her pen. Obviously that third chapter and Mr. Allard were incompatibles.

" Oh, yes; the husband of the proprietress. They live in that little white house above the hotel. Three children. All the conventions."

" Have they been married long? "

Miss Morley shrugged. Well, really! Did the man expect her to be intimately familiar with the history of these Italians? She hastened to tell him all that she knew.

" THE lady is buxom and swarthy, and some day will have a mustache. To us she is the *padrona*, a good sort and fat. She feeds us well, and the beds are clean. Her name? Oh—Ambrogia Panicale, or something like that. But Italian names go the other way round, don't they? We call her Ambrosia, ice cream, spikenard. No, I don't know her husband's name. Why should I? "

She gave Mr. Allard a little glance that said " Now go away, you incurable old gossip. If there is a flea in a bed, I'd expect you'd find it."

Mr. Allard smoked his cigarette.

" Have you any idea how long Ambrosia has been running this hotel? "

" Not the least idea."

" Does she speak English? "

" Passably."

" I think I shall come and stay here for a few days."

Miss Morley was frank with him.

" I shouldn't if I were you. The bridge is rotten, and we are not conversational. Besides, the hotel is full "—and she breathed to her pen a faint " thank God."

But knowing her Allard, and realizing that the third chapter was hanging in the air, she chose to remember that she had forgotten her bottle of ink and that her pen needed refilling. She left Mr. Allard on the hard iron chair, and found Mrs. Ambrosia in the little bureau behind the lounge.

" Oh, madame, a few words."

The Italian woman, huge and tranquil and pleasant, looked at Miss Morley with eyes like grapes.

" Yes, Mees Morlee."

" If an English gentleman named Allard should come and ask for a room, I should like to suggest that he is a tiresome creature."

Ambrosia was knitting a pink woolen jumper. Her large white face remained placid, but for a moment she lowered her eyes.

" I quite understand, Mees Morlee. In English—fussee. Is that not so? "

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OLD MISCHIEF
Continued from page nine

Miss Morley smiled at the admirable creature.

"Exactly. A man who nibbles, and interferes."

Ambrosia nodded her magnificent head.

"He shall not come. I expect other people. Always—I expect other people on such occasions."

Miss Morley, having blocked Mr. Allard's rat hole, went up to her room; and Ambrosia, after linking up six more stitches, rose with a kind of large deliberation, and walked out of her hotel and up through the garden and the terraces to the white house among the olives. An Italian girl was sitting on a chair by the door, preparing a salad, and under the vine pergola three children were playing a game. Ambrosia smiled at the girl.

Warwick Deeping

whose Old Mischief is one of many short stories written by him, as well as a number of novels, including Sorrell and Son and Doomsday. He lives in Surrey, England.

"The *padrone?*"

The girl turned her head.

"Working. Pruning vines."

Ambrosia walked slowly round the white house, her knitting still in her hands. Her face had a thoughtful solemnity.

She climbed a flight of steps and stood listening. Birds twittered, for it was one of her husband's eccentricities, this refusal to shoot small birds. She approved, and above the twittering of the little creatures she heard the snip-snip of the pruning shears. Ambrosia ascended more steps, and saw the figure in blue and white bending over the gnarled and twisted vines. She looked to the right and to the left before calling to him with her deep, smooth voice:

"Pietro!"

The man heard her at once, and Miss Morley's assertion that he was deaf could be explained only by the supposition that Pietro Panicale preferred to be deaf in the presence of strangers. He turned and walked between the vine rows toward his wife, who, with an air of placidity, had resumed her knitting. They looked at each other, and the blue eyes of the man were troubled. He had an air of waiting upon the woman, of depending on her, while she—a large and dark Madonna—diffused a protective and placid beneficence.

She said: "The little man has been here. Miss Morley has told me that he wishes to stay with us."

She saw her husband's blue eyes grow fierce.

"Stay here! The infernal little rat! I told you, Ambro, that some day—"

He blurted out these words in English, and her dark eyes reproved him while her placid hands continued to knit.

"But I shall not have him here. Do not worry."

She gave him a quiet and comprehending glance, a glance that was both possessive and protective. He smiled.

"Besides, what difference would it make? A little idle creature who runs about the world, sniffing."

"He played a trick on me. He recognized me."

"M-my dear, do not be so sensitive. You are afraid that the English who come here—"

HIS blue eyes fell into a stare, while his right hand played with the pruning shears.

"Life's so good here, Ambro. Oh, I suppose I'm a fool! But when you have buried a thing and some little busybody comes along with a spade and amuses himself by digging up your past—yes, it makes one see red. Why can't the devil just shut his mouth and go away? But no, he is one of those little sensation-mongers who feel a little important when they have a bit of tainted flesh to show."

She went and stood close to him, as though her very nearness would be soothing.

"My boy takes things so seriously. An insect may bite you, and you just brush him off."

"An insect can leave poison behind."

She laid a large, soft hand on his shoulder.

"Now, now, do not see what you call red. See the sun and the sea, and Ambro, and the children, and the olive trees and the vines, and Bo-bo the dog. It is all real, my dear. No one can take it away from you. What does the past matter?"

And suddenly he turned his head and, bending, put his mouth to her hand.

"Yes—you're real. I'll try not to be such a fool. But when you've put on clean linen, and a little fellow comes along with a handful of dirt—"

"Yes—a mischievous little urchin of a man. But do not take him too seriously. People are kinder than you think, my dear."

"I tell you what, Ambro—if he comes sneaking round here, I'll get my gun."

She made herself laugh.

"Now—now! You know you do not shoot small birds—and this little old parrot— Don't be foolish. Perhaps I will flap my apron at him and he will fly away."

She showed him her wise dark eyes, and with a nod of the head she turned away.

"Go on pruning the vines, my dear, and forget the traveling English. We make money out of them, that is all."

SHE left him and, returning to her small hotel, found Mr. Allard sitting in the lounge. He looked innocently perky, rather like a sleek little jackdaw. He rose and addressed Ambrosia:

"Madame, your hotel seems very quiet and comfortable. I should like to stay here."

Ambrosia smiled upon him.

"I am full of regrets, sir; but my hotel is full."

"Next week, perhaps?"

She put on a tragic air.

"I am so sorry! It is impossible. I have other clients coming. Every room is let."

Mr. Allard's face suggested that he did not quite believe her. Or was she preparing to pick his pocket?

"I might make it worth madame's while."

She assumed an expression of solemn stupidity.

"How can it be so when I have no room, sir? I cannot disappoint my clients. You see—it is impossible."

Mr. Allard gave a curious little snigger and, with his head held on one side, observed her for a moment, and then moved toward the door.

"Apologies for troubling you, madame. Ahem—good day."

Ambrosia, still knitting, went and stood in the doorway and squared her massive shoulders. Her lips moved expressively, and the words that rose to them were dressed in the Italianate English of Soho; but she did not utter those words. Her full lips seemed to compress themselves. She walked out on the terrace and, standing by the balustrade, made sure that Mr. Allard was taking the winding road that would lead him down to the sea. Interfering, meddlesome little wretch—the kind of man who would lift a sheet and look at a dead face just to satisfy his curiosity!

Now, had Mr. Allard been anything of a man, instead of a little desiccated, gossiping quidnunc, he should have known that Ambrosia could be a far more dangerous enemy than her husband. She might appear to be a placid creature with grapelike eyes, a mother and a wife, a stout lady who kept a hotel, and a most respectable hotel, and whose hands played with soft pink wool. But Ambrosia belonged to the south, and Mr. Allard had spent a great part of his life chattering in club chairs.

The game of resurrecting Geoffrey Wellsford did not suggest to Mr. Allard the rifling of a tomb, or any sort of sacrilegious interference. He would be able to go back to his club in Pall Mall and tell a story. "Whom do you think I dug up in Italy? No, not Cæsar or Marcus Aurelius, but that chap Wellsford. Yes, the Wellsford who was involved in the Hennessy affair and who was supposed to have died of drink. Yes; he's gone native in Italy—married an Italian woman with a mustache, who weighs about twenty stone. Funny world, isn't it?"

Ambrosia happened to have a brother who was head waiter at the Santa Maria Casino—one Luigi, who bore a very great resemblance to Italy's dictator; and in private life Luigi was a very truculent Fascist, and the leader of the local *squadrilla,* or whatever it was called.

Ambrosia sent for Luigi. She explained Mr. Allard to him, and Luigi sat and dandled Ambrosia's latest baby and agreed that such interfering foreigners were an insult to Italy.

He kissed the top of the baby's head.

"I'll have the fellow watched."

But it was Mr. Allard himself who provoked a crisis. He had made certain tactless remarks upon the Italian régime in the hearing of one of the casino waiters, and this was reported to Luigi, and an agent was sent to make inquiries at Mr. Allard's hotel. The gentleman was out. As a matter of fact, he had taken the path that led up behind the Hotel Bella Vista. He had made up his mind to unearth Wellsford and make the dead man talk. Why shouldn't Wellsford talk? Mr. Allard was incorrigible.

But in scrambling down the rocky hillside just above the Bella Vista vineyards Mr. Allard precipitated both himself and a crisis. He fell with his foot wedged between two stones. He felt something go crack in his left ankle, and when he tried to stand that left ankle hurt him so acutely that he was constrained to sit still. And he was sitting among the vines upon Ambrosia's property, well away from the path and out of sight of the world.

He realized that he might sit there till sunset. He would be obliged to shout for help; and shout he did in a voice that was a little shrill and tremulous, for Mr. Allard was pitying himself very seriously.

He had come to speak with the ghost of Wellsford, and it was Wellsford who heard that voice calling in the wilderness. He stood listening with his mattock resting on his shoulder, and then, climbing from terrace to terrace, he came suddenly upon Mr. Allard.

Mr. Allard's little face brightened.

"I say—I'm afraid I've broken my ankle."

He was about to say "Wellsford" when something in the other man's eyes made him smother the name, for Wellsford's eyes were fixed on him with a queer blue glare. The sunlight glinted on the blade of the mattock, and to Mr. Allard it suggested a weapon. Moreover, the man who carried it had the appearance of some fierce barbarian, blond and blue-eyed and wrathful.

Mr. Allard's face fell. Almost he looked apologetic; he spoke nervously:

"Sorry to trouble you, but I was explaining—"

He glanced up anxiously at the other man, who stood and stared at him as though he were tempted to swing that mattock and strike, and Mr. Allard began to be frightened. Wellsford's eyes were so queer!

HE felt that he had to say something soothing, and he said the wrong thing:

"You'll excuse me, but you are so like a man I used to know. Yes, I felt I had to find out, just for old times' sake, you know."

The reaction was not what he had hoped for. He saw the blue eyes flash. The mattock swung in the air, and suddenly Mr. Allard let out a little chattering cry and put up his hands.

"My dear Wellsford—please! Don't you know me? It's old Tom Allard—"

The mattock remained poised for a moment, and then that berserker glare seemed to go out of Wellsford's eyes. The head of the tool sank to the ground. Wellsford's shoulders drooped, and suddenly he sat down among the vines and with a crumpled look began to speak:

"What the devil did you come here for?"

Mr. Allard was showing the whites of his eyes.

"My dear Wellsford, just a coincidence."

Wellsford was breathing deeply.

"My God—that coincidence nearly made me smash your skull! Why the devil can't you leave well alone, and not come capering around like an infernal little monkey?"

Mr. Allard was shocked, but terror made him sympathetic.

"My dear fellow, I assure you— I thought you were dead."

Wellsford looked at him. "I—am—dead. The sot you knew died in London. But a woman carried the corpse out here and revived it. Wellsford's dead. Do you understand?"

"Yes—yes, I understand. The *padrona*, the good lady."

"She picked me out of a gutter in Soho. There are some women, Allard, with a curious and fine compassion. She got me clean, or reasonably clean. She married me, and we came out here together. I had a little money left and I bought this place for her. We have children. It's a sort of paradise to me. And then you come and poke your fingers—"

But something had happened to Mr. Allard. His little face looked all twisted. The shell of him had cracked.

"I'm awfully sorry, Wellsford— But I beg your pardon; I won't use that name. I begin to understand. It's more—more significant than I thought. If you'll give me a hand I'll clear out and hold my tongue."

Wellsford's fingers stroked the handle of the mattock.

"That's decent of you, Allard. I'm so damned sensitive about the past."

NOW, what did Wellsford do but pick up Mr. Allard, and hump him down the hillside to Ambrosia's hotel, and carry him into the lounge. Ambrosia herself, appearing with the inevitable knitting, saw her husband lowering Mr. Allard into an armchair, and for one moment she was under the impression that Mr. Allard had been the victim of her husband's anger. But it was Mr. Allard who smiled and winked at her and explained the situation.

"Apologies, madame. I slipped up there on the hillside and hurt my ankle. Your husband understands no English, but he heard me calling, and came to the rescue."

Ambrosia, with needles clicking, looked hard at Mr. Allard, and then at her husband. Wellsford smiled, nodded, and said something to her in Italian, and then—like the peasant in a palace—slouched self-consciously out of the lounge.

Ambrosia stood reflecting, with the corner of an eye on the old gentleman in the chair.

She said, "Fortunately, sir, I have a room vacant for a night or two. Or perhaps you would prefer to be driven to Santa Maria. I am afraid there is no ambulance."

"I think I should prefer to stay in your hotel, madame, for a few days. I assure you I shall appreciate anything you do."

So Mr. Allard became a guest in the Hotel Bella Vista, and lay in a bed in a sunny room with his ankle in plaster of Paris, and Ambrosia took it upon herself to nurse him. She was a very capable and pleasant nurse, but her administrations to Mr. Allard were not wholly disinterested. She kept her large black eyes on him, and waited for Mr. Allard to prove himself either man or monkey.

Mr. Allard proved himself man. In fact, one evening he had a heart-to-heart talk with the lady.

He said: "You have been very good to me, madame. You may be sure that I shall respect—your kindness. You see—your husband bears a strange resemblance to a man I knew in England. But that man is dead. Yes—completely and absolutely dead."

He raised his glass to Ambrosia. "Your very good health, madame. I am very much—your debtor."

Luigi the blackshirt, coming up to inquire how Ambrosia wished him to handle the blasphemer, was told that the situation was solving itself.

"He is quite a good old *punchinello*, Luigi. You can let him be. He was just like an old child, a little thoughtless and mischievous. Besides, he cannot walk."

Luigi looked admiringly at his sister.

"If necessary, we can put him over the frontier in twenty-four hours."

Ambrosia went on knitting. "No, I do not think it will be necessary. He understands that—sometimes—the good God wishes us to hold our tongues."

THE END

CHEVALIER

A Touching Portrait of the Smiling Maurice

The world-famous smile that irradiates Chevalier's charm.

(Reading time: 26 minutes 5 seconds.)

THERE is no such person as Chevalier.

The brilliant, smiling idol of the screen is as much a manufactured creation as one of Lon Chaney's thousand faces.

The chasm between Chevalier on and Chevalier off the screen is nine times as wide as the Grand Cañon.

In the past fifteen years I have interviewed or known personally every great star of the cinema. Chevalier is the greatest disappointment, the only real disappointment, of them all. Inevitably you compare the man you meet with the personality he sells, and the contrast is incredible.

If Maurice Chevalier were allowed to be himself, he wouldn't flash that famous smile once a month.

The truth about Chevalier is that he is now a French business man.

His stock in trade is charm.

We may well call him the Charm Vendor.

As a solution to this present Hollywood mystery—"Have you met Chevalier? Can you *believe* it?"—wise ones suggest that America has devitalized the Frenchman.

The answer is by no means as simple as that.

There has been so much—so much—in Chevalier's life that he can never forget. A man is made up of his memories. Chevalier's memories are terrific. The horror of poverty, which means cold and hunger and desperation. That is part of his memory. All his life until he came to America was filled with romance, with danger, with excitement, with a great gamble. Across the tapestry of his mind moves the love affair with Mistinguett, almost as dangerous as the front-line trenches. The tawdry, human, precarious, violent Vagabondia of the French music halls. The color and wickedness of the water-front cafés of Marseilles. The Great War. A German prison camp. A hairbreadth escape. London, conquered overnight. Fame, fame held by the nightly creation of that heaven-sent charm, that had to be sent across the footlights just at that special moment, to captivate anew the most difficult audience in the world—a ticklish and uncertain fame.

Now he is nearly forty.

Now he merely creates and sells his charm to a market as sure as Henry Ford's.

Today he walks carefully the safe paths of peace and plenty.

Where once he had ambition, now he has only success. Where once his mistress wore the bright face of danger, now he espouses the placid beauty of security. Where once he made forced marches on the battlefields of poverty, now he stoops to tend the ordered gardens of his riches.

In his simplicity, he does not hide the ennui of having no more worlds to conquer.

With the shrewd practicality of his race, he accepts money and fame and security. But that romantic gayety, that vital courage, that dramatic daring, which have always swept the French nation to great heights in times of danger and necessity, now sleep—a little restlessly—in Chevalier's heart.

You see it haunting his eyes—across tea tables, on the beach, amid the gay dance crowd—a wistful, questioning spirit that prosperity has smothered.

He is like a child who has followed the rainbow and found the pot of gold. But the rainbow is gone.

HE carries a constant reminder of his reckless past. Shrapnel from German guns. A perpetual menace to his voice, even to his life. The Germans put that shrapnel ball there to stay, on that terrible 22d of August, 1914, when they battered Papa Joffre's men back from Metz and Nancy. To take it out would mean almost certain death. So it remains. Chevalier knows. He knows that at any time it may cut off his gayest song. A man who carries a deadly bullet near his heart every moment hasn't much choice. Discretion is indicated. Men like that grow a little wooden of face, you may have noticed.

So Mme. Chevalier's youngest son, who dreamed great dreams in an attic, who had some spark that fired him to overcome his own shy, serious nature—so Mistinguett's inspired lover, Papa Joffre's heroic soldier boy—has become the Charm Vendor.

Weighed by that shrapnel, the throb and thrill of conquest, the effervescence of youth, the spur of necessity, the intoxication of Mistinguett all gone—the creation of that charm which is so foreign to his own character must have become a devastating, devitalizing business.

Maurice Chevalier spends all his time and energy in the systematic creation of—Maurice Chevalier.

He labors now beneath the strain and absorption of the creative bent, plus the worry and hard work of the business man.

One of his favorite English words is "net."

the Charm Vendor

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

As they begin a picture, he will say to Lubitsch, "This must be a hundred per cent—net." Or, "Is it a good story, net?"

Every business man knows how hard it is to be a top-notch salesman—to sell buttons, automobiles, stocks and bonds, that someone else creates. But when a man has to make what he sells—especially if it be so delicate and ephemeral a thing as charm—it all becomes tremendously hard work. Nerve-racking work.

The terror of having to cope with small material difficulties is strong upon him. He lives in hotels to avoid any domestic responsibility. Everything about him is as simple as possible. The awful effort of meeting new people distresses him. The thought of surmounting his shyness, of trying to appear interested when he is bored, of combating anew his decided inferiority complex in large gatherings, simply overpowers him.

"But why?" he will say. "But why? No, no. It is too much. I stay at home."

It isn't high-hat, as has been said so many times; it's fatigue. It isn't vanity; it's distress and boredom. Suppose he should have to be charming out of office hours! He is probably the only person in the world who is tired of the Chevalier charm.

To see him turn it on is one of the most amazing sights I have ever beheld. Usually he refuses to do it. He meets the general run of people in his studio for business reasons which he perfectly well comprehends. They behold a wooden-faced man with excellent manners, automatically polite and kindly.

On the set he sits in a corner, talking with someone, or more often alone. He looks sad, tired, puzzled, and not in the least attractive. Seeing him thus, if you didn't know he was Chevalier, you would not have the slightest desire to meet him.

The director calls. The lights go on. The cameras begin to grind.

Just as mechanically, Maurice Chevalier turns on his charm.

You behold a young man with a smile that makes your heart leap, with an attraction that instantly stirs your imagination. He is handsome, vital, fascinating. A man of swift grace, of eyes that sparkle with life, of an irresistible swagger. A devilish, dashing young blood, fit to turn the heads of duchesses, as indeed he did. Ten years have dropped from his shoulders.

You understand at last why he was the hero of one of France's most famous romances. You understand why he was the darling of Paris.

"*Toujours le même chose,*" a Frenchman

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

Chevalier in the springtime of his fame, with his wife and his beloved little mother.

The young Chevalier who was co-star with Mistinguett.

International photo

Mistinguett of the "million-dollar legs." Adoringly called "Mees" for short, she was the sweetheart of all Paris.

CHEVALIER—THE CHARM VENDOR
Continued from page thirteen

who has known him for twenty years, who worked with him in the theaters of France, told me with a shrug. "In the wings he is nothing. His cue draws near. His valet puts on his coat for him. In the same way, Chevalier puts on his smile. We marvel then—as you marvel now. He himself does not understand it. Once he told me, 'Out there, by the footlights, I can be what I have always wanted to be—what I was not born to be.'"

At the few parties he attends it is the same, only with reverse English. The guests are assembled. The lights are bright. Music hums. A whisper goes about that Maurice Chevalier is coming. Enter Chevalier. The famous smile floods the room. The charm sweeps all before it. Women grow weak in the knees.

Ten minutes, half an hour elapse. The party is in full swing. You look about for another glimpse of that intriguing gentleman. In a corner stands Chevalier. His lower lip is out an inch. His whole body droops. The sorrows of the world seem to be weighing him down. An hour later he has gone home. He has escaped the terrifying business of being Chevalier.

IT was in London that, with the magic assistance of Elsie Janis, he fully displayed the priceless gift of charm. Until that time he had been merely a competent comedian.

The new fame, the new popularity, which followed the unveiling of his charm in London in 1919 caused him many emotions. He did not lose his head. The blood of his hard-working, practical French ancestors told. But he was distressed by the personal angle.

He wanted to spend his time in English music halls, seriously studying the methods of the stars of that day. Instead, after much argument, he would find himself dragged to some enormous and important social function. Then he would begin to droop. The flattery of women only worried him.

It was always so. When he was a hard-working performer in the French revues, and went of a night to the gay and festive places of Montmartre with a pal and a couple of girls, he would sit for hours, silent, meditative, serious. Oh, a very serious young man. Supper, a few bottles of wine, dance music—still he sat, lost in thought. Until the girls—he was not the great Chevalier then—would shrug slim shoulders and murmur: "How stupid he is, this young man! Why does he come to Montmartre? Let's look for someone more amusing."

If he spoke ten words, it was a surprise to his men friends. Thus, later, over the shoulder of some reigning beauty or society leader, Elsie would see him making pathetic signs to be taken home.

As a social lion he simply cannot roar.

But once at home! Once back in Elsie's charming quiet apartment! Then emerged another Chevalier, one whom only his few intimates know.

Like everyone else who has ever known them, he adored Elsie and Elsie's wonderful mother. Alone with them, he would relax. Still sad, a few melancholy but comfortable sighs would emanate. Jenny Janis would produce long loaves of French bread, plates of cheese. The long face of the late lion would brighten ever so little. Seizing the long loaf, he would hold it against his shoulder and wield the knife in a manner to suggest immediate suicide.

THE bread, the cheese, a bottle of good French wine, the wit and wisdom of Elsie's mother, the companionship of the incomparable Elsie. Under that stimulation and naturalness emerged the gentle, sweet amusing, naïve Chevalier. Boyish. Given to commonplace jokes. Fond of a little clowning. Intensely happy in long, long talks about the theater and the art of the theater. Eager to discuss ways and means of improving himself. Feeling his way cautiously toward the amazing possibilities opened up by the discovery that he, Chevalier, child of the Paris streets, was a sensational success.

There is in Paris a little group who know that Chevalier well. They include an Academician or two, an editor, a statesman, a musical genius, a famous novelist.

Few people in the world know that night after night, when Chevalier is back in France and Paris wonders what her famous son is doing to amuse himself, Chevalier sits with these serious and important minds. The talk is really deep. It touches philosophy, comparative religions, government of nations, future of the race, problems of economic importance and of art—all human relationships. That sort of conversation is Chevalier's greatest joy. In that group he is only a listener.

That is a phase of him we have missed, an endearing phase. Always he has been obsessed by a desire for more knowledge. As, step by step, he has climbed up from the working classes, as his success has brought him in touch with the cultured and educated people of great cities, he has put forth superhuman efforts to make himself fit to associate with those few whom he considers really worth while.

Of all sports he loves boxing best. For years Paris knew well the inseparable friends, Chevalier and Carpentier. The great French champion taught his buddy all that he could of the art of fighting. In the gymnasiums many gathered to watch them box, and saw a great exhibition.

And who knows?—perhaps Chevalier taught Carpentier that gallant smile he wore at the end of his fight against Dempsey.

There is a wistful boyishness about Chevalier—this real Chevalier whom so few people know. The result of the longings, the unfulfilled dreams, of his strangely bitter, strangely wonderful childhood.

To understand Chevalier, three things must be taken into account. That childhood—and Mistinguett—and the War.

The little Parisian suburb of Ménilmontant used to be what we would call a slum. Today it is the home of the poor but respectable working class. There was a time when it was a Whitechapel of Paris, a haunt of the Apache.

There Maurice Chevalier was born, the third and last son of a laborer and his tiny, hard-working wife.

It was from her, from the little Frenchwoman with her sparkling black eyes, her birdlike vivacity, her unconquerable joy of living, her exquisite faith in the goodness of God, that Maurice inherited the spark that was to lift him so far above the class in which he was born.

WHEN Maurice was eleven his father was killed. The little family found themselves without a provider. The older boys left school at once. Maurice went only fitfully. They lived in a tiny apartment, where neither cold nor hunger was a stranger. They knew suffering, they knew hardship, they knew want, but *la petite mère* never let them know despair.

Many things she could not teach them, since she herself was but a poor and unlearned woman. Yet she gave them gifts that neither money nor education could buy. She taught them to laugh, taught them, as Chevalier once told a friend, that the saints themselves loved laughter. The power and the delight of beauty she taught them, leading them halfway across Paris to see the candlelight shining upon the blue robe of Mary in one of the great cathedrals.

In a tiny café in the neighborhood was a weekly concert. Once a week Madame Chevalier and her youngest son attended upon the muse of music, often at the cost of wood for the fire, of new shoes for Maurice's small feet. Every week there they were, in the very front seats, the earliest comers. How *la petite mère* laughed when she discovered that Maurice had been setting the clock ahead half an hour, that they might be sure to arrive the very first, sure to get the best seats! One can so easily picture them, the little birdlike woman in her neat black bonnet, the frayed black shawl folded over her shoulders; beside her, holding her hand, the tiny, underfed youngest, whose thin face blazed with excitement.

There was no one in his early life who influenced or molded him save his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

235 with a brassie

won't help a bit about "Pink tooth brush"

MAYBE you shoot round after round in the seventies. But you're no safer from "pink tooth brush" than if you'd never heard of a green.

Your *muscles* get plenty of exercise — but your gums get next to none. Modern foods are soft foods. Lacking proper stimulation, your gums are growing flabbier, lazier, more tender.

And gums that bleed even slightly are willing victims for various gum troubles such as gingivitis and Vincent's disease — even to the less frequent but dreaded pyorrhea. And "pink tooth brush" may lead to infection at the roots of some of your soundest teeth . . . which means, of course, you run the risk of losing the teeth!

Stop "pink tooth brush" before it starts! Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste in the regular way. Then — put some additional Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into those flabby gums of yours.*

Within a few days your teeth will be cleaner, more sparkling. Within thirty days your gums will be firmer, healthier, harder. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and "pink tooth brush" won't get anywhere.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-91, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of mailing and packing.

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CHEVALIER—THE CHARM VENDOR
Continued from page fifteen

mother. His education was scant—a thing he has always regretted and of which he has always been conscious. So Maurice, while he labored at such small jobs as so small a boy could handle—driving nails, selling dolls, painting—dreamed of a great project.

And one day gained courage to make his proclamation. He wished to become an actor, a singer, like those of the fair and the café concert.

One can picture the effect of this upon his stolid, hard-working brothers. Even now Maurice makes a quick gesture of dismissal when that moment is mentioned.

Charles Chevalier was shocked beyond belief, almost—but not quite—beyond words. Maurice to laugh and clown, when there was need of bread? To waste his time prancing in low cafés, when there was honest, decent labor a boy might do which would bring in francs sorely needed to keep a roof over their heads? It was not possible! The road of the theater was the road of damnation. One feels a little sorry for brother Charles, himself only a boy, with responsibilities beyond his years.

With Claudette Colbert in The Smiling Lieutenant.

Twelve-year-old Maurice sat on a small stool in the corner—perhaps he acquired then the mark which has made him sit in corners ever since—and his lower lip protruded piteously as he wept before the indictment poured upon his head. His desire burned bright but his determination faltered. The bitter necessity for daily bread stared him in the face.

The great Chevalier of today is a frugal person, unable to spend money in large sums, unable, even if he wished, to live extravagantly. But he has a great heart of charity, of understanding. What he cannot bring himself to spend, he loves to give away.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Elsie Janis, Chevalier's friend and mentor, with her mother.

During the early days when he was in variety, doing his act in floppy pants and putty nose, somewhere between the acrobats and the trained dogs, he came to know the precarious existence, the heartbreaking tragedy that overtakes the "artist" who is ill, or old, or unfortunate. Many times in the wings he stopped to play with stage children, as pinched and underfed as he himself had been when they billed him as the "Midget Comedian."

SO now, somewhere in France, there is a hospital where any performer may go for rest, for the best medical at[illegible]tion, for every care and comfort. Attached to it is a nursery where children may be safely left. And the whole thing is supported out of that now so magnificent salary of Maurice Chevalier's.

"In the past week," a young man in New York wrote me the other day, "I have acted as his agent in distributing over three thousand dollars to out-of-work performers in New York, and not one of them knew where the money came from."

At all events, but for his mother, that moment with brother Charles long ago would undoubtedly have been the death of Chevalier. We should never have seen The Smiling Lieutenant. The world would have had to go without the Chevalier smile.

"Charles," said the little mother, wiping her work-worn hands upon her apron, "I will hear no more. You shall not speak so to Maurice." The dinner burned on the stove, forgotten. *La petite mère* faced her first-born with blazing eyes.

"Maurice shall be an artist!" she cried. "He shall not give up this so beautiful dream! We may always look up. I shall manage. And some day he will earn more in a week than you will earn in all your lifetime!"

Higher up they moved, higher and higher into the smallest and barest of attics, and thus perhaps nearer the blessed company of the saints who upheld *la petite mère*.

NOT then, not till many years later, when she lived amid her own gardens and rode upon the boulevards of Paris in his car, did the youngest son know the things his mother did to give him a chance. While he battered hopelessly upon doors, while he met failure after failure, eked out a few pennies here and there with his songs, climbed wearily the first rungs of the ladder, his mother scrubbed floors, washed, worked overtime, to make up the deficit. Her hands sewed his clown suits, her hands pressed his suits, that he might make a decent appearance.

Above all, she believed in him. Cheered for him.

You may perhaps notice that Chevalier wears a wedding ring. It does not belong to his wife. It belongs to his mother. It is his one talisman. Before he walks on any stage, before he starts the day's shooting, when he takes a journey, he touches it and says a little prayer.

As men go, and in spite of his years in such loose atmosphere as the cabarets of Marseilles, the cafés and variety houses of Paris, Chevalier is amazingly clean, decent, almost puritanical. Since his marriage to Yvonne Vallée, the leading lady of his later French revues, not the slightest breath of scandal has ever touched his name.

His love affairs, even before his marriage, were few and, except for Mistinguett, unimportant. There was a beautiful young Frenchwoman of whom Mistinguett was once madly jealous. But she was married to a friend of his. There was, after his break with Mistinguett, another French actress, a sort of second-rate Mistinguett. But "she wasn't good for him, she wasn't the right kind for him," a friend of his told me, "so he broke with her very soon."

His mother often said to her friends that Maurice was "a good boy." She was right. And she knew him well, that wise little mother. When at last, after the magnificent storm of his great romance was over and the calm sea of matrimony reached, she took his wife to her heart. The new and amazing world in which Chevalier moved never frightened her. She peered forth, smiling a little, proud but calm. It was no surprise to her, much as it surprised others, to see the name of Chevalier in blazing lights.

It did surprise many. For it took time, much time, for the Chevalier charm to culminate. And without it what was Chevalier? Without it, had he more talent, more ability, a better voice, a handsomer face, was he a better dancer, than any one of the hundreds of young men in the French theater?

Mistinguett was the first to see it. She knew, she said, that it might become famous. But whether it did or not meant nothing to her. In the beginning she was interested in it only for herself. And in the end, as it had brought them together, it parted them. For Chevalier grew too big, too important, to be a mere co-star, a mere partner. The balance was destroyed.

To ignore Mistinguett in the life of Chevalier, in our conception of the man, is to be both ridiculous and dishonest.

From the comparative obscurity of small theaters, from unimportant character parts in revues, Mistinguett lifted Chevalier into the big time, made him her partner, focused the eyes of the public and the producers on him. More than that, they were lovers.

For years she dominated his life, his character, his imagination. Some women men love—and forget. Not Mistinguett.

When Chevalier first met her she was the idol of the French theater, the favorite of Paris. We don't have women like her in America. Those vivid creatures whose names become synonymous with pleasure, with perfumes, with costumes, with intrigue and romance. Women who occupy some niche of their own not quite explainable by either beauty or genius.

We never achieve that mixture of idolatry and familiarity, of pride and possession, which Paris has always known.

Mistinguett was then the star of the Folies Bergère.

Mistinguett of the most beautiful legs in the world. Of the blazing green eyes. Of the throbbing, throaty voice. A dynamo of fascination, heroine of a hundred romances, her naughtiness was proverbial and her popularity was as much a part of before-the-war Paris as the Rue de la Paix.

THE very name has a flavor, though all Paris called her affectionately, proudly, "Mees." She was not young. Nor could you call her beautiful. She had no need to be either. She burst upon the stage, narrowed her eyes, smiled—and they loved her. When she danced, those famous legs were poetry. The girls of Montmartre copied that husky, sexy voice, and the great ladies of the Boulevard St. Germaine wore ostrich feathers because Mees wore them.

She was as French as Ninon, as the Pompadour. Born too late to be a king's mistress, she was the sweetheart of Paris itself.

Chevalier was the great love of her life.

He was not much past twenty when he met her, before the war.

A friend took him back to her dressing room. A youth grown tall and broad at last, a little shy, very much dazzled. As he stood in the doorway, the fragrance of hothouse flowers and rare perfumes beat upon him. Amid silken cushions, her famous legs crossed, her white shoulders springing from a robe of rosy feathers, sat the darling of Paris.

"Mistinguett, I present to you Maurice Chevalier."

Mees threw back her head, the white lids drooped. The intense look held Chevalier, swept him from his shyness. He smiled at her. Perhaps that was the first time anyone ever saw the smile upon which his later fame was based.

"Ah," said Mistinguett, "with that smile you will go far—very far."

When Chevalier first came to pictures, first began to work for Paramount, Ernest Vajda, who wrote The Love Parade, was commissioned to write a story for him. He completed his manuscript, submitted it to Lasky and Chevalier. They read it. A story conference was called.

The powers that be were delighted with the yarn. Chevalier said very quietly, "But, gentlemen, I cannot do that story."

There was protest, inquiry.

"It is the story of my own life," said Chevalier. "We parted long ago, Mistinguett and I. But she did much for me. She is a great woman. I owe her at least loyalty. It is impossible that I should in any way use anything that would suggest to her I had used her life—and mine."

The story went into the wastebasket. Or perhaps they

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dry as the Sahara
(most men's scalps)

How about yours? Most men complain of scalp dryness, realizing that this condition frequently leads to baldness, but many do not know that it is so easy to remedy this condition. If you're in this class, just cast your eye over this good news: dry scalp can be normalized by a five minute workout once a week! First, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp—be generous. Then grasp the head firmly with both hands and massage from the neck and temples up to the crown, using a rotary motion until it tingles. And finish up with your regular shampoo. If you will follow it faithfully once a week, you'll never complain again of dryness.

• • •

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1931

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

Are you
guessing
or
do you really
know?

It is dangerous to go into "guessing contests" when your health is concerned. You can't afford to "guess" about the right laxative. You must *know*. And you must be guided by the expert opinion of the medical profession.

Here's what doctors specify

Doctors say a laxative should limit its action to the intestines. It should not rush food through the stomach, disturbing the digestive processes.

A laxative should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system. A laxative should be mild and gentle in action. It should not over-stimulate the intestines—and so cause weakening after-effects.

It should not form a habit. It should not gripe. It should not shock the nervous system.

Doctors know that Ex-Lax 'checks' on every one of these requirements.

No secret about Ex-Lax

All you taste in Ex-Lax is delicious chocolate. Yet scientifically blended with it is the favorite laxative of the medical profession—phenolphthalein—in the correct quality, the correct proportion and the correct dose.

You may take Ex-Lax with perfect confidence—it is safe, gentle, yet effective for all ages.

At all druggists 10c, 25c and 50c. Or send coupon below for free sample.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
—the safe laxative
that tastes like chocolate

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. L 921

CHEVALIER—THE CHARM VENDOR
Continued from page seventeen

just changed the time, the place, and the costumes, and presented The Love Parade.

For there can be no doubt that, in the beginning, Chevalier was a mere theatrical prince consort to the musical-comedy queen of Paris. She swept him into a *grande passion* almost before he knew what was happening. She was violent, jealous, dominating; but also she was splendid, irresistible, a creature of great emotions, great experience.

Paris chuckled, then applauded. Mees was in love.

She stimulated him out of himself for the first time. She petted, scolded, flattered, thrilled him. She would stand with her head thrown back and her eyes half closed, hands on hips, and tease and cajole him until he became closer, for a time, to the Chevalier we see on the screen than he has ever been before or since.

When he came back from his great individual success in London, where Elsie Janis allowed him for the first time a chance to show himself, to do his own stuff without being overshadowed by Mistinguett, he had learned how to exploit, how to value, how to use that charm. Chevalier and Mistinguett were co-starred then at the Casino de Paris, and they still talk about them—the greatest team that ever appeared in a French theater.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

who word-paints Chevalier in this article, is a noted writer for and about the screen and its celebrities.

But as the balance was destroyed, as Chevalier pulled even, then pulled ahead of Mees, as the new and youthful star shone more brightly than the older favorite, their life together became unhappy.

Soon he was a star in his own right. Soon they quarreled, parted.

And Chevalier met the adoring, gentle, pretty, sweet young girl who became his wife.

ONE of his closest friends, who has known him intimately, worked with him intimately for years, told me that Chevalier had never been really in love.

Mistinguett was a tempest, an education, a passion. But there was in that none of the soul companionship, none of the mental union, the mutual sacrifice, that make for love. Today the sweet little wife adores him, serves him, makes smooth his everyday living.

A good marriage, perhaps. But without depths. No; Chevalier has never known real love. No woman has yet entered into the serious, moody, deep side of Maurice."

Ah, he is a serious man.

He never speaks of the War. Yet he was among those gallant Frenchmen who under Papa Joffre went into a living hell between Metz and Nancy, who flung themselves before the invading gray hordes, who in those first incredible days checked the ruthless forces that menaced the world. On August 22, 1914, he fell, wounded almost to death, and lay for long, dark hours in the mud and the blood of that never-to-be-forgotten battle ground. For hours he prayed that death might end his suffering, might render him insensible to the thirst, the pain, the trampling feet of friends and foes.

For twenty-six months, over two years of the very heart of his manhood, he was held in a German prison camp, while his mother prayed and Mistinguett stormed the powers of Paris and wrote pleading letters to her neutral friend, the king of Spain. Then he knew the awful suspense, the desperate gamble whose failure would mean death, of an escape, and the horror of beating his way back, footsore, hungry, weary, ill, to Paris.

THE Croix de Guerre. The shrapnel so close to his heart that no doctor dares remove it. These are the concrete evidences of his part in France's glorious defense. But there are deeper rewards and deeper scars. The men who survived those days can never be quite the same as other men, I think. Having looked so intimately upon death, life must assume a different value.

There is another thing about Chevalier that few people have realized, again because of its contrast to his gay, rollicking, laughing screen presence.

He has absolutely no personal sense of humor.

One Sunday not long ago he and Mme. Chevalier were spending Sunday at Fairford, the Santa Monica home of Mary and Doug. Young Doug and Joan were there and a number of other guests, among them Mary's favorite cousin and her husband, young "Sonny" Chaileff. Sonny declared he didn't intend to go swimming.

Doug declared that swimming was very good for him and he should swim whether he liked it or not. There was, as there so often is when the Dougs, senior and junior, get together, a bit of a roughhouse, a lot of laughing and fooling.

In the process of preparing Sonny to swim against his will, Maurice Chevalier by accident got dumped in the swimming pool with all his clothes on.

It was the shallow end, and after a few seconds of floundering Chevalier came to the surface and emerged, extremely wet, amid the delighted roars of the company. But it was not funny to Maurice. He was furious. He stormed, he glared. His immaculate clothes were wet. His wrist watch—a very expensive one, as he stated—was wet.

Wettest of all was his dignity.

"I do not see anything funny in this," he said.

Doug apologized and gave him one

of his own suits to put on. Practical jokes and roughhouse tactics are so much a part of Doug's life that he didn't understand Chevalier's anger. But he did his best to smooth the ruffled plumage. No use. In his borrowed clothes, with a set face, Chevalier went home. He was plenty sore.

As a man Chevalier meets every test.

His bravery cannot be disputed. His charity is proven, over and over again. His loyalty to his old friends never falters. No star on the screen works harder or more continuously and puts more time and thought upon his work. He lives a quiet, decent, unostentatious life. He is a faithful husband.

The mystery is to think that this serious man, meditating upon life in the abstract, confused and concerned about existence, anxiously studying to improve himself and to make up for his lack of early advantages; this silent, moody, rather sad young man, who bores you almost as much as you bore him; this business man with the slightly wooden face—to think that this man is the same one you see on the screen!

The contrast is almost unbelievable.

The answer lies in just those three words—the Charm Vendor.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What Shakespearean play includes the character Malvolio?

2—What Ohio city has the name of an ancient city of Spain?

3—What is the title of a maharajah's wife?

4—What is the name of the yellow coloring matter in plants?

5—Who was the father of Esau and Jacob?

6—What is log-rolling in politics?

7—Where and when is the next world's fair to be held?

8—What city in Germany is noted for the manufacture of fine porcelain?

9—What is the color of lapis lazuli?

10—What is effluence?

11—What does the Latin phrase *ad finem* mean?

12—What is acrophobia?

13—What is a wimple?

14—What is the capital of Alaska?

15—Who painted the Sistine Madonna?

16—What is a peduncle?

17—What is the largest island of the West Indies group?

18—What is an invocation?

19—What does enteric mean?

20—What is the firmament?

(Answers will be found on page 27)

"I get a dollar, Dad. I've gained another pound."

Bobby gained 8 pounds in 2 months

. . . after we began giving him milk this new way

"OUR little boy has always been delicate and underweight. He was growing fast but getting thinner all the time. Then I began giving him Cocomalt instead of plain milk, and he liked it so much he drank five glasses a day. This extra nourishment put a pound on him the first week, and his father was so delighted he promised him a dollar for every new pound he gained.

"Bobby's been a winner all around! He loves Cocomalt, begs for it many times a day. And he not only won eight dollars from his dad—he's eight pounds heavier and looks marvelous!"

Even more remarkable accounts than this have come to us from mothers everywhere.

What Cocomalt is

Cocomalt is a delicious chocolate flavor food drink which provides, in concentrated form, the elements every child needs for sturdy growth. By adding 70% more nourishment to milk—by supplying *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals—Cocomalt helps to bring about astonishing changes in thin, underdeveloped children.

Cocomalt is easily digested, even by invalids. It contains malt enzymes which actually help to digest the starches in other foods.

A source of Vitamin D

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D—the same element produced by summer sunshine. Any physician will tell you how essential Vitamin D is in warding off rickets . . . in building strong bones and teeth.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. family size. At grocers and drug stores. Or mail coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing), for generous trial can, enough for the whole family to try.

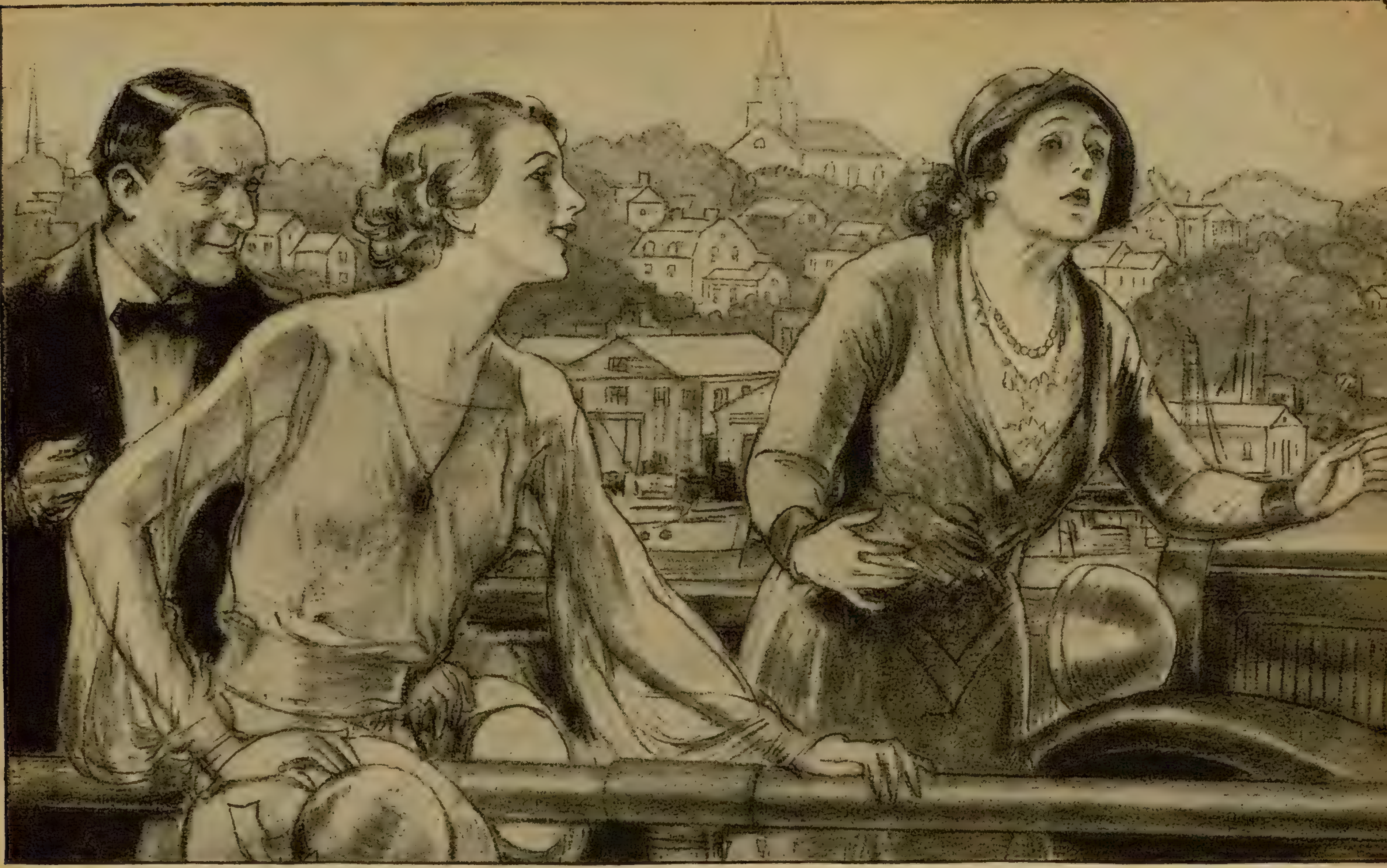
Cocomalt

COOL! REFRESHING!

R. B. DAVIS CO., DEPT. EE-9, HOBOKEN, N. J.
I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK



CAUGHT IN

The Story of a Precarious Predicament

By

Albert M. Treynor

Pictures by CHARLES D. WILLIAMS

(Reading time: 29 minutes 20 seconds)

A YOUNG man's got to have pants if he wants to get on in society. He certainly does if he's modest and as easily embarrassed as George H. Rumsen.

Not that George Rumsen had no pants. He had a blue suit and a gray suit with extra breeches; he had a black dinner suit complete; he had flannels and golf knickers; and last and best—hot dog!—he had pearl-colored trousers to go with his braided afternoon coat.

This outfit was for weddings, not necessarily his own. It seemed to George that somebody else was always getting married. Like today at high noon. They had asked him to usher at the church. Some friend of his and some girl or other. It doesn't matter who. Because, as things turned out, George never did get to the wedding.

But then, neither did Dodo Dickson, who was to have been a bridesmaid.

This Dodo was the daughter of Horace Dickson, old Pulpwood Dick, who owned the big paper mills up the river. Dodo was the sort of number the old maestro would call sweet and hot.

When George Rumsen came to South Kenwood to run an advertising agency branch, Dodo was knocking around Europe. It was but lately that she had come home to make things lively for everybody. And to date she and George had only a passing acquaintance, which consisted of straining the trapezius muscles in the backs of their necks whenever they passed each other.

George was thinking about Dodo when he finished dressing. But that wouldn't be news. He was always thinking about Dodo, or else her old man. He wanted Horace Dickson to put money into a swell idea he had, so that he—George—could get rich and steal Pulpwood Dick's only child. A vicious circle, what? Only here was one more millionaire who was as tough to shake down as green bananas from a wild banana tree.

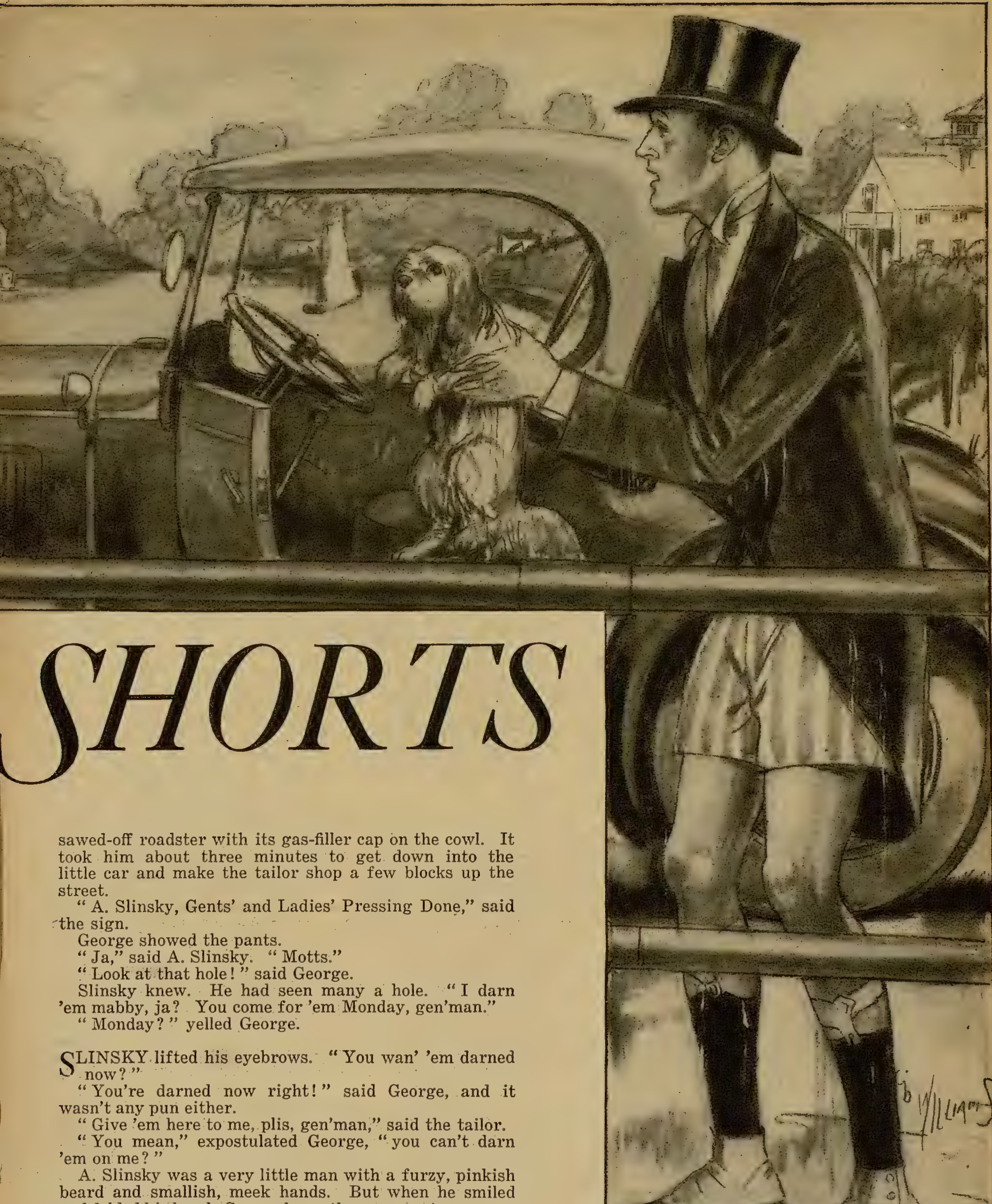
So that when George wanted to be good to himself he tried not to think about Horace at all. He just thought about Dodo. He was so absorbed now, thinking about Dodo—the way her nut-brown hair grew about her ears—he hardly noticed how his own sandy hair kept sticking up again every time he brushed it down.

George was long and loose and ambling in build, and he had freckles. What he wore couldn't make much difference, one way or another. It was mostly his fetching grin that got him by.

He had finished dressing, even to the gloves and his shiny high hat, when he made his disastrous discovery.

Maybe the soviets had sent them on to raise hell with the bourgeoisie; but be that as it may, they had been there in his pearl pants—an earnest little group of moths.

Besides wardrobe and ideas, George H. Rumsen had a



GEORGE regained the roadway and turned with an ugly look at Pulpwood Dick. "Where are my trousers?"

SHORTS

sawed-off roadster with its gas-filler cap on the cowl. It took him about three minutes to get down into the little car and make the tailor shop a few blocks up the street.

" A. Slinsky, Gents' and Ladies' Pressing Done," said the sign.

George showed the pants.

" Ja," said A. Slinsky. " Motts."

" Look at that hole! " said George.

Slinsky knew. He had seen many a hole. " I darn 'em mabby, ja? You come for 'em Monday, gen'man."

" Monday? " yelled George.

SLINSKY lifted his eyebrows. " You wan' 'em darned now? "

" You're darned now right! " said George, and it wasn't any pun either.

" Give 'em here to me, plis, gen'man," said the tailor.

" You mean," expostulated George, " you can't darn 'em on me? "

A. Slinsky was a very little man with a furzy, pinkish beard and smallish, meek hands. But when he smiled and folded his hands George knew the argument was over. He could either give up his pants or he could wear them to the wedding the way they were.

The tailor shop was a square, one-room shack with no dressing closet or hide-outs. It had windows on all four sides. A lad without his pants in here could feel about as secluded as a cheer leader out in front of dear old Eli-Nassau.

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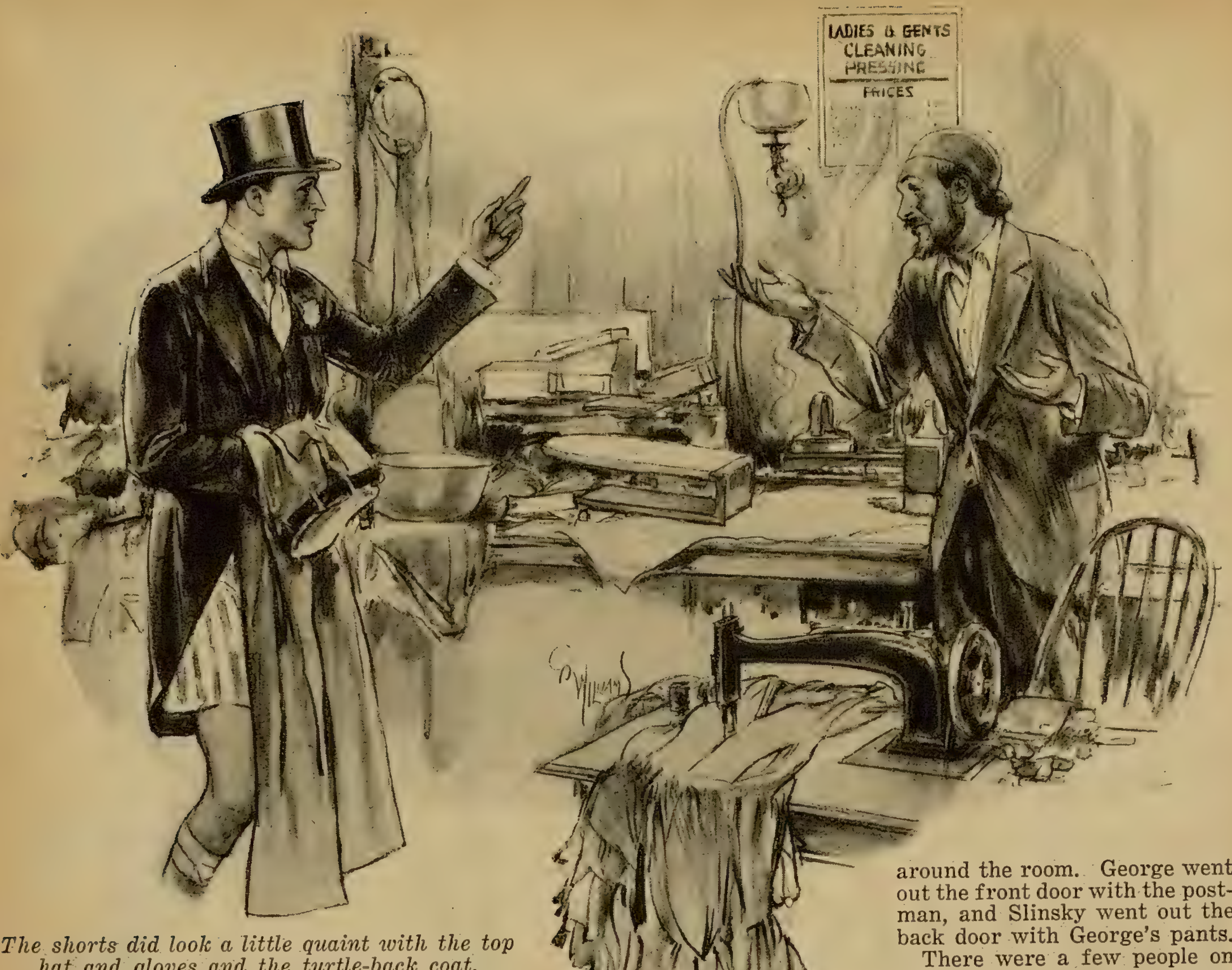

The shorts did look a little quaint with the top hat and gloves and the turtle-back coat.

CAUGHT IN SHORTS
Continued from page twenty-one

"Your sign says 'Gents and *Ladies*,'" George balked.

A. Slinsky shrugged. What did it matter to him?

George looked at his watch. And he was just desperate enough to risk it. He unfastened them—they were off.

The shorts he had on were the kind pole vaulters wear, only they were of a better sort and had green and white stripes going up the legs. Nothing wrong with them, and yet they did look a little quaint with the top hat and gloves and the turtle-back coat.

George got up on the pressing table and sat cross-legged in his brevies between the can of cleaning gasoline and the tailor's geese, or gooses, that were heating up on the gas stove.

This A. Slinsky was a smart jobo with a needle. George couldn't help feeling fascinated, watching the way matched pearl thread wove in across the hole where the moths had squatted. For a minute he almost forgot to feel nervous.

And then the bell above the front door jangled. As he found out afterward, it was only the postman opening the door. But George jumped and tried to cover up. What A. Slinsky's sign said had stuck in the back of his brain like a childhood complex. Any right-minded boy would have done the same. He backed into the gasoline—and the can overturned upon the hot stove burner.

Phlooey! George H. Rumsen felt a hot blast trying to blow him across the room. He landed over by the front door more scared than scorched.

The tailor's shop was ripe for a little one-alarm fire. Waste scattered around, and greasy wainscotings, and women's dresses hanging everywhere, still whiffing of petrol. Slinsky, they say, made a modest profit out of that day's total loss.

In five seconds the flames had wrapped themselves around the room. George went out the front door with the postman, and Slinsky went out the back door with George's pants.

There were a few people on the streets. But George was quite sure that nobody really saw him as he took the sidewalk at a bound. He landed in the roadster without even bothering to open the door, and rapidly pulled the robe over his bare legs. Then he stepped on the starter, and before the fire engines and the crowds could gather he pulled around the corner to hunt for Slinsky.

He came to a standstill in the little side street. And then he heard a traffic horn squawking, and a long wolfhound of an automobile eased up alongside him.

George's heart had quieted down a bit, but when he saw who sat at the wheel of the big open car his heartbeats started up again worse than ever. It was Dodo Dickson. A dimpling girl in a simple white dress, with some kind of filmy sleeves caught around her wrists, and her hat tossed upon the back seat so her curly chestnut hair could blow free in the wind.

IT wasn't the color of her lawless sea-greenish eyes that made them what they were; it was something down in them that resembled a jolt of electricity. Any man she looked at would get a feeling that a fresh battery had been put in at that moment just for him.

"Aren't you George H. Rumsen?" she asked, breathing a trifle fast, but smiling companionably.

"Well—yes," he admitted.

"I'm Dodo Dickson. I heard you're ushering at the wedding. I'm a bridesmaid. We could save on gas, couldn't we? Come on and get in."

The upper half of George was as presentable as could be. His ears needn't have looked so rosy. "I'd rather go in my car," he managed to say, and clutched the robe tighter.

"Why not?" agreed Dodo. She swung up to the curb, abandoned the big touring job as it stood, and then climbed in beside George.

"There!" she said. "The first today."

The engine was running, and because he couldn't think of anything else to do, George started up the street.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I've made up my mind not to go to this wedding. I just don't want to, that's all."

"But you're an usher," said Dodo.

"Well, what if I am?"

"If one of the ushers doesn't show up it'll make the bridesmaids uneven," Dodo said. "And if there's anything I hate it's an uneven bridesmaid." She thought it over for a moment. "All right. What's a wedding to you and me? Now, where'll we go?"

A seismographic chart of the little car's progress through the next block of traffic would have read like a fever sheet.

"I'll tell you what," said George brightly. "I'll drop you off wherever you say. It won't be a bit of trouble."

The great warm eyes looked astounded rather than hurt. "I've got to have a long talk with you," said Dodo, and settled down more permanently on the seat.

"That would be fine," said George, because it was his turn to say something.

"I saw you when you came out of dad's office the other day," Dodo recalled. "Don't you remember?"

And how he remembered! He had been practically thrown out of Horace Dickson's paper mill that afternoon.

"I'll give you the tip-off," she told him. "You went in there with your hat in your hand. And the only way to handle dad is to be rougher than he is. Go at him with your hat on the back of your head and a big black cigar in your face. The way mother and I do."

"Huh?" ejaculated George.

"That was a great proposition you offered to let him in on," said Dodo. "What was it about?"

"Oh, just paper toothbrushes," George answered. "A little invention of mine."

"What do you do with them?" she asked.

"I've got a machine to make 'em, about twenty for a cent. And then—well, people use 'em once and throw 'em away."

"It's certainly a swell proposition," said Dodo.

"It's not the toothbrushes so much as the way we advertise 'em," said George.

As long as he had to say something, it was as well to be on familiar ground. He could talk about paper toothbrushes with his eyes shut, even while wondering where A. Slinsky was and what he was doing now.

"The human oral cavity is full of germs," said George. "And they get on your toothbrush. Billions! You magnify the bristles a few thousand diameters and print the photos in the newspapers. When the readers see all those wrigglers and crawlers, they'll be scared silly."

"BUT they were your own germs in the first place," said Dodo.

"It's just propaganda," said George. "You don't need to say how they got on the toothbrush. You just show the pictures."

"It's a sell-out!" enthused Dodo. "You'll have everybody buying the sanitary paper Rumsen tossaways. Nobody'll ever use an old-style toothbrush again, except maybe an Eskimo here and there."

"You've got vision—" said George.

And then he happened to glance into the rear-view mirror, and saw a man running after him, a smallish person with whiskers, and a pair of pants over his arm.

They were rounding Fountain Square in front of the City Hall, where a crowd was chasing the shrieking fire engines into the adjoining street. George wanted his pants. But he had a feeling that if he let Slinsky catch him now it would be too much like a public presentation, with music and speeches and the mayor coming out on the front steps. He was rapidly getting into the frame of mind to believe in nightmares. So he stepped on the throttle.

Dodo never even batted one of her long, silky eye-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

after this
or this
or this
Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors

Greater smoke pleasure . . . everyone wants it. And here's the way to have it—with your favorite smoke. *Keep your mouth moist and cool with Beech-Nut Gum.* There's no gum quite so good in flavor and smoothness.

Made by Beech-Nut Packing Company—Also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.

CAUGHT IN SHORTS
Continued from page twenty-three

winkers as they scraped the traffic pylon on the corner. But the next instant she jumped up and waved her hands and began to yell at somebody she saw on the sidewalk.

"There's Josephine. Hi, Josie! Look, Jo!" And then in an aside to George she said, "It's my mother."

It was the busy corner in front of the Dickson Trust Company Building. And it would seem that all the South Kenwoodians who were not at the fire had collected here to view the wreckage of an elegant family limousine that had just had its left back wheel torn off.

George would have hastened on, but Dodo was pushing the horn button. She grabbed the wheel and veered them in toward the curb. There was nothing George could do but give her the brakes.

The girl at the wheel was Dodo Dickson.

In the forefront of the crowd stood a chauffeur in livery. Also a large woman with an old-fashioned ultra-respectable face and clothes that looked as though she had just stepped out of a side-street establishment where they do plain sewing for extra-stouts. She could easily be Dodo's mother, because in these times the children don't run much to type.

"Howdy, Jodie!" Dodo hailed her. "Want a lift?"

The crowd opened up for the woman. "I could have the driver of that hook-and-ladder apparatus arrested," she told them. "The fool sideswiped us and didn't even stop to exchange names and addresses."

"Get out and help mother in," said Dodo.

George just stared at her, too appalled by the facts of life to say a word. The way big things grow from little things! To think what you can start, for instance, with one pair of moth eggs!

Dodo jabbed him with her elbow. "Help mother in, please!"

"What's the matter with her?" he asked insanely. "Is she a cripple?"

"What's that?" demanded Mrs. Dickson.

"He said," explained Dodo, "'What's the matter with all of these pipple?'"

"*Who?*" exclaimed Dodo's mother.

"He means people," said Dodo.

The woman gave George an astonished look. "Who is he?"

"He's George H. Rumsen."

"Why does he wrap himself in a blanket?" asked Mrs. Dickson.

"Why the blanket, George?" asked Dodo.

"I just don't feel very well," said George.

FORTUNATELY, perhaps, there was a diversion at that moment. From the revolving doors of the Trust Building there emerged an undersized man with a blue-shaven jowl and a couple of hard, straight-leveled eyes, as disconcerting to look into as the twin bores of a racketeer's twelve-gauge shotgun. Dodo discovered him first, and greeted him with enthusiasm. "It's old Horace himself! Hi, dad! Hoo-hoo!"

George wilted behind the wheel. He realized now that he should have told Dodo in the first place that he was in no fit condition to escort a young lady places. The worst he could have got from her would have been a gleeful razzing. But what her old man could say and do, upon discovering his daughter's boy friend driving her around without his pants, was a horse of a different feather. And there was also Dodo's mother, who did not seem any too broad-minded. . . .

"I want you to meet a couple of old friends, George," said Dodo. "Big Dick and little Jodie."

"How do you do, I'm sure," maundered George.

Dickson was looking at the parked limousine. "I expected you to take me out to the mill, Josephine," he complained. "What did you want to go and lose a wheel for?"

Dodo opened the door and slid out into the gutter just as Mrs. Dickson drew herself up and filled her ample lungs preparatory to speech. "Hold it, mother!" interfered Dodo. "There's a cop on the corner."

She pushed one parent with one hand and one with the other. "Step up, please! Jodie in front with us and Dick in back. Get into the rumble seat, dad!"

Mrs. Dickson carried something in the crook of her arm that George had mistaken at first for a neck fur made out of a dirty piece of goatskin. But now he saw that it was a dog. A very alert little dog with chin whiskers where his eyebrows should have been.

"I THOUGHT you were going to a wedding or something," said Mrs. Dickson.

"Not George and I," said Dodo. "Not today, at least." She gave her mother a hand-up into the car, dog and all, and then she squeezed in on the edge of the seat and slammed the door.

Horace Dickson opened the lid in back, climbed down into the rumble, and lighted up a cigar. He had glanced at George once, but he would hardly remember the faces of everybody who had been practically bounced out of his office.

George was about to pull away from the curb, when he looked into the mirror; and there was Slinsky again, a persistent little cuss, howling at George as he ran and trying to catch his attention with the pants.

George let in the clutch so hard that Horace Dickson all but snapped out of the back seat. Mrs. Dickson clasped the little dog convulsively. His name was Pebo. "What do you think you're doing?" she asked.

The rear wheel knocked sparks from the street-corner marker as George stepped on the gas at the turn and headed out Maple Avenue for the open country. "Sorry!" he said.

"You'd better let me drive," said Dickson from the back seat.

"He's got a great proposition, dad," called Dodo. "Paper toothbrushes. It's too bad he didn't let you in on it."

"This is a cute little car," said Pulpwood Dick. "I never knew it'd open up like this." They were doing forty now, and it was only the get-away.

"You don't have to go so fast," said Mrs. Dickson.

"It's the advertising that counts," said Dodo. "You print pictures of germs."

"How about it, my boy?" asked Dickson. "I'd like to drive one of these little buggies. What do you say?"

"You can buy one for four hundred and seventy-five delivered," said George.

"You only use 'em once and toss 'em away," said Dodo.

"Don't go so *fast!*" said Mrs. Dickson.

Dodo was leaning out from the side, trying to talk with her father. "Look!" she said suddenly. "There's somebody chasing us!"

George stepped viciously on the throttle, and the car fairly leaped for the top of the hill.

"He's got something for you," said the voice from the rumble. "I'd pull up a little."

"Go slower!" cried Mrs. Dickson. "Stop!"

George's jaw set stubbornly. They were his pants, weren't they? And his car, wasn't it? And if he didn't want to wait for Slinsky, whose business was it?

"Look at him come!" shouted Dodo's father. "He's *gaining!*"

"What!" gasped George.

He gave a wild glance into the mirror. What kind of a superman did this A. Slinsky think he was? Did he think he was P. Nurmi or somebody in false whiskers?

Old man Dickson had reared up in excitement, and his head kept bobbing in front of the mirror. George couldn't see behind, but he could see the speedometer. The needle had passed the fifty mark, and was on the up and up. He set his teeth and stepped her down to the floor.

They touched the crown of the hill and swooped down the long incline beyond, with the panorama of the countryside opening out before them. Woods and meadowland, and the turgid brown river winding across the green landscape.

AT the foot of the roadway an iron-railed bridge spanned the river. George's attention was focused on the banked turn at the bridge approach ahead. . . .

From behind him a crescendo of sound flowed up and overtook him. And all at once he was aware of a khaki-tan silhouette on a motorcycle ranging alongside.

George instinctively eased over toward the ditch and socked on the brakes. He cast a faintly bewildered glance to the rearward. There was nobody in sight. Nobody, that is, except a brawny highway cop with a badge and a gun and a pair of huge gauntleted fists.

The officer propped up his motorcycle and planted a foot on the running board of the car. "Let's see your driver's license, bo!"

"Why, yes. Certainly." George Rumsen reached to his back pocket. And then his chin fell and his eyes took on that queer, glazed look that people sometimes have when they're bleeding to death. "Why, I left it in my—that is—I have one in my—"

"You mean you ain't got any!"

"Well, I always carry it. But just today—"

"Whose is this car?"

"You can buy one of these little wagons for four hundred and seventy-five delivered," cut in Pulpwood Dick.

The officer swung around. "What's that, you—" Then his voice muffled up like somebody who was having a cold-storage poached egg for breakfast. "Why, it's Mr. Dickson," he beamed. "I didn't see you, sir." He scratched his head uncertainly. "I'll tell you," he hedged. "I've got my duty, but then again, if you know this boy and say he's all right—"

"I don't know him," said Dickson. "I never even heard of him."

"You never—" The copper took that one on the chin and it had him a trifle groggy. "You mean you don't—"

"I should say not."

"Oh," drawled the highway patrol. "So?" The little book came out of his pocket.

"Listen!" protested Dodo. "He's George H. Rumsen, the big paper-toothbrush man."

"The bigger they are," said old man Dickson, "the more they should appreciate our beautiful laws."

The policeman grinned villainously as he scribbled something on a leaflet of his pad and tore it off at the stub and gave it to George. "This is good for one seat down in front tomorrow morning at ten."

"Wait a minute," said Horace Dickson. "You ain't allowed to drive without a license, are you?"

"I just like to watch somebody drive without a driver's license," returned the cop.

"Well, all right," said Pulpwood Dick. He took a long draw at the cigar and climbed down from the rumble seat. "I guess I don't have to buy one of these little omnibuses, after all, for four seventy-five. Get out, George."

The officer straddled his motorcycle. "Well, so long, Mr. Dickson." He waved a gallant hand, swerved in a half circle, and roared back for town.

Dodo had already leaped out and was climbing into the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Lose Fat a Pound a Day

Do
Just These Two Simple Things . . . Fat Melts Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach*. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment*, you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert any fresh fruit.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

INCHES OFF
Neck
Bust
Stomach
Hips
on a
Full Stomach

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have.

The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

CAUGHT IN SHORTS
Continued from page twenty-five

rumble. “Come on back here with me, George,” she invited.

George H. Rumsen was an amiable and affectionate boy, and there was nothing on earth he would rather do than wedge himself into a rumble seat with Dodo Dickson. But not to the extent of springing lightly out of that automobile with no pants. Look out for the quiet ones when they're flat on their backs—when everything is lost anyhow, save honor.

George's disposition was getting to be fairly well griped. And when he got that way he was apt to turn reckless and violent and dangerous to handle as a hungry mob.

“I'll stay where I am!” said George. “Shove over there, please, Mrs. Dickson—you and your dog.”

ALBERT M. TREYNOR

who wrote this story, is a former newspaper man on Chicago and New York dailies, but now devoting himself to novels and short stories. He was born in Iowa and lives in New Jersey.

Old Dickson was crawling under the wheel; but at that he paused and looked at George as though he had just discovered an amazing new form of life. “You mean,” he asked, “you don't want to sit with my daughter?”

“I'll stay where I am,” reiterated George.

Horace Dickson stared at the girl in back. “What's happened to the old works, Dodo? Have they shut down?”

“Some of 'em aren't worth working on,” said Dodo. “And they can go to hell, the big rangoes!”

“Dorothy!” exclaimed Mrs. Dickson. “How often must I caution you about *slang?*”

“Now, mama,” interrupted Pulpwood Dick. “That's plain old Anglo-Saxon, and plenty good enough for anybody.”

He slammed the door, clashed the gears into first, raced the engine, and let her in so hard that Pebo popped out of Mrs. Dickson's arms.

“If *you've* got a driver's license,” said George, “the judge ought to pay my fine out of his own pocket for not having any.”

“Now hold on there, my boy,” said Dickson. “I've got to get used to one of these little droshkies, don't I?”

Pebo had landed wrong side up in George's lap. He was not much of a dog for size, but for animation he was like an uncurried mustang right out of the rodeo. To corral him was more than a two-handed job. When Mrs. Dickson finally gathered him in, he was bucking and yelling and raking her with all four feet.

“He wants to get out, Horace,” she said.

Pulpwood Dick was slouched behind the wheel, navigating the curve of the road with a fond, pleased look on his face. “See, mama?” he said. “See how careful I go?”

“Pebo wants his exercise,” said Mrs. Dickson. “Stop the car.”

“That's ridiculous,” said Horace Dickson. “Didn't I exercise him not an hour ago?”

“I'm telling you!” said Mrs. Dickson. “Stop this car!”

DODO'S father sighed as he slackened speed. “Oh, all right.” He coasted down the final slope and came to a standstill almost in the middle of the long, iron-railed bridge. Then he set her in neutral. “That dog,” he declared disconsolately, “wants his exercise oftener than any dog in the world.”

Mrs. Dickson smiled brightly at George Rumsen. “If you'll just trot him up and down a few times with the lead,” she suggested.

“I like a dog,” muttered old man Dickson, “that can take his exercise or let it alone.”

George gazed down into the river, watching the smooth brown waters dimpling against the abutments of the bridge. He hugged his robe closer about his bare knees and didn't say a word.

“I said you won't mind taking him out for a minute or two, Mr.—” Dodo's mother paused and glanced back toward the rumble seat. “What's his name, Dorothy?”

“Mud,” said Dodo pleasantly.

“Mr. Mudge, will you walk him a little?” asked Mrs. Dickson.

“No, I won't,” said George.

Big Dick straightened up with a start and the chilled-steel eyes transfixed George through the cigar smoke.

“Why—why, of all the impudence!” said Mrs. Dickson. “Horace, did you hear him?”

“Young man, did you say you won't?” demanded Dickson.

“I said no,” said George. “I'm not married to anybody, and I said no.”

Mrs. Dickson sat erect and high-chested, a complete picture of an outraged matron. “We don't have to stoop to argue about it,” she choked. “Horace, you'll have to take him.”

There is an old saying somewhere that two men together are ten times as brave as one man on his own. Horace Dickson braced his shoulders and emitted a cloud of rancid smoke. It was as though his soul had suddenly taken fire. “No, I won't!” he said.

Big Dick had taken his cue from George, and he stuck to it. “I said I'll be damned if I do!”

THEY heard an unladylike snort from the back seat, and Dodo landed on the bridge without touching foot to the car.

“A couple of accommodating gigolos we've picked for ourselves,” she declared. She yanked open the door and reached inside. “Give him here.”

She meant to take the dog by the scruff of his neck. But Pebo was in more of a hurry than that. The little fellow spurted out of her hand like a grapefruit seed. Dodo grabbed and missed. If Pebo had been a bigger dog all would have been well. But he just fitted under the lower rail of the bridge. He yipped once, and backed out of reach. And after that it would have taken a life line to reach him.

The way Dodo's mother got out of that car had never been planned by its manufacturers. Pulpwood Dick leaped from the other direction, and ran to his wife, who stood wailing by the railing.

“Pebo! My little Pebo! Somebody save him!”

George sat still. And he found himself envying little Pebo, down there in that dark and muddy river. Then, all at once, it hit him—his supreme idea in a careerful of ideas. For rescue work in and about the water gentlemen do not have to wear their trousers. It isn't even expected of them. A dreamer like George translates his inspirations into swift and decisive action. The three Dicksons were hanging over the north rail on the upstream side. So George jumped out, climbed over the south rail, and dived.

It was only about twelve feet down, but when a man has forgotten to take off his high, flat-topped hat, even a twelve-foot dive is not so good for the neck and ears. For an instant George thought he was doing a head stand on the river. And when he finally busted through and came up again, he couldn't see a thing. The bottom of his hat was around his chin.

He trod water while he wrenched at the hat. And finally got it up as far as his eyes.

Then he saw something under the bridge that looked like a piece of cotton waste with Johnny Weissmuller inside it. What little Pebo really had wanted, it would seem, was his exercise.

The dog outswam George all the way to shore, hit the bank, leaped up and down a couple of times, and jumped into the river again. George went into his eight-beat crawl, chased the little fellow around the submerged pier about two strokes behind, ran him around again, and collared him in the muddy shallows.

Nobody on the bridge could have seen what happened under the bridge. Pebo wanted to swim some more, but George tucked him under his arm, hauled out, and ascended the embankment. A lank, dank boy with his garters down, his pantalettes flapping around his long, nude legs, his beetle-backed coat dripping mud and green scum, and his glossy hat sitting on his ears. Mr. Dickson and Dodo saw him coming, and father and daughter fell together and rocked in each other's arms.

George regained the roadway, glanced at the bridge, and turned with an ugly look at Pulpwood Dick. "Where are my trousers?" he demanded.

Mrs. Dickson flung herself upon George with a sobbing cry. She retrieved the saturated little dog. "Oh, my baby—my poor little baby!" she whimpered.

"Are you positive," asked old Horace sternly, "that you had any pants in the first place?"

George lifted his head with dignity. "*Sir?*"

"Oh, all right!" Dickson apologized. "You needn't get huffy. I just wanted to be sure. Because I think you've got a record."

"A—what?"

"I've lived all over the Middle West and the Far West," said Mr. Dickson, "and you're the fastest man out of his pants *I* ever saw."

"My brave, brave boy!" Dodo's mother threw both of her generous arms about George H. Rumsen and kissed him fervently. "Pebo and I can never thank you for this afternoon's work."

"That's all right," said George. And then he glared at the Dickson family, individually and severally. "But what I want to know is, where are my trousers?"

"If they fell off into the river," suggested Dodo, "you must have had something pretty heavy in your pockets, because it looks as though they've sunk." She caught a sudden breath and faced him, aghast. "Wait a minute—did you—didn't you have your paper toothbrush contract with those New York capitalists in your wallet?"

"Don't you bother about any contract," stuck in Pulpwood Dick sharply. "Because we're going to bust it, no matter what you've signed."

"I hadn't actually closed with—these people," said George.

"NOW, you listen to me," said Dickson severely. "You're young. But you ought to know enough to stay away from those big city gyppers."

"Yes, sir," said George meekly.

Dickson clamped a comradely hand on George's soggy shoulder and handed him a cigar. "Now, this—er—paper toothbrush thing. I've been looking for something like that." Old Pulpwood offered George a light and scowled at him. "What I've also been looking for is a smart young fellow with ideas. And what you need, whether you know it or not, is a tough old buzzard's egg to back you up."

"Yes, sir," assented George.

"Horace!" protested Mrs. Dickson. "This poor boy will catch his death of cold."

Old Dickson looked at his wife and the little shivering dog in her arms. Then he scrutinized George again, one of his eyelids drooping, his expression grimly approving. "What I hate," he declared, "is a yes man. What I like most is a big no guy. You hop in and we'll go out to my office and talk over this proposition—"

"Yes, sir," said George.

"Hold on, dad," interrupted Dodo. "Even a big no guy's got to have some pants."

"We're going to get this poor boy some dry clothes," put in Mrs. Dickson. "Horace, you get at that wheel and drive him home!"

"Yes, mama," said old man Dickson.

"You climb into that rumble, George," ordered Dodo.

"Yes, dea — Dodo," assented George.

"And you get back there with him, Dorothy," commanded Mrs. Dickson, "and see that he doesn't catch cold."

"Yes, mother," agreed the sweet-natured Dodo.

WHAT George also loved about Dodo Dickson was that she didn't seem to care what happened to her white bridesmaid's dress. Mud and green scum didn't bother her a bit as she crawled in with George and wrapped the robe around them both and saw that he didn't catch cold. And neither of them even remembered there was a rear-view mirror.

"I was frantic to sit back here with you all the time," whispered George.

"Of course you were," said Dodo.

"But I couldn't come when you asked me."

"I knew you couldn't."

She was getting muddier and scummier all the while, and didn't seem to care. "I wouldn't have had the nerve to practically pick you up on the street if you had been in your right mind and properly clothed," she told him dreamily.

George gave her a startled look. "Huh?" he gasped.

"I mean, I just happened to be driving past that tailor shop." The wicked sea-greenish eyes lifted themselves softly as Dodo tenderly smiled. "I saw you," she said, "when you came out."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 19

1—Twelfth Night.
2—Toledo.
3—Maharani.
4—Xanthein.
5—Isaac.
6—The exchange of favors between legislators.
7—In Chicago, in 1933.
8—Dresden.
9—Azure blue.
10—A flowing out.
11—At the end.
12—Morbid fear of being at a great height.
13—A covering worn by nuns over the head and around the neck and chin.
14—Juneau.
15—Raphael.
16—A flower stalk.
17—Cuba.
18—An earnest and solemn entreaty.
19—Intestinal.
20—The heavens.

A REPULSIVE JOB
washing dirty handkerchiefs

Use KLEENEX instead

AT LAST a new type handkerchief banishes forever one of the messiest jobs in a woman's life—the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Millions are turning to Kleenex—the soft, delicate tissue you use once and destroy.

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Many household uses

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Kleenex is sold everywhere, at drug, dry goods and department stores. It comes in a convenient package, from which tissues can be removed with one hand.

Hay Fever Victims

You'll appreciate the dry softness and absorbency of Kleenex. It is impossible to describe the greater comfort Kleenex affords. Do not put up with damp, irritating handkerchiefs another day.

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Two AMERICAN

Film Version Differs from Dreiser's Story—

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 5 minutes 45 seconds.)

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, Theodore Dreiser's story, is an interesting example of Hollywood's courage and fear.

Several years ago, when Paramount first purchased the screen rights at a cost of $138,000, the event was widely chronicled. Nearly every actor in Hollywood, from Buddy Rogers to Lon Chaney, was mentioned for the rôle of the boy, Clyde Griffiths.

Then something happened. The production was sidetracked. In the interim Paramount turned out considerably more than a hundred picture dramas. An American Tragedy picture seemed to be forgotten.

The talkies, however, became more fearless in their presentation of life. The old inhibitions disappeared. Paramount announced the Dreiser novel once more and started work upon it. The novelist was invited out to Hollywood to look it over.

Dreiser came back sobbing with anguish. He went to court to secure an injunction against its public presentation—and lost.

Nobody really won as far as An American Tragedy is concerned. For it turned out to be the sort of story you just can't film.

Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney in a scene from An American Tragedy.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

CAST

Clyde Griffiths	Phillips Holmes
Roberta Alden	Sylvia Sidney
Sondra Finchley	Frances Dee
Orville Mason	Irving Pichel
Samuel Griffiths	Frederick Burton
Mrs. Samuel Griffiths	Claire McDowell
Gilbert Griffiths	Wallace Middleton
Myra Griffiths	Vivian Winston
Belnap	Emmett Corrigan
Mrs. Asa Griffiths	Bodil Rosing

Directed by Josef von Sternberg.
Produced by Paramount Pictures.

The average moviegoer will find this telling of Theodore Dreiser's lengthy novel to be cold and jumpy. In his protests against this version, Mr. Dreiser declared that the point of his novel—that poor Clyde Griffiths was driven by a starved childhood, by circumstance and environment, to his death—had been lost. Instead, he maintained, the film showed unhappy Clyde Griffiths to be a weakling who brought about his own doom.

Walter Huston and Edward Nugent holding the wire in The Star Witness.

Without entering into this discussion, I can report that Griffiths is an unpleasant youth who works in his uncle's collar factory in a small New York State town, who seduces a little girl of his department whom he fancies he loves, and who tries to get out of the consequences of his deed when he meets and is liked by a rich and pretty girl. He takes his first sweetheart out upon the lake with the intention of drowning her. He doesn't—but he does let her die when the canoe is overturned. His obvious plans are unearthed and he is sentenced to be executed.

The faults of the film are apparent to any observer. It was impossible to cram the mass of Dreiser incident into a single dramatic film. Thus it was impossible to go far enough into the boy's youth to develop him into a sympathetic victim of life.

Third, Director von Sternberg is not temperamentally fitted to this type of homely American tragedy.

The result, as reported, is without warmth or sustained development.

TRAGEDIES

Will Rogers' New Comedy, and Two Other Pictures

Young as You Feel features Will Rogers and Fifi Dorsay.

Below: Edmund Lowe and Lois Moran in the fast-moving play, Transatlantic.

When I tell you that the actor (Irving Pichel) who plays the hard, remorseless district attorney walks away with the film honors, you can understand how seriously the picture slips out of focus.

Phillips Holmes is fairly good in his rôle of Griffiths, but Sylvia Sidney's performance seems to me to be inadequate for the part of the doomed Roberta Alden.

★ ★ ★ Young as You Feel

CAST

Lemuel Morehouse	Will Rogers
Fleurette	Fifi Dorsay
Mr. Marley	Lucien Littlefield
Billy Morehouse	Donald Dillaway
Tom Morehouse	Terrance Ray
Dorothy Gregson	Lucille Browne
Rose Gregson	Rosalie Roy

Directed by Frank Borzage.
Produced by Fox.

At last they have managed to sex up a Will Rogers comedy. The seemingly impossible happens in this revised version of George Ade's old stage comedy, Father and the Boys.

Old Lemuel Morehouse, meat packer, has been working away on a diet of an apple and a teaspoonful of champagne. Suddenly he takes up with a little French singer, tosses his diet aside, and begins gallivanting to night clubs and race tracks.

Actually, it is all very innocent. Lemuel is merely trying to bring his two indolent boys to their senses. With dad hitting the high spots, Tom and Billy have to go to work to save the old business.

Will Rogers does a straightaway comedy performance as the shy old millionaire packer. Fifi Dorsay is obvious but satisfactory as the Parisienne charmer.

★ ★ The Star Witness

CAST

District Attorney Whitlock	Walter Huston
Gran'pa Summerville	Charles Sale
Ma Leeds	Frances Starr
Pa Leeds	Grant Mitchell
Sue Leeds	Sally Blane
Jackie Leeds	Edward Nugent

Directed by William A. Wellman.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

This original film yarn purports to present the tribulations of an average American family caught between a gang of racketeers and the police force. The Leedses witness a shooting affray in front of their house and they can identify the gangsters—if they dare. It is public duty vs. fear.

Only one Leeds—old Grandpop Summerville, an unwanted visitor from the soldiers' home—is fearless enough to stick by his identification.

This old fellow is broadly and effectively done by the ex-variety star, Charles "Chic" Sale. Perhaps there is a little too much of the sure vaudeville touch of comedy and pathos about the old Union soldier, but he holds your sympathy.

★ ★ Transatlantic

CAST

Monty Greer	Edmund Lowe
Judy Kramer	Lois Moran
Henry Graham	John Halliday
Sigrid	Greta Nissen
Rudolph Kramer	Jean Hersholt

Directed by William K. Howard.
Produced by Fox.

A variegated group of people on an ocean liner become involved in a series of interwoven melodramatic events. Presenting a cross section of life limited by the boundaries of a steamer, it is a sort of seagoing Grand Hotel. The pace is rapid and the telling is ingenious.

Do you know that—

Colin Clive, who played in Journey's End, will have the chief rôle in Universal's shocker, Frankenstein?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past six months

★★★★—Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy, The Front Page, City Lights.

★★★—The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss, Dishonored, The Last Parade, Pagliacci, East Lynne, Father's Son, Honor Among Lovers.

SMOKE from ROME

Underlying Facts About the Differences Between Mussolini and the Vatican

By

Richard Washburn Child

At right: Mussolini (with hand raised) leads a joyous march of Fascist youth.

(Reading time: 22 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE present conflict between Church and State in Rome is not of special interest either because of its incidents or its polemics. It has caused much smoke. The real interest is in the true nature of the two institutions involved—Fascism and the Vatican, both of which I know at first hand.

And the personalities involved—the Pope and Mussolini.

And the underlying struggle and intrigue for control of the individual citizens, particularly of youth. This struggle is in fields which merge subtly somewhere between spiritual guidance and political discipline, somewhere between freedom of self-development and license to engage in antigovernment political plots.

I repeat that this struggle, in spite of the smoke screen about the Lateran Treaty and accord between the Italian State and the new independent temporal Papacy, might almost as well take place in Washington as in Rome, might center on prohibition as much as upon youth organizations in Italy. For the struggle raises the problems of what domain is that of religion; what domain is that of the State; what domain belongs to the freedom of the individual himself.

Lest anyone misunderstand me at the beginning, may I say as an unprejudiced observer that interference in American politics by churches has been such that the once suspected "Catholic hierarchy" may today say to the Protestant political meddlers, especially in those self-perpetuating organizations which claim to represent 20,000,000 Protestants, many of whom have never heard of their existence: "Go and sin no more."

The incidents of this summer's heat in Rome are these:

For some time since the treaties were made with the Vatican, Mussolini's Fascists have been wondering, first: "To what extent do such organizations under the wing of the Church as the Catholic Action clubs, with a membership of 500,000 or more (equal to a third of the Fascist membership), foster anti-Fascist plots or even anti-Fascist atmosphere?"

This question must not be understood by Americans as being like asking whether a club is anti-Republican or anti-Democratic. Fascism is not merely a political party in our sense; Fascism is a system of government—Fascism and the Crown are the State itself. What is anti-Fascist, therefore, in an Italy overwhelmingly Fascist even by the test of square elections, is antigovernment.

The second question in the minds of the Fascists has been this: "Hasn't the Pope allowed himself to be surrounded by a group of misinformants, some of them foreigners, who are lying to His Holiness about what goes on—and who may represent the plotters of dissension

Acme photo

His Holiness Pope Pius XI: a recent portrait.

Mussolini takes his little son, Romano, for a morning ride. He is a devoted father.
Wide World photo

Acme-P. & A. photo

between Italy and the Holy See?"

Well, these are hard questions to answer with authority. Proof of that kind is always difficult to get. I remember an American missionary in Korea who had a mission reading room. Korean boys used to come to the mission rooms and hold meetings plainly anti-Japanese. Who could prove that the missionary was fostering anti-Japanese feeling? Nobody.

But in Italy the Partito Populare is remembered by the Fascists. The man on the street in Italy when I first went to Rome could not prove that this political party led by a priest but finally repudiated by the Vatican was indirectly a Vatican excursion into politics.

The Fascist movement was a revolution which resulted in the newest of great experiments in government. To try out this experiment requires much more discipline than is required in an older machine. The labor is titanic; it cannot be jeopardized by allowing spots of inoculation of counterrevolutionary doctrine.

And, wise as the Papacy always is, I myself can testify to having seen wise men, practiced in the arts of political intrigue, surrounded and hoodwinked by the groups who play mischief. I have seen Presidents thus deluded—more than one: Taft, Wilson, Harding. For the first time I may now state that I have seen Mussolini himself in such a box. He knows it now himself.

These suspicions were bound to come out. They were met by fierce denials. Some hot-heads began their work. A truck carrying Papal mail was stopped in the Piazza Colonna or thereabouts. The driver was struck in the arm! Although the mail was all delivered—horrid scandal!—some buttons of Catholic Action or other clubs were snatched out of buttonholes! Well! Well! I can remember a day when a band of Fascists, not knowing I was the American ambassador, stopped me in the street just after the march on Rome and demanded that I kiss the Italian flag. I had a letter from my Government with an American seal upon it. I demanded that in return the ten Fascist youths should kiss the seal. And after this absurd ceremony we all laughed. I cannot say that I would have been wise to make this a subject of report to my Government and of diplomatic exchanges.

Under the old régime in Italy I was once arrested with Clarence Dillon, the American banker, for being night prowlers in a village in Italy's province Calabria. My only concern was that the Italian soldier-policeman, who had no idea of what an ambassador was, should not lose his job. I cannot say I would have been wise to allow my secretaries to write a letter about this outrage. The Fascists said that priests prayed against the Fascist Régime. Well! Well! And refused entry into church to the boys in Fascist youth organization uniform! My stars!

Then, while the press of Fascists and of Vatican got hot, some foolish violence began. A publishing house was raided. The Pope's picture was stamped on by some childish heel of a No. 9 shoe. It was a jackass performance, reprehensive—should have been punished smartly.

The Fascist orders then were to "raid" 300 Catholic clubs. Clubs were padlocked. The playgrounds of the United States Knights of Columbus—fine playgrounds, for, as I have always said to the Duce, Italy should be taught baseball as an offset to talking too much around the village fountains—were closed.

THE Pope indirectly, at this stage, took the Catholic Action clubs under the wing of the Church. Religious processions, pageants, and public celebrations, adored by Italians, were stopped by orders from the Vatican. Some villages disobeyed; Mussolini gave prefects discretion to close Catholic Action clubs. Prefects closed 15,000 supposedly on grounds of their being seats of discord.

The Fascist Directorate in the middle of June said: "Will uphold Catholic religion, but will not spare anti-Fascism under any banner."

The Pope was quoted as saying, among other things: "If they drive us from our homes we will pray in the churches; if they drive us from the churches we will pray in the catacombs."

No one, so far as is known, was even threatened as to praying in the home. No one was driven from churches. No one has yet had to go to the catacombs to pray.

At last, in the middle of July, the Pope drew up his accusations and the Fascist Directorate answered that many of them were untrue and had defamed the Fascist Régime.

Narrow-minded Protestants wiggle with pleasure; communists and subversive intriguers spread the glad tidings!

"The Church is in trouble! The Fascists are in difficulty. The rift has come. Hooray! Hooray! The defenders of manly backbone in religion and politics are now busy with each other so we, the apostles of Jelly, can come up through the middle and advertise the row. Let us hope Italy will be another Mexican situation, another Spain, another Russia."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SMOKE FROM ROME

Continued from page thirty-one

In America all the old myths about the Vatican and about Fascism flew about like moths out of neglected closets.

Let us take two of them. I have been asked many times about the Vatican, and I have come to believe that the average non-Catholics in the United States—even educated men and women—have an idea that the Vatican can be described in an essay beginning:

"The Vatican is a fortified palace with 10,000 rooms and halls, defended by an army of Swiss guards. In it the Pope lives in great state, together with seventy-two cardinals who feast sumptuously and after daily banquets gather to conspire to control the political destinies of foreign powers and to count the money in the treasure chests in the cellars," and so on.

Now the fact is that the Vatican, next to St. Peter's, is an unfortified palace—of vast extent, to be sure, and with a walled garden. It has about one-tenth the number of rooms stated by rumor and most of it is given over to museums and libraries where the past is preserved. Only one cardinal has lived there for many years and this is the Secretary of State, and it is a limited staff which does the bulk of the daily round of affairs at the Vatican.

Wide World photos

Part of the Vatican palace, adjoining St. Peter's.

However solemn and slow may be the procedure, the manner of impressiveness is that of rigorous simplicity. Some of the splendors of the past are painted upon the ceilings and some of the ghosts of the pomp of the Middle Ages are here, just as they linger in the houses of other old sovereignties. But now, as one waits patiently to fulfill a mission here, one is conscious of a stately silence and of the soft tread of bishops and cardinals, of visitors with errands; and a ray or two of sunlight falls athwart apartments rather severely and sparsely furnished.

IT is difficult for sensible persons to interpret as the voices of conspiracy the low voices of the congregations which meet at intervals to discuss each its own current business of the Church. The restrained conferences of individuals who bear the responsibility of functionaries of the Church, one learns, have more the atmosphere of extreme conservatism than of the inception of new plots and programs. The Vatican is quick to learn but painfully slow in new paths and promises. The very fact that the higher ranks of the Church are filled by old men gives its dealings with the world the manners of the reluctance of old age. To this is added the store of traditions and the deep and long charted and immutable beaten paths of sure procedure not easily abandoned. And to that is added a profound sense of responsibility to the custodianship and to the trust imposed upon any individual who touches the policy of the Church.

It is no mere passing fancy when one imagines that one might wring that sense of responsibility from the skirt of any robe that passes. Toward the broad stairs that lead to the administrative offices of the Vatican one may go with the spirit of the live-eyed world and with its hope for a rapid and practical settlement of some question; but somehow within these walls procedure marches no longer briskly over new pavements, but now goes with baffling slowness over ancient stones and with the patient care of those who believe they breathe the aromas of eternity.

As to the vast wealth of the Vatican, I was once asked by a well known United States senator. My reply, I believe, was sensible. I said: "Where is it? In securities? What are they? How many shares? In gold in the Vatican cellars? How did it get there? In art treasures—of course! But can the Vatican open an antique shop? No; the truth is that the expenses of maintaining the missions and relief under its care are great, and money goes out almost faster than contributions come in."

Even as to His Holiness Pius XI, there are forces of personality and of circumstance which must be weighed.

Cardinal Ratti before he became Pope had been a bishop and librarian, and he had found his recreations in activities among which mountain climbing took a prominent place. He remained for some years in the "prison of the Vatican"—a man with a love of activity, a distaste for any such ritual and circumlocution as he considers empty and needless. He has suffered much with his eyes. He is slow to form new opinions and set against relinquishing positions. Innovations do not please him. He is decisive; he is direct. He has a quick outspokenness. On the other hand, the Fascist State has been subjected to more misunderstanding and more afflicted with so-called "liberal" propaganda in the United States than any other institution since Germany in wartime.

The new Vatican radio broadcasting station, HVJ.

First of all, as Mussolini himself has so often said: "If Fascism is adapted to Italy, her conditions and people, it does not follow at all that Fascism would fit any other country—for instance, the United States." Fascism has no "international" class-provoking, anticapitalist organization, as has communism.

It is quite true that Fascism and Sovietism have much in common in their machinery—but nothing in common in the purposes to which the machinery is dedicated.

The ordinary well educated Fascist in Italy would distinguish in an instant between the two. He would say: "It is quite true that each—Fascism and Sovietism—acknowledges the absurdities of a democracy founded upon territorial and thus upon political party representation. Each of the two great new experiments in government takes representation from the varying elements which make up a nation's vital existence—production, art, professions, etc."

But, while the whole machinery of Sovietism has been thrown against the family, stalwart marriage, religion, and capital, the very essence of the purposes of Fascism is protection of family, of capital in its proper uses, and of religion.

On the whole, that is the one point most of us Americans constantly lose in our propaganda-made ignorance. Left alone, Fascism will be deeply religious. I have told already the many new steps of religious recognition which the Fascist State has introduced into courts, schools, official and national life. Other religions than the Catholic religion are "recognized" or "tolerated," but there is no Fascist opinion against the overwhelming majority of Italians who are not only of the Catholic faith but are voters in favor of Fascism also.

Within my own time as a diplomat of the United States in Italy I have seen not only the threat of communistic mobs removed from the anxieties of the Vatican but the foundation laid for the treaties with the new Italian State. These treaties reëstablished the "visible independence of the governance of souls" and yielded the reconstitution, in a form slight enough not to burden the Holy See too much, of an "ecclesiastical state."

DIFFERENCES between Fascist State and Vatican may often arise. They might as well arise between the Vatican and any other State. Differences as to domain of spiritual guidance as against governmental control may arise. And will. But it is absurd to suppose that Fascism is anti-Catholic even though when its interest is threatened it may examine organizations which seek political activity and might try to hide their political ends in the cloak of "religious activities."

There is a zeal in Fascism which some have called fanatic. When I received from Mussolini the last paragraphs of his autobiography written at my suggestion, I found these final words expressing a good deal of the philosophy of "all for the State" which is part of Fascism:

> I was the leader of the revolution and chief of the Government at thirty-nine. Not only have I not finished my job, but I often feel that I have not even begun it.
>
> The better part comes toward me. I go toward it at this moment. However, I take pride in affirming that I have laid solid foundations for the building of Fascism. Many ask me what will be my policy in the future, and where lies my final objective.
>
> My answers are here. I ask nothing for myself, nor for mine: no material goods, no honors, no testimonials, no resolutions of approval which presume to consecrate me to history. My objective is simple: I want to make Italy great, respected, and feared; I want to render my Nation worthy of her noble and ancient traditions. I want to accelerate her evolution toward the highest forms of national coöperation, I want to make a greater prosperity always possible for the whole people. I want to create a political organization to express, to guarantee and to safeguard our development.
>
> I am tireless in my wish to see newly born and newly reborn Italians. . . . I want to bring to them their fullest opportunities. I do not lose sight of the experience of other peoples, but I build with elements of our own and in harmony with our own possibilities, with our traditions, and with the energy of the Italian people. . . . I push on toward better forces of life and progress. I value them, I launch them, I guide them. I desire our Nation to conquer again, with Fascist vigor, some decades or perhaps a century of lost history. Our garrison is the Party, which has demonstrated its unreplaceable strength.
>
> I have trust in young people. Their spiritual and material life is led by attentive quick minds and by ardent hearts. I do not reject advice even from opponents, whenever they are honest. I cover with my contempt dishonest and lying opponents, slanderers, deniers of the Country, and everyone who drowns every sense of dignity, every sentiment of national and human solidarity, in the filthy cesspool of low grudges. . . .
>
> I am strict with my most faithful followers. I always intervene where excesses and intemperances are revealed. I am near to the heart of the masses and listen to its beats, I read its aspiration and interests. I know the virtue of the race. I probe at its purity and soundness.
>
> I will fight vice and degeneration and will put them down. The so-called "liberal institutions" created at other times . . . are destroyed and unmasked of their phrases and false idealisms by the new force of Fascism with its idealism planted on realities.
>
> Air and light, strength and energy, shine and vibrate in the infinite sky of Italy! A most lofty civil and national vision leads today to its goal this people which lives in its great new springtime. It animates my long labors. I am forty-five and I feel the vigor of my work and my thought. I have annihilated in myself every egotism: I, like the most devoted of citizens, place upon myself and on every beat of my heart service to the Italian people. I proclaim myself their servant. I feel that all Italians understand and love me; I know that only he is loved who leads without weaknesses, without deviation, and with disinterest and full faith.
>
> Therefore, going over what I have already done, I know that Fascism, being a creation of the Italian race, has met and will meet historical necessities, and so, unconquerable, is destined to give its indelible impression to the twentieth century of history.

I ASKED him, but when it was too late, to add the following words: "As long as Fascism is the expression and the will of the Italian people it is the newest and freest of all forms of democracy—provided that 'democracy' is not a catchword and a snare, but really means and expresses the will of the people."

Leading the newest—as the Roman Church is the oldest—of institutions for obligations, obedience, order, training, devotion, and devoutness of men for their God or their fellows, Mussolini still appears to me the most colorful character alive.

Just as the Coolidge myth draws Coolidge as being without humor, so also the myth that Mussolini is without humor, even about himself, and is only an actor, must explode. He is a miracle as an administrator rather than as a politician, and yet he can

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SMOKE FROM ROME
Continued from page thirty-three

laugh about other men's estimates of his character.

"Look here," I once said to him. "Many Americans I send to you say that you roll your eyes, pound the desk, stride up and down, push pearl buttons and rustle papers. They say you are mostly an actor."

He replied with his wisp of a smile—a trifle sadly: "Not all, but some, of these visitors I receive have nothing to say. They come to see me as they would go to see some animal at the zoo. Why shouldn't I give them a good show?"

I see no reason to change my estimate of him made some years ago. I said of him: "Perhaps when approval or disapproval, theories and isms, pros and cons, are all put aside, the only true measure of a man's greatness from a wholly unpartisan viewpoint may be found in the answer to this question: How deep and lasting has been the effect of a man upon the largest number of human beings—their hearts, their thoughts, their material welfare, their relation to the universe?"

In our time it may be shrewdly forecast that no man will exhibit dimensions of permanent greatness equal to those of Mussolini.

Admire him or not, approve his philosophies or not, concede the permanence of his success or not, consider him superman or not, as you may, he has put to a working test on great and growing numbers of mankind programs, unknown before, in applied spirituality, in applied plans, in applied leadership, in applied doctrines, in the applied principle that contents are more important than labels on bottles. He has not only been able to secure and hold an almost universal following; he has built a new State upon a new concept of a State. He has not only been able to change the lives of human beings, but he has changed their minds, their hearts, their spirits. He has not merely ruled a house, he has built a new house.

NEXT WEEK—

Viña Delmar's
greatest short story
A Year and Forever
also
Rockets—
The New Monsters of Doom
By Rutherford Macmechen
and
stories and articles by
Otto Hillig Edward S. McKenna
Edmund Pearson Robert Benchley

It is one thing to administer a state. It is quite another thing to make a state. Mussolini has made a state. That is superstatesmanship. I knew him before the world at large, outside of Italy, had ever heard of him; I knew him before and after the moment he leaped into the saddle, and in the days when he, almost single-handed, was clearing away chaos' own junk pile from Italy.

BUT no man knows Mussolini. An Italian newspaper offered a prize for the best essay showing insight into the mystery of the man. Mussolini, so the story goes, stopped the contest by writing to the paper that such a competition was absurd, because he himself could not enter an opinion. In spite of the quick, firm decisions, in spite of grim determination, in spite of a well ordered diagrammed pattern and plan of action fitted to any moment of time, Mussolini, first of all, above all, and after all, is a personality always in a state of flux.

Change the facts upon which Mussolini has acted and he will change his action. Change the hypothesis and he will change his conclusion. And this perhaps is an attribute of greatness seldom recognized. Most of us are forever hoping to put our world in order and finish the job. Statesmen hope for a day when they can say, "Well, that's done!"

And when it is done, often enough, it is nothing. The bridges they have built are now useless, because the rivers have all changed their courses and humanity is already shrieking for new bridges. This is not an unhappy thought, says Mussolini. A finished world would be a stupid place—intolerably stupid.

The imagination of mere statesmen covers a static world. The imagination of true greatness covers a dynamic world. Mussolini conceives a dynamic world. He is ready to go on the march with it, though it overturn all his structures, upset all his theories, destroy all of yesterday, and create a screaming dawn of tomorrow.

Opportunist is a term of reproach used to brand men who fit themselves to conditions for reasons of self-interest. Mussolini, as I have learned to know him, is an opportunist in the sense that he believes that mankind itself must be fitted to changing conditions rather than to fixed theories.

He has marched up several hills with the thousands and then marched down again. This strange creature of strange life and strange thoughts, with that almost psychopathic fire which was in saints and villains, in Napoleons, in Jeanne d'Arcs, and in Tolstoys, in religious prophets and in Ingersolls, has been up the Socialist, the International, the Liberal and the Conservative hills, and down again. He says, "The sanctity of an ism is not in the ism; it has no sanctity beyond its power to do, to work, to succeed in practice. It may have succeeded yesterday and fail tomorrow. Failed yesterday and succeed tomorrow. The machine first of all must run!"

IT is unbelievable that two such forces as the Roman Church and the Pope, and Fascism and its Mussolini, should so bicker about trifles that they should lose, as Church and State lost in Spain, so much of their guidance of man and invite so much real violence of the racing and often leaderless mob.

If any measure is needed of the danger of flirting with what may come if civilization itself cracks, one may remember the panic which has just seized the world when a weakened Germany seemed in danger and as if it might conceivably fall under the guidance of the Russian régime.

The forces of disorder, of "all rights and no obligations" of Jelly, know now how slender is the line between stable and unstable situations and chaos. Chaos is easily plotted and, as we now know, too easily executed. These forces are smart enough to hide behind the catchwords "liberalism" and "democracy" and to seize upon any anticlerical, antireligious opportunity to challenge the authority and even the safety of the Church.

It is, then, not mere bickering in Rome. The bickerings and petty demonstrations and harsh words are either dangerous to two organizations which have need of each other or else there is something deeper in the background.

There is something deeper.

That something is not the Roman question and it has but little to do with the Lateran Treaty and Accords.

On the one hand it is the problem as to the extent that the Church even indirectly may engage in politics by fostering organizations designed to be politically active. I do not say that the Church has now done this in Italy. And I realize the eel-like quality in the question, "What is political activity?"

On the other hand there is a problem even more subtle: "What measure of control over the individual is to be taken by a strong State?"

Does youth properly belong to the State? For education? For training? For obedience? Can youth be drafted in emergencies of peace and for peace, just as citizens are drafted in war for the emergency of war?

The Pope says "No."

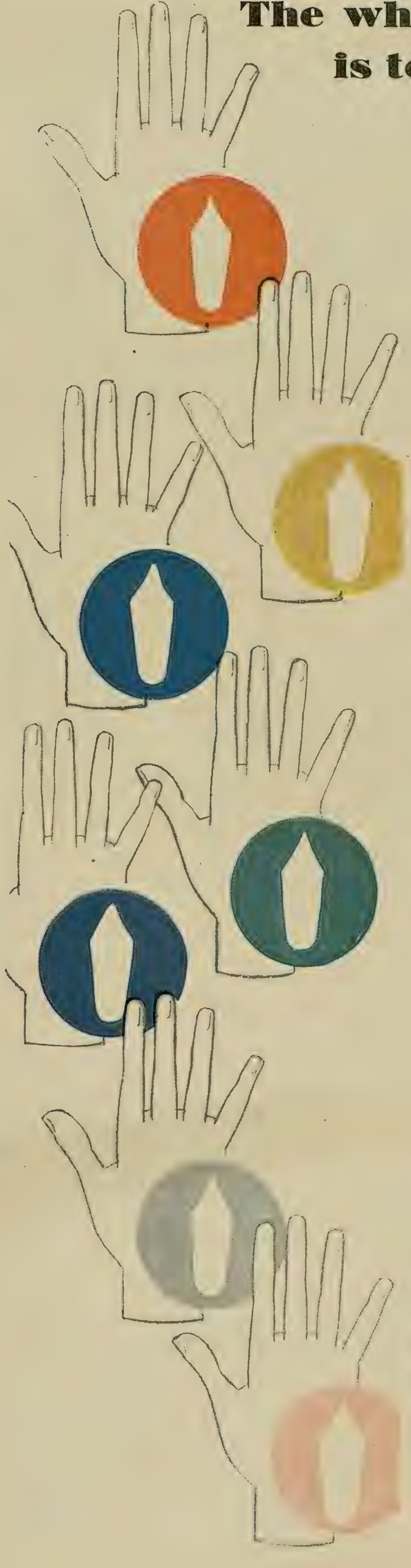
Mussolini says "Yes."

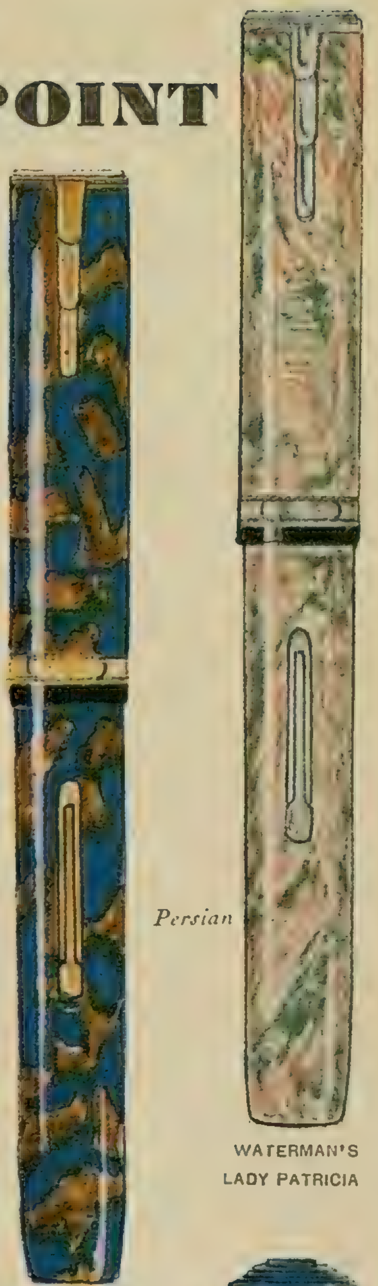
There is the real truth about what is behind the smoke arising from Rome.

That—and the undoubted fact that unless there is much wisdom on both sides, all the cohorts of the Doctrine of Disorder will egg on the conflict and laugh in their sleeves and exaggerate everything by every known medium for publicity and by the sowing of dragon's teeth.

THE END

The whole point in a pen is to have the RIGHT POINT





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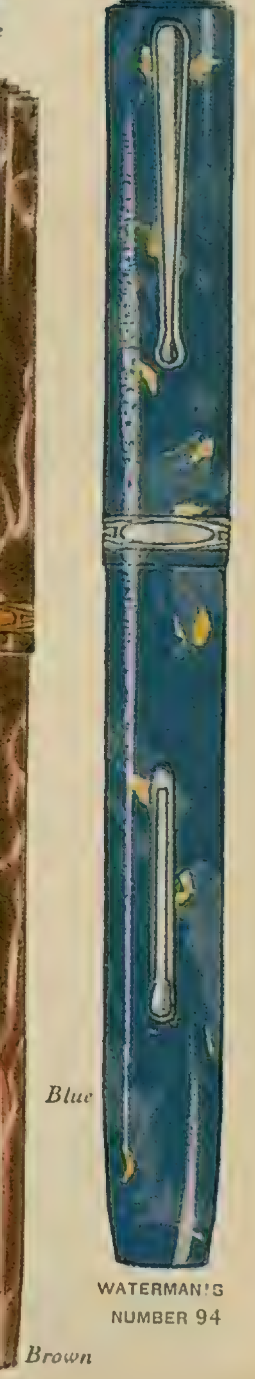

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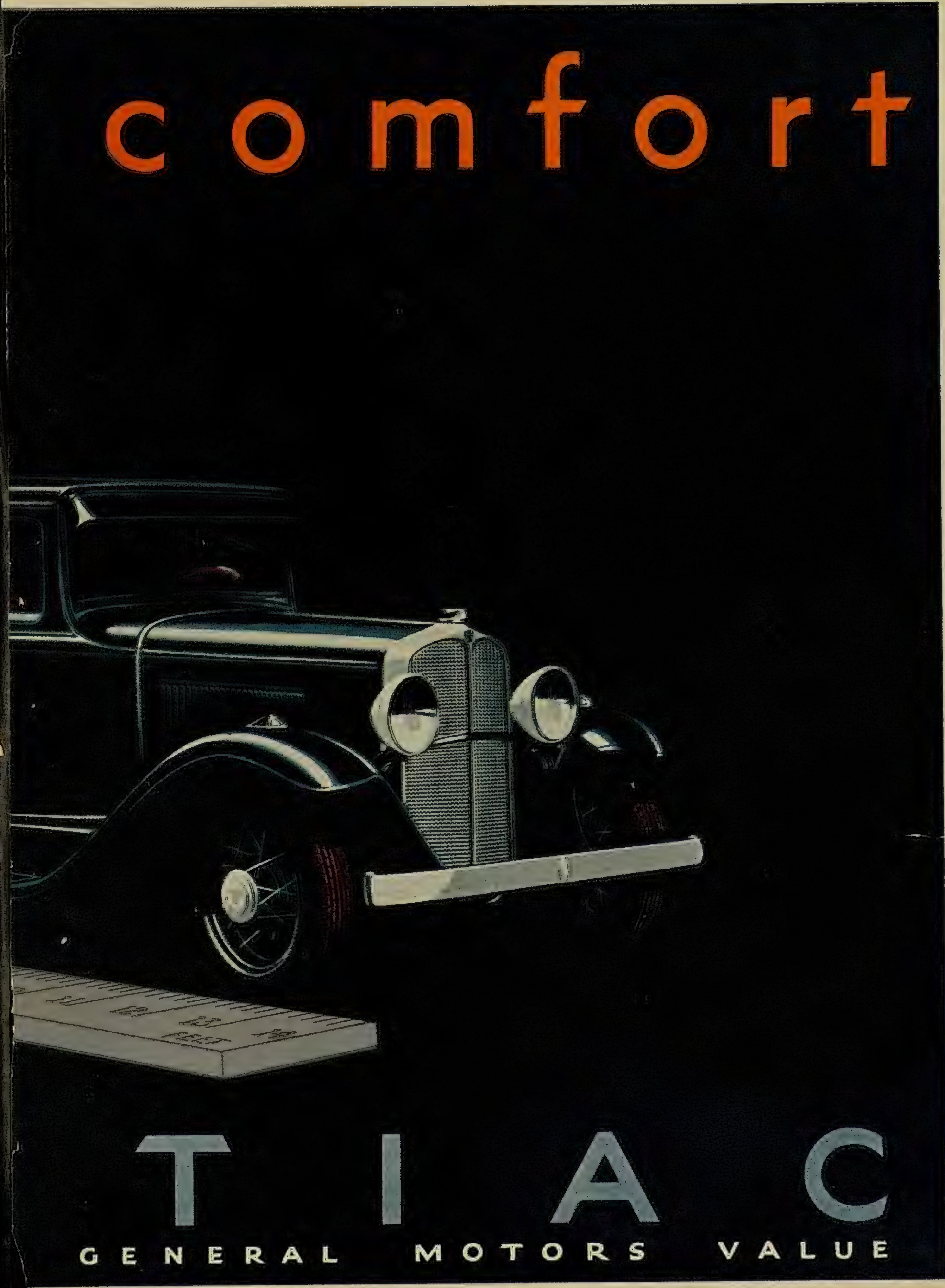
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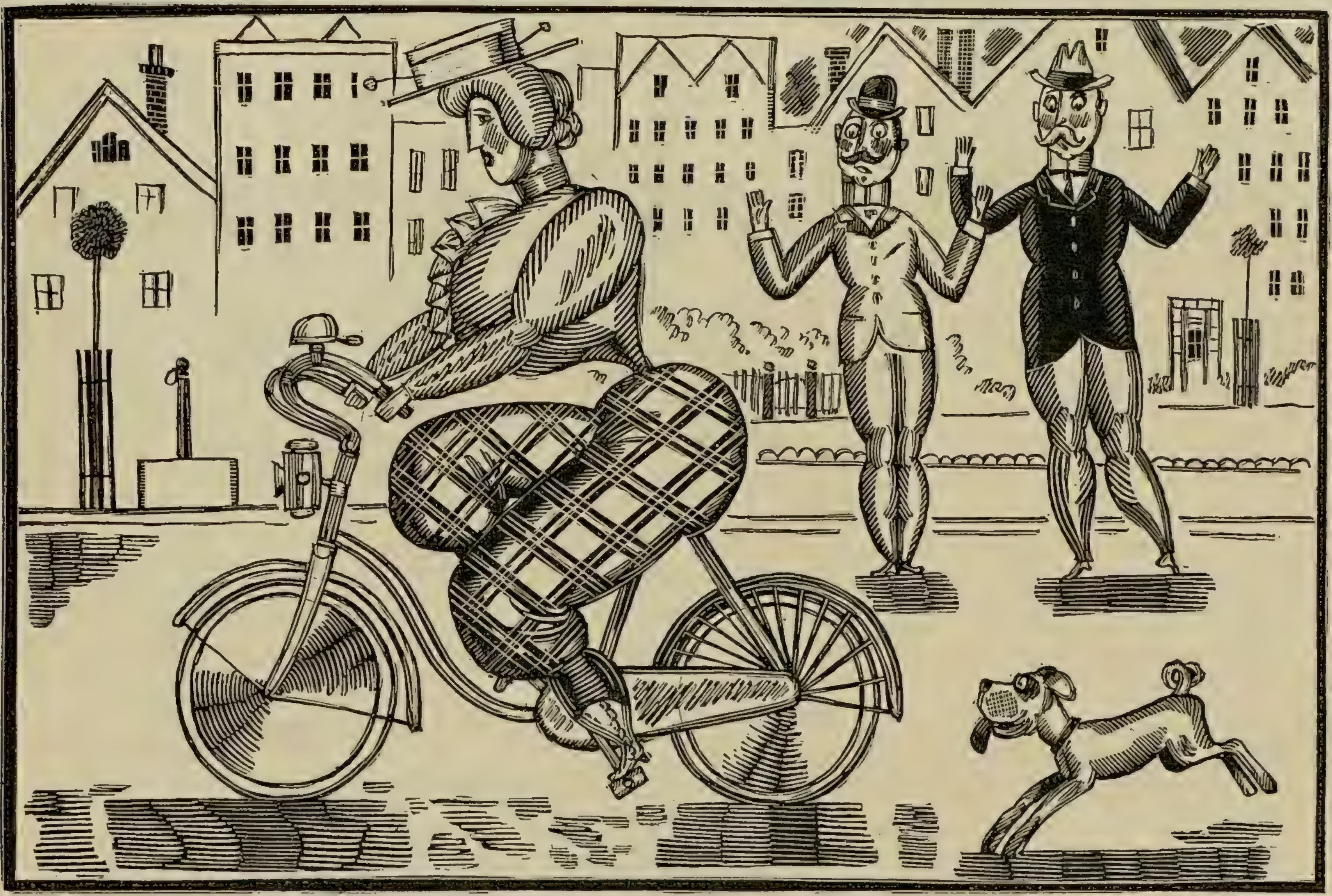
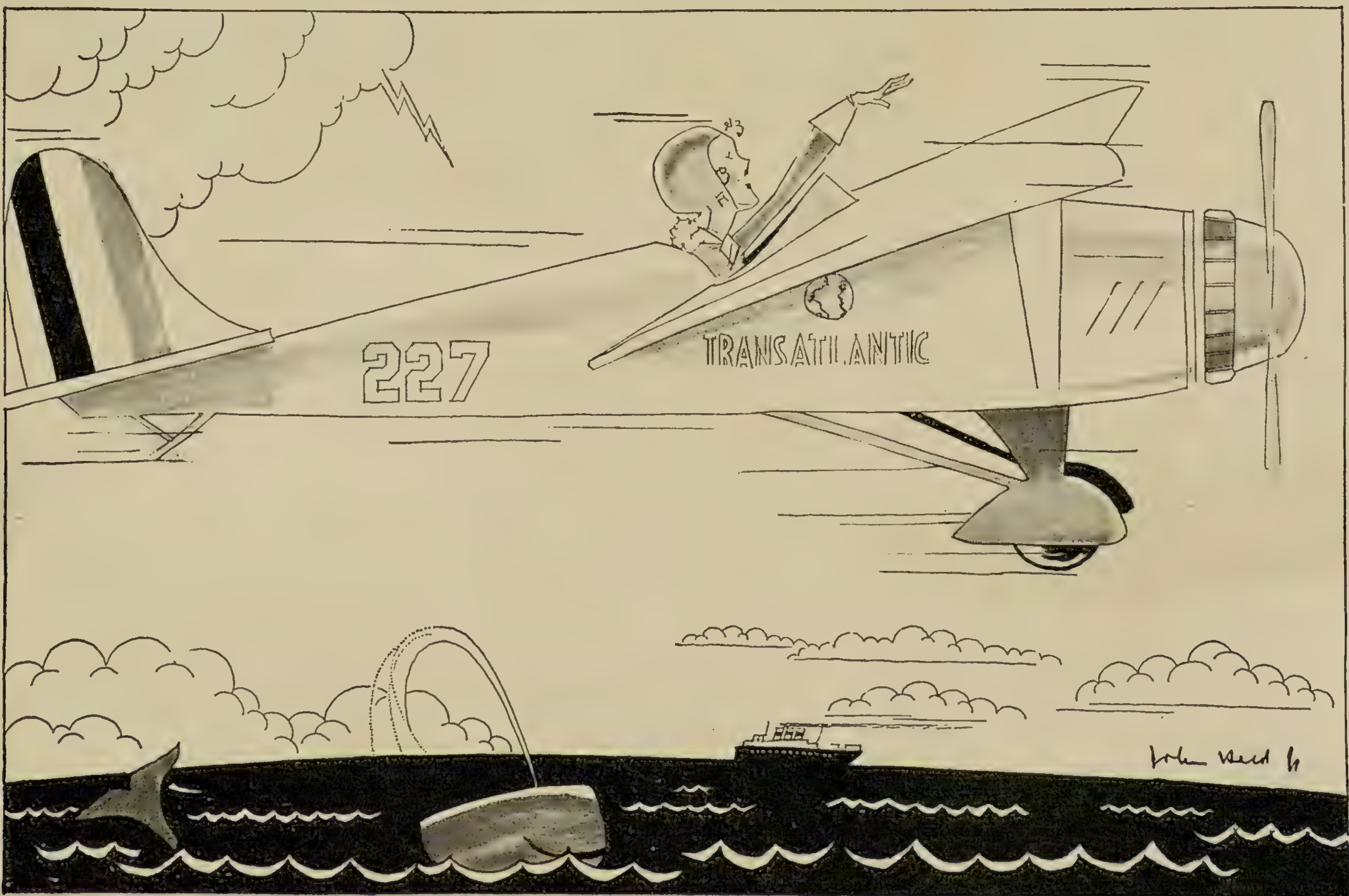


The Gentle Sex and the Machine Age . . . The Rosy Past


227
TRANSATLANTIC
John Held Jr

The Gentle Sex and the Machine Age . . . . Present Day

$500 CASH PRIZE LIMERICK

COME and get it! $500 in twenty-seven big cash prizes, every one worth while. Want one? Win it! Easy money for everybody. Only one line to write. A line that rhymes with the first one and makes a complete Limerick when added to the four Limerick lines printed below the sketch. Make sure you get into line for the cash money by sending in an entry. Do it right now! Failure to enter is the only way to make sure you miss out. Liberty puts up the money, furnishes the first four lines of the Limerick, and invites you to enter. That puts it up to you. What's your answer?

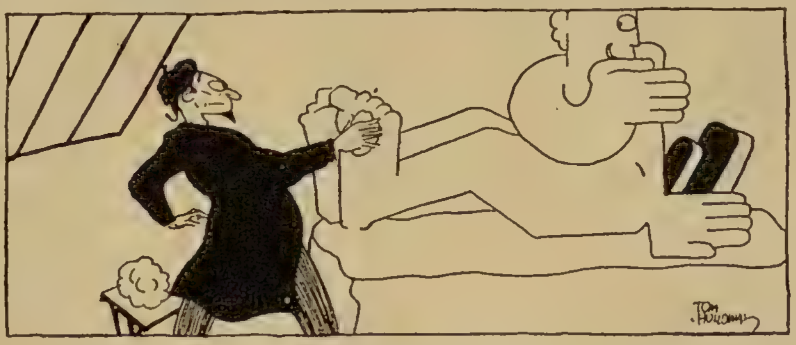
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and mail it by first-class mail to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $100 will be paid; for the second and third best, $50 each; for the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh best, $25 each; and for the next twenty, $10 each. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. Awards will be made on the basis of action, cleverness, and originality. All entrants agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. Because of the mass of clerical work involved no entries will be returned.

HERE'S THE LIMERICK



In his neo-impressionist way
Moe Sculptor made whoopee with clay.
And you never would guess
What he labeled the mess—

....

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight, September 12. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated October 17.

AUGUST 8 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

An outboard enthusiast sat
In the bow of a craft christened Scat.
When his boat struck a swell,
Folks ashore heard him yell—
High Sea, change your tune to B Flat.

Pauline Corbett — Charleston, W. Va.

$50 SECOND PRIZES

This sport is "all wet" but not flat.
Elease Weinss — Scranton, Pa.

This party's too rough. Where's my hat?
H. P. Jones, Jr. — Pittsburgh, Pa.

$25 THIRD PRIZES

If this pond's Pacific, where at?
Olive Smith — Kansas City, Mo.

My chance to get home ain't so fat.
Elliott Ellis — Birmingham, Ala.

I never knew waves grew so fat.
James R. Roberts — Kenton, Ohio

Ye gods! Where's the pulmotor at?
A. R. Wells — Mahnomen, Minn.

$10 PRIZES

Florence Wright, New York City; Florence Foster, Boise, Idaho; W. P. Manning, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. John E. Kenny, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. W. Stilley, Anderson, Ind.; Theodore Barry, Ayer, Mass.; M. W. Hall, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mrs. Maud L. Williams, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Arena Wheeling, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. Gordon W. Baker, Halifax, Can.; R. A. Meier, East Orange, N. J.; C. H. Kensinger, Washington, D. C.; H. C. Emerson, Columbia, S. C.; Arthur T. Cameron, Tulsa, Okla.; Lloyd Lehrbas, Washington, D. C.; Miss Elizabeth Apple, Greensboro, N. C.; T. E. Bartlett, New York City; Coleman H. Mulcahy, Fort Worth, Tex.; W. T. Mulvaney, Newberry, Mich.; Marie Revolin, Wheaton, Ill.

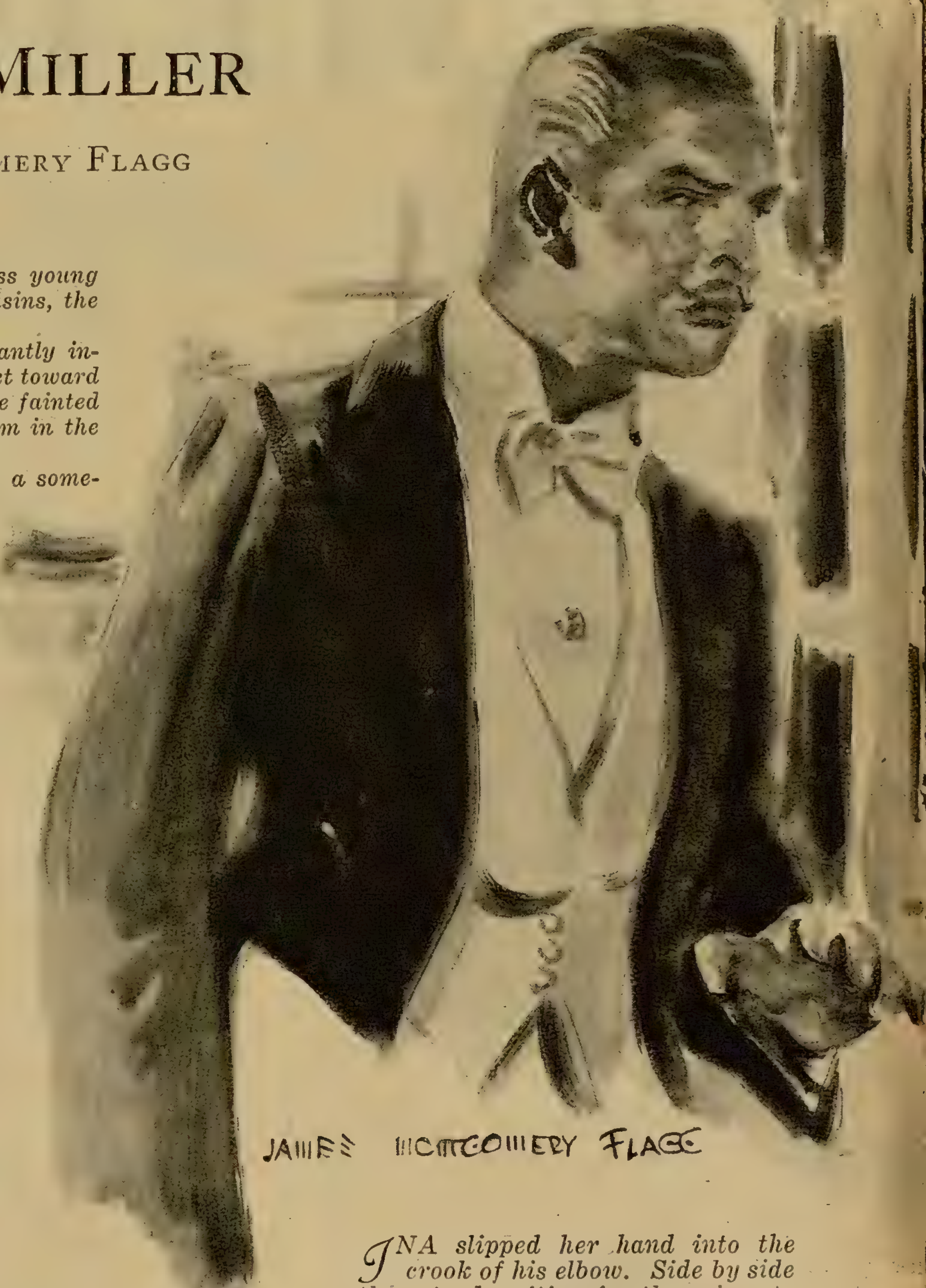
MORE PRIZE WINNERS AND A BIG NEW CASH CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

The WOMAN He

By

ALICE DUER MILLER

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



INA slipped her hand into the crook of his elbow. Side by side they stood waiting for the prince to let them pass.

(Reading time: 25 minutes 58 seconds.)

THIS is the astonishing story of Ina, a penniless young Austrian countess, who visited her Scotch cousins, the Grants.

Tim Alden, an American, met her and was instantly infatuated. She evaded Tim pointedly, but her conduct toward Tim's bachelor uncle, Ivan Cross, was stranger. She fainted on meeting Ivan, and, later, inexplicably, struck him in the face.

She apologized, and when, at a dance, Ivan saw a somewhat intoxicated German princeling lead her away, he followed.

PART THREE—INA'S SECRET

LIKE most people who enjoy controlling their environment, Ivan had a horror, not of alcohol, but of intoxication. His own head was always clear. He had sipped sparingly of the Napoleon brandy in its great round glasses. With him thought and action followed each other quickly, tonight perhaps a little more quickly than usual. With a sort of rapid saunter he skirted the dancers and the spectators of the dance, and stepped out on the balcony. For an instant he could see nothing. He heard that Ina and the prince were speaking German—the prince was speaking—and though Ivan's German was not fluent, he understood the sentence he heard, and coming between the voice and the dim white pillar of the girl's dress he said:

"I wondered if you would like to come in and dance with me, countess, when this reel is over?"

There was an awkward silence. Ina, conventionally aware of the usages of courts in the treatment of royal princes, hesitated, but the prince, completely released from hesitations of all kinds by the Napoleon brandy, said rather thickly, "Let me instruct you, if you do not know, that in Europe, when *I* am talking to a lady, it is not customary to interrupt us."

"And in America, sir," said Cross, "it is not customary to say to a lady what you have just said."

"You have not," said the prince, "the usages of high society."

Ivan's tone showed that in the dark he was smiling. "I can't regret that, sir," he answered, "if this is an example of them. Will you dance with me, countess?"

As he spoke the pipes gave their last high expiring squeal, and instantly the band at the other end of the room began to play an old-fashioned waltz.

"Yes, Mr. Cross, I will, thank you," said Ina, and she slipped her hand into the crook of his elbow, the way some women can, as if her whole life and trust went with it. Side by side they stood an instant waiting for the prince to let them pass. The light shone full now on his red sullen face; the brows, always a little full and puffy above the eyes, were scowling. He seemed to contemplate making himself a barrier to their departure, but he thought better of it, and with a deep quick bow he turned on his heel and walked alone into the room.

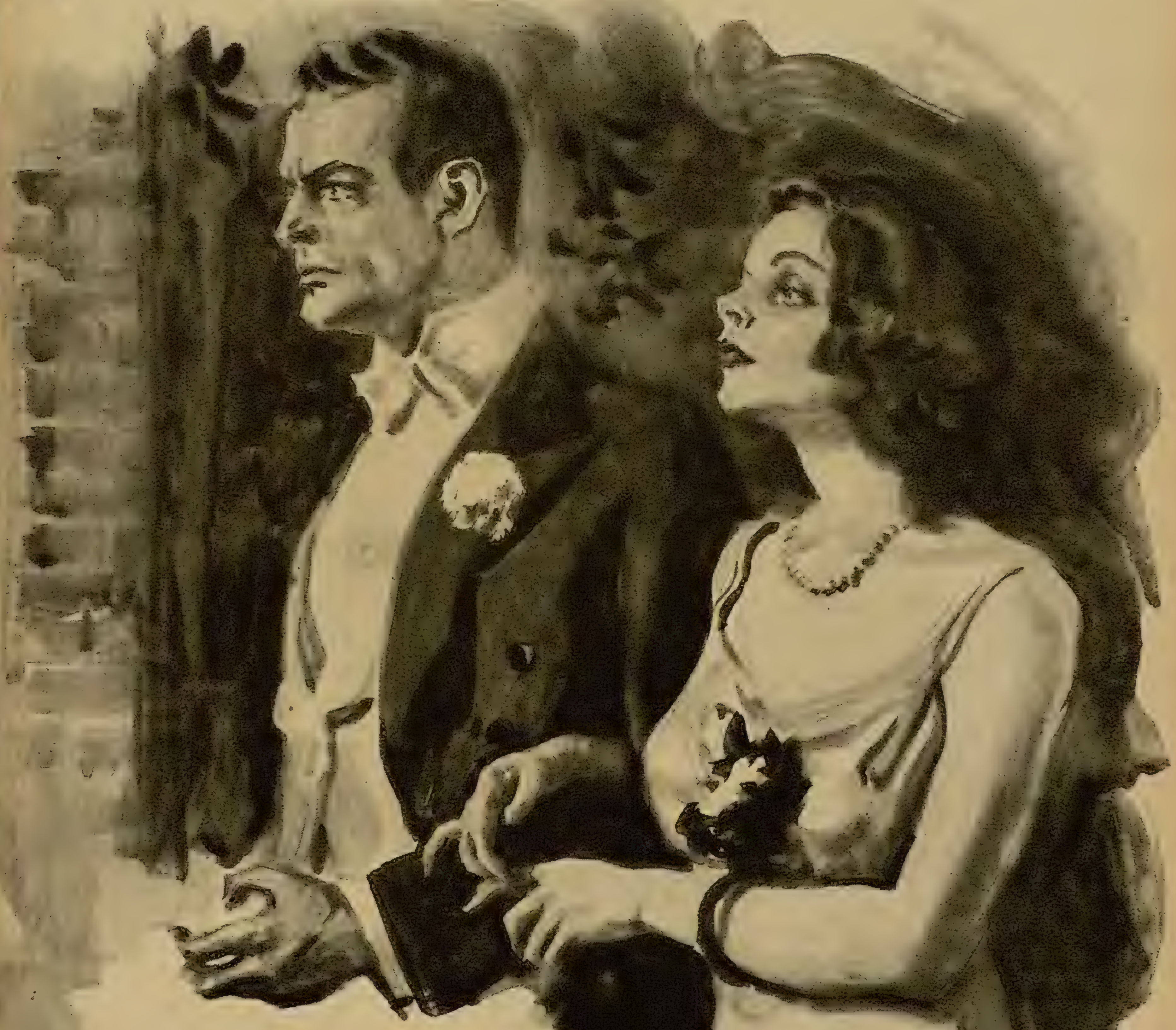
The sentence Cross had heard was: "Stories about you at home hardly warrant your putting on airs like this."

Ivan and the countess also stepped across the sill. He put his arm about her. He rarely danced; had not learned modern steps. He had, indeed, an unacknowledged feeling that dancing was a drawing-room amusement for the adolescent; not fitted for dignified grown men. But long ago, in the Argentine, Josefa had taught him something of her own giddy art. He did not know how to waltz.

It was of Josefa he was thinking as he made the first circuit of the room. His heart was beating thickly. He thought that if Ina knew it she would think it strange. Did she know it? He glanced down at her and saw that

WANTED

A Story of One Mad Moment



she was crying; softly, gently, her tears were falling. Instinctively he stopped, but she motioned him to go on, and for a time he did.

He ceased to think of Josefa, and yet still his heart continued its heavy emotional beat. He saw Tim's surprised stare, as much as to say, "Ivan dancing? I didn't know he could." He saw Patty Mortimer's cold amused smile and he knew she was thinking of all the occasions on which he had refused to take her out for an evening of dancing. Then suddenly, as they were passing the now deserted balcony, Ina herself stopped, trembling with her efforts to hold back a sob, and stepped out.

"You can't think," he said, "how much I want to go and punch his head."

"Oh, I think that would be charming," she said, between sobs, and then, as he started to go and put the program into operation, she caught his arm and added: "But no, you mustn't. It would just mean more talk, and I have been enough talked about already."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page forty-one

"I cannot see," he said, "why you should care what a drunken lout like that says."

"Oh, him! He is nothing," she answered. "Poor Hans Feodor! We have always known he was actually lacking. But he represents something to me—my youth, my home, my parents' wishes for me—" She stopped, choked by tears. She stamped her foot. "I will not cry," she said. He watched her slowly get control of herself. After a moment she moved into the light, and looking up at him asked, "Do my eyes look very red?"

He examined them carefully. "You had better wait a few minutes more before going back," he said.

She did not apparently question his good faith. She moved back into the darkness again, and they stood side by side, leaning on the railing of the balcony and staring out into the thick starless night.

Ivan said to himself: "This is as much as I shall ever have of her. I will not spoil it by speaking to her."

Inside the band went on playing, the lift and drop and lift of the old-fashioned waltz. Neither of them spoke or moved, and Ivan gradually lost all sense of time and space and reality. He was aware only of her presence, and of the fact that for the first time since he had seen her there was complete peace between them.

She spoke at last. "Mr. Cross," she said, "I have been rude to you sometimes, and may be so again, but, whatever happens, I want to thank you for what you did this evening. It was—it was"—she seemed to be hesitating for a turn of phrase—"it was quite as it should be."

"I happened to be looking at you," he said, "just at the moment he forced you out on the balcony. No man could stand that, you know."

"I see," she went on, "that you are a man who has the qualities of his defects."

"My defects?"

She laughed at his tone of surprise. "You did not think you had any?"

"I did not think you had given them much attention."

"Yes," she answered slowly, "they have come to my attention—they have come to my attention."

He suddenly found himself saying something he had not meant to say: "For God's sake, countess, tell me why it is you dislike me so much?"

She passed him by and entered the dancing room again, and he was obliged to follow. As she entered, Tim plunged toward them through the dancers.

"You are not going to tell me?" said Ivan.

"Some day."

"You promise?"

"Across my heart."

She was whirled away by Tim.

IVAN was to have a few more words with her before the evening was over, and to discover that she had gone back to the old hard scornful manner. They were all waiting in the lobby for their cars to come to the door. The duke's castle had been built in a day when people came there more often in war than in peace, and the drive was deformed and contracted by remnants of old fortifications.

Ivan would not have approached her, but she came to him of herself, where he was standing alone. The prince had followed her to the door, but she had swept him an icy curtsy and turned away to Ivan. Cross saw that the technique of evading princes was different but not more difficult than that of eluding ordinary men.

"I am so glad to see," she said, in her sweetest, smoothest voice, "that the mark has quite left your face."

"It has left my face, countess."

"But not your heart. Is that what you mean?"

"It has not left my memory."

"I hope you are not revengeful by nature."

"Who was it said that revenge was the largest investment for the smallest return?"

"I think that must have been said by that well known aphorist, Ivan Cross."

He laughed. The girl was not a fool certainly.

"Whoever said it," he answered, "it is certainly true."

"It is certainly a lie," she answered. "I fancy that the greatest satisfaction in the world is to repay an old injury."

"It must be very old and very bitter, then."

"Yes, like all joys, revenge must be long anticipated to bring its full flavor."

He saw that she was talking of something that meant much to her and which he rather thought she imagined meant something to him, but he was more interested in her proximity than in her words. She held her thin cloak tightly about her, showing the line of shoulders, and even in the shadows of the great hall her eyes had a deep glint of color—of midnight blue. His nephew's wife? He stepped back from her, and the Tobernackie car was announced.

THE effect of Muriel Grant getting into action, as she had threatened, was immediately apparent. Two days after the dinner party at the duke's, Tim came to Ivan to inquire if his uncle would object to his absenting himself for a week. He had been invited to make a trip through the Hebrides on a yacht belonging to some friends of the Grants. Ina was to be of the party.

"No, I have no objection," said Ivan, "that is if Lucy hasn't. I should think it might hurt her feelings to have you go off like that."

"Oh, no; Lucy will be perfectly happy with you. She thinks you the greatest person she has ever met," said Tim eagerly.

"Well, don't be too long away," Ivan returned.

Two or three days after Tim's departure Cross went out after a stag.

Coming back, he and his gillie lost their direction in a sudden thick mist that came down on them at sunset. Night fell. The gillie left Cross sitting on a stone, while he crept down the little stream they had been following like a seam in the heather, to feel with his hands whether or not it met another stream which "would be the burn of Kinfrew," he said.

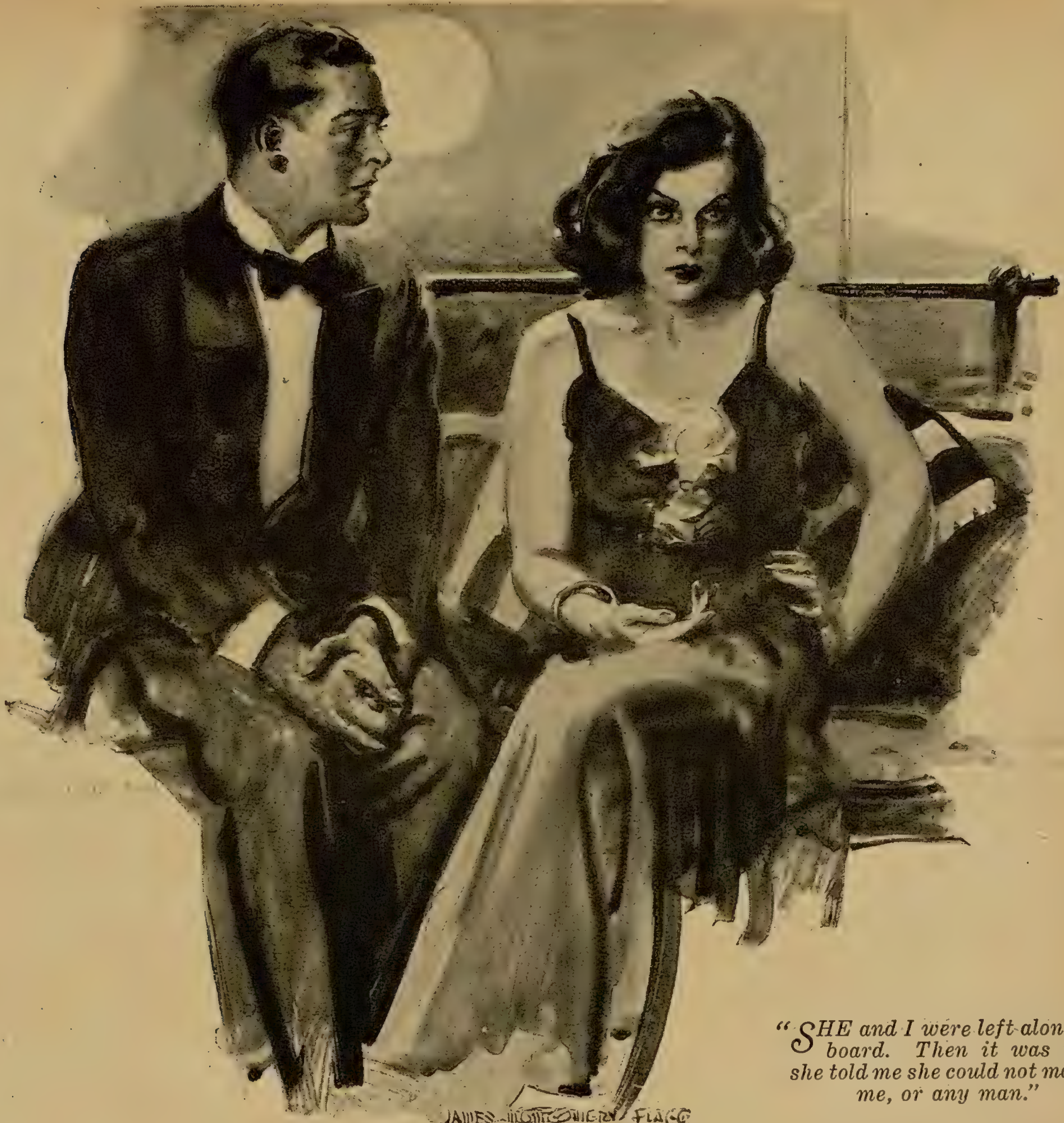
As Ivan sat there, without the mist lifting from his body, the moon came out overhead—a great silver three-quarter moon. It shone down on the mist-covered world as if it were the sea. The sea! So they had a moon, too, did they? The sea and a moon and love and youth. Was he jealous of a boy who was almost like a son to him? Or was the pain he felt whenever he thought of Ina and Tim due to his belief that such a marriage would end in sorrow?

About that he felt no doubt, but this did not shake his belief that the boy had better go through with it as far as he could—as far as she would let him. Obstacles from rational relations would not save him. That, Ivan had come to understand, was the curse of falling in love with the wrong person: you met disaster either way—whether you renounced or whether you attained; only, in his opinion, renouncing brought with it a more sterile, withering sort of sorrow.

That was what had happened to him when he was Tim's age—or younger. It would have been better for him if he had gone off with Josefa, crook and wanton as she was. Lovely, unstable Josefa. What a figure; what a rough deep thrilling voice as she had had! Little arched feet—he could feel them now in his hand. Yet it was all very far away in time and space from these silvery misty Scotch hills. He had tried to kill himself then. He had much less left to live for now.

He glanced at the gun lying across his knees. He was not a suicide; his strong vitality bound him to life. Yet how believable a shooting accident could be made to sound.

It was late when he got home, and the others had gone in to dinner. Vernor told him that Lady Grant had telephoned twice—something most important. Would Mr.



"SHE and I were left alone on board. Then it was that she told me she could not marry me, or any man."

Cross telephone her the moment he came in? No, Mr. Cross would do nothing until he took off his wet clothes and got a hot bath and a drink.

He had carried this program so far as to be actually in the tub when Vernor knocked on the door. He was the bearer of a long message. Lady Grant's younger son had been taken with appendicitis in the south of England. She and Sir Rodney were starting south that evening. Could Mr. Cross possibly put up the countess for a few days on her return from the yacht? If so, Lady Grant would make arrangements to close Tobernackie for a few weeks. If not—

Cross roared from his tub that he would be delighted, of course. But he was not delighted; only a man cannot be quick-witted and diplomatic, roaring messages from his bathtub. The idea of having Ina under his roof was most disturbing and disagreeable to him. Was he going to be forced to be self-restrained at breakfast, and to remember not to take her suddenly in his arms if he passed her in the corridor? Besides, he felt very uncertain that his relation with Tim would stand the strain of her presence—so closely—so intimately. And yet, he reflected, if she married Tim, they would be inevitably together, the three of them, for much of their lives.

Well, he was committed to it now—if, that is, she was willing to stay with him. He could not help thinking that she herself might refuse to accept his hospitality, unless of course she had already become engaged to Tim, in which case she would of necessity forget her grievances against him, whatever they might be. The more he thought [illegible] it, the surer he felt that she *did* mean to accept the boy. Muriel Grant was too intelligent a woman to be working entirely in the dark. There really was no reason for supposing anything else. All Ina's conduct now pointed in that direction. There was nothing to be urged against its probability except his own profound and utterly irrational feeling that she belonged to him.

HE had dinner on a tray in the library and sent for Lucy to come and bear him company. He wanted to tell her of the proposed addition to their party. He was glad they were alone, for Lucy did not conceal her aversion to the idea. She made no pretenses, Lucy.

"Oh, I do wish she weren't coming here, Mr. Cross," she said. "It really isn't that I'm jealous, or that I begrudge Tim his happiness, but when you have always assumed that a person belonged to you, it's rather difficult to be a third person at his love affair with someone else."

"Do you love him, Lucy?"

"I don't know, Mr. Cross. I have always assumed he belonged to me. I suppose that is love."

Cross gave a little exclamation. He hoped not.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page forty-three

So, during a full week, for the yachting party prolonged itself a few more days, two people in Kinfrew Castle steeled themselves to receive a pair of happy lovers, and at the end of that time Tim returned alone.

It was a day when the Kinfrew party was not shooting, and Tim arrived just as they sat down to luncheon, and two sets of eyes meeting his knew that he was not happy. He had lost weight—perhaps ten pounds. His face had the thin look that an animal's gets when it is suffering, and his voice was at once hoarse and thin.

Ivan saw the whole thing as Tim hesitated in the doorway. He called casually, "Hullo, Tim! Haven't lunched, have you? You didn't bring the countess with you?"

"No," said Tim, coming into the room and sitting down in his usual place. "She had left all her shore clothes at Tobernackie, and thought it better to go there."

"I thought the house was closed."

"No, there's an old caretaker left who'll take care of her for the present."

"Perhaps she'll come to us later."

"I think perhaps she will," said the boy.

Then everyone began to question him about the trip. Tim answered each question quite perfectly, but to Ivan and Lucy it was clear he was in agony. Their eyes met. Damn the woman, thought Ivan, what had she been doing to the boy? Did not this indicate something more than a refusal?

"Did you try climbing the Cuillins?" asked a Scotchman.

Ivan saw Tim's face shiver. "No; we anchored off there one evening," he said. "How black they are!"

"Oh, then you must have been near the island of Marie Rose," said another. They talked of local magic.

Out of the great number of living rooms on the ground floor of Kinfrew Castle, Ivan had taken one for his own use—a small room near the entrance to the kitchen wing, or, as Vernor said, the "offices."

He brought Tim here as soon as luncheon was over and the others had gone off to the opposite end of the house to play a game of billiards. The boy sat down and took his head in his hands for a moment, and when he looked up there was a mist in his eyes. "Sorry," he said, blinking them, "but this has been pretty tough."

Ivan, standing by the mantelpiece, filling and tamping down his pipe, intended to look like an impartial elder; but Tim's delay was too much for his patience, and he said sharply, "She does not love you?"

"I'm not sure."

"What!" cried Ivan. He heard his voice ring out too loudly; this was not the answer he had expected to receive.

"She has refused me, but I can't help thinking she does care about me—a little, anyhow."

ANOTHER long pause. Ivan found his fists clenched, but his tone was gentle as he inquired, "Then why did she refuse you?"

"I have her permission to tell you."

"Then why in thunder don't you?"

Tim looked straight at him and, casting aside all considerations now except that of his own pain, he said, "There has been another man—someone else—long ago."

The two men remained staring at each other. Tim's face showing little tremors of emotion, Ivan's as blank as a wall.

So that was it. He might have guessed. A lover—a probably faithless lover; an irresponsible princeling who thought even a Zydov not great enough. That pink-faced boy? Oh, no, a hundred times. He saw her in the arms of another man. How shocking! How repugnant!

Perhaps a handsome rebel forester on her father's estate; an unequal affair. That would explain the Mary and Bothwell incident. How pitiful. She had been brooding all these years, had grown so bitter and ashamed that she had betrayed her secret to a casual stranger like himself—if only he had had the wit to read it right. His heart was thumping, and he scowled at finding that it was. Tim had been watching him narrowly.

"She has behaved marvelously," he said, as if contradicting a statement to the contrary; "nobly. She's like that. That was why she wouldn't have anything to do with me at first. She had made up her mind that she could never marry—all that side of life was barred to her. She had learned this technique of staving men off—" Cross made a movement of his great shoulders. There is something madly irritating at receiving interpretations of people whom you believe you understand better than the interpreter. "You remember, Ivan, that I told you how she behaved as if there were some insurmountable obstacle between us."

"Why has she changed her mind?" His tone was cold.

"I don't know that she has."

"Obviously she is now letting you see her."

THERE was no reproach in the tone, but Tim read reproach into it, and broke out: "Great heavens, Ivan, don't be so inhuman! Think of the loneliness—a girl like that—all life and fire—and so beautiful—so beautiful, Ivan!" The boy's voice simply melted with emotion. "If she came to like me, if only as a friend— Do you expect people to have no natural feelings at all? That is just what she said."

"What did she say?"

"I did not mean to say that. I'll tell you later. She did refuse me again and again. Then, a few nights ago, off Skye, she and I were left alone on board. The others had all gone ashore to dine. I was expected to go, but I cheated and stayed with her—at the last moment. God, I hope I never hear the name of Cuillin Hills again! They were as black as jet against the moon, and the sea like ink under them. Then it was she told me she could not marry me, or any man. She said, 'A man like you has the right to expect an innocent virgin for his wife, and I should not be that, Tim dear.' Her voice—oh, Ivan, I shall never forget her voice!—as if she were dying. Do you think it can be true?"

"Of course it's true. Women don't say things like that for fun."

"Have you ever been jealous, Ivan—jealous of something you don't know or understand? It's poison. It's like—it's like—"

"I'm told it's very disagreeable," said Ivan. He could not get that icy edge out of his voice, do what he would. "Did she tell you who the man was?"

"Not yet."

"Nor the circumstances?"

"No; but she will—if I can bear it. Oh, Ivan—"

"May I ask what you said to her?"

There was a pregnant pause, and then Tim looked up at him and asked, almost as if he were applying a test, "What should I have said?"

Ivan did not answer. He got up and turned his back.

Poor little countess. So this was the lover she had got herself—a boy who did not know what he should say in these circumstances. Tim repeated his question.

"You have to ask me that?" said Ivan. He did not trouble now to hide his contempt, but Tim did not notice it.

"I ask you what I ought to have done."

"I refuse to answer you."

Tim got up too, now; slowly unwound himself. "I'm afraid you must answer," he said gently.

"I must?"

Tim had always been amenable to that tone.

"I mean," he said apologetically, "that I wish very much you would tell me this: what would you have done in my place?"

Ivan gave a short laugh. "I can answer that," he said. "If a woman I really loved said such a thing as that to me I should take her in my arms and say, 'Yes, and what the hell difference does that make?'"

He had supposed he was delivering a blow at the boy's self-esteem, but instead Tim's eyes opened wide with joy.

"Oh, Ivan!" he cried. "What a swell person you are. You are always right—always a hundred per cent."

"Sorry to dash your rejoicings," said Cross, "but I should think that if you did not do what I suggest at the time, it was rather too late now."

"No, it isn't! No, it isn't!" said Tim, and he seemed to be incoherent with joy. "It was her idea—to tell you—to let you decide without your knowing that you were deciding. She promised to abide by your decision. She was quite sure you would say no."

"Was she indeed?"

"Yes. She said you would be very critical."

"I am very much flattered that she should think I was in a position to criticize any woman's past."

"Well, it was more that she thought the more casual men had been in their own lives the more particular they were about their womenkind. She thought you were just the kind of man to insist that a woman should be virtuous for both. That was her phrase."

"Not a very pleasant one."

"I told her she was wrong, Ivan."

"And you think now that if I give my consent she will marry you?"

"I think so—I'm almost sure so."

"You don't know who the man was—or the circumstances?"

"No, but she will tell me now."

"I point out to you," said Ivan, "that if she was certain I was going to say no, and that she was leaving the decision to me, this may have been an indirect way of refusing you."

But Tim would not hear of that. "She's not tricky, Ivan. She is—well, I don't know any other word but noble. What could be finer than to tell me the truth and leave it to you to decide—you to whom I owe everything?"

"And if I had said no?"

"I'd have tried to bring you round. But of course I knew you wouldn't. She succeeded in terrifying me a little—she was so sure. Oh, Ivan, what a swell person you are!"

A SWELL person! One of the few pangs of self-reproach that Ivan had ever felt shot through him. He said aloud, "If I were you I should take the big car and one of the chauffeurs and drive over to Tobernackie at once and bring her back with you. I don't trust you to drive yourself in your present state of mind in a country that persists in reversing the ordinary rules of the road."

"I will. Oh, Ivan, what can I say? I might have known I understood you better than she—she's only seen you a couple of times and doesn't know what a prince you are." He hesitated. "You will try to like her, won't you?"

"I admire her immensely. I think the trouble is the other way. You must make her like me."

Tim smiled. "My wife will like you, or I'll know the reason why. She will adore you in time. She just doesn't understand you yet. You must have patience—and be nice to her—"

"I think I wouldn't waste any more time, Tim." He got the boy out of the room, out of the house, off to Tobernackie. And then he found himself faced with hours of inactivity while a matter vital to him—how vital he did not admit—was being settled by others. He was a man accustomed to taking a hand in any situation in which his interests were involved. Passivity seemed to him weak and humiliating. He had no capacity for yielding his will. Evidently she meant to marry Tim. Otherwise she would have refused him without any confession as to her past. All she wanted was to be sure of a welcome from his family. A Zydov stooping to such an alliance would certainly demand a welcome. And if she meant to marry the boy she must love him. Difficult for him, Cross, to imagine that a boy he had seen through measles could inspire passion in a woman like that.

Physical exercise appeared desirable. He routed out three of his guests and played set after set of hard silent tennis, until it was time to dress for dinner. Still no sign of a returning car.

Patty Mortimer and Lucy came out to watch them. "Where's Tim?" said Patty, as they were preparing to go in.

"He went over to Tobernackie," Cross answered, "but I suppose he must be back by this time."

"Good gracious!" said Patty. "He only got back at lunchtime. Must he rush immediately off to the beloved object?"

"You know how these beloved objects are, Patty," Cross answered with a smile that was almost tender, so little was his mind fixed on what he was saying.

On the way back to the castle he fell into step beside Lucy.

"Oh, Mr. Cross, what happened?" she asked.

"She refused him, but not definitely. In fact, I expect him to bring her back with him."

Lucy was silent for a few steps, and then she said, "She doesn't love him."

"Then why should she marry him? Tim is no great catch, you know."

"You could be trusted to be generous. But I don't think it's money she's after. It's more as if—as if Tim were a way of getting free of some horror—of beginning all over again."

A clever girl, Lucy, and close to the truth. "Postwar Austria is a pretty good place to get away from, I suppose."

THEY had dinner, and afterward—for the house party had now shrunk to eleven—there were two tables of bridge. Two of the older men did not play and Cross would not. He forced Lucy into his place, though she pleaded to be allowed to read.

When he got them settled at their game, he rang for Vernor, and said that he wished to be told when the car came back.

"The car has come back, sir," said Vernor, "only Mr. Alden was not in it. McPherson went straight to the garage."

Cross felt a sinking at the heart. "Find out if Mr. Alden sent me any message," he said. In a few minutes Vernor was back. Mr. Alden had not sent any message. He had come as far as the lodge, and there he had got out and said that he intended to walk home through the park, but he had not come in as yet.

Ivan, when no one was noticing, left the room, took his hat, and went out into the park.

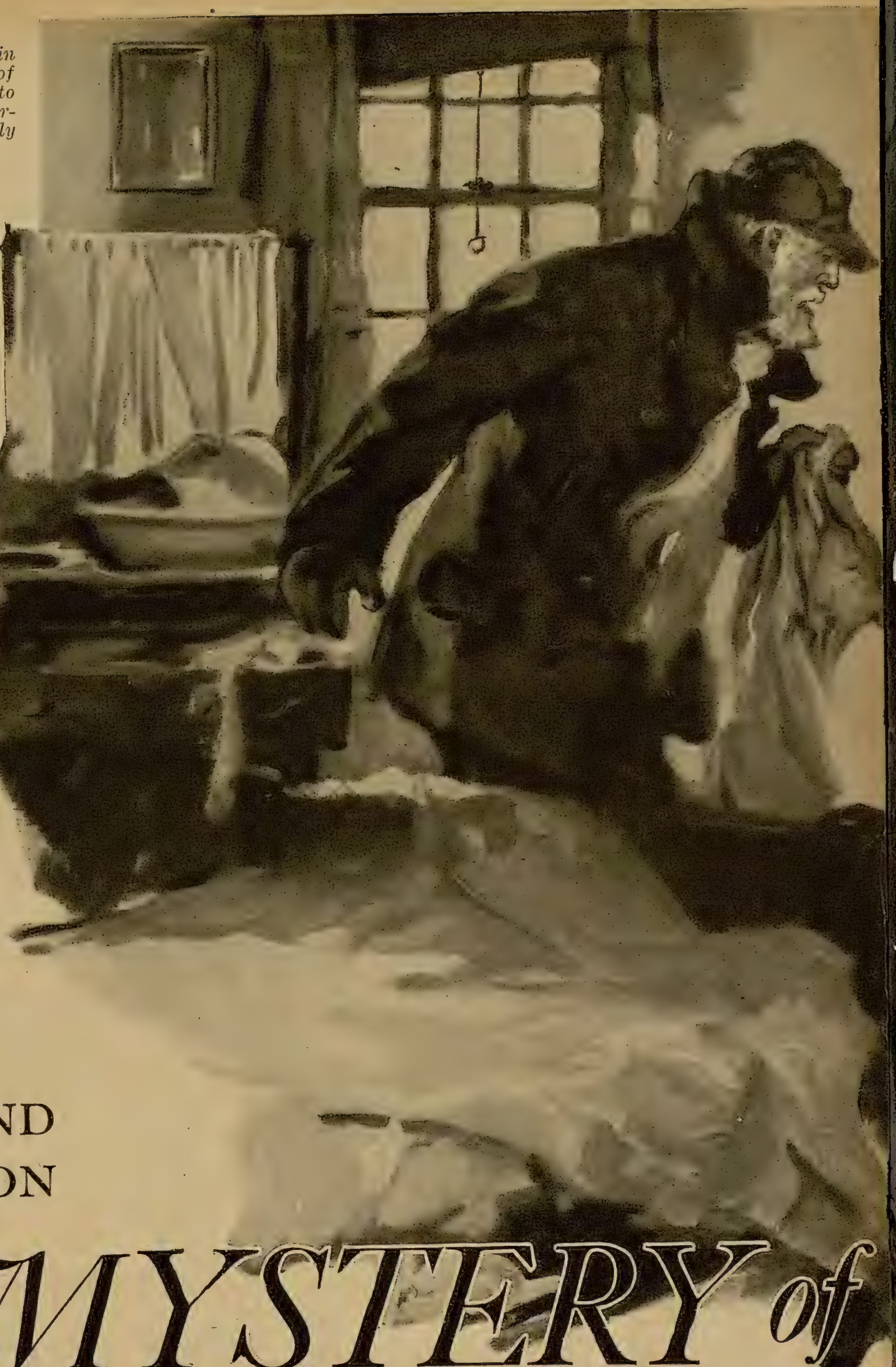
He knew certain places in the park that Tim specially loved: a great circle of trees, supposed to be magical; and the bridge over the stream where he, Ivan, had first heard the name of the Countess Ina. Tim was not to be discovered in either place. After all, Cross said to himself, he couldn't search the whole park.

He got back to find the bridge games just breaking up and everyone preparing to go to bed. There was to be an early start the next morning for the most distant of the Kinfrew moors. Ivan settled down under a single lamp to wait for Tim.

He took up the only book on the table: Kinfrew in Legend and History. He tried to read the letterpress, but a dull style and a shiny paper made reading difficult.

A soft step on the stair. He did not know why, but his heart began to beat as if he were waiting for disaster and every event must be a horror. The door opened and Patty slid into the room.

The strangeness of Tim's disappearance is followed by a mystery still stranger, in next week's tense installment of The Woman He Wanted.



THE visitors made out, in the dim light, a heap of clothes. This they found to be the body of Sarah Meservey, fully clothed and tightly wrapped in a blanket.

Picture by
LAWRENCE WILBUR

How Circumstantial Evidence Betrayed the Slayer of the Sea Captain's Lonely Wife

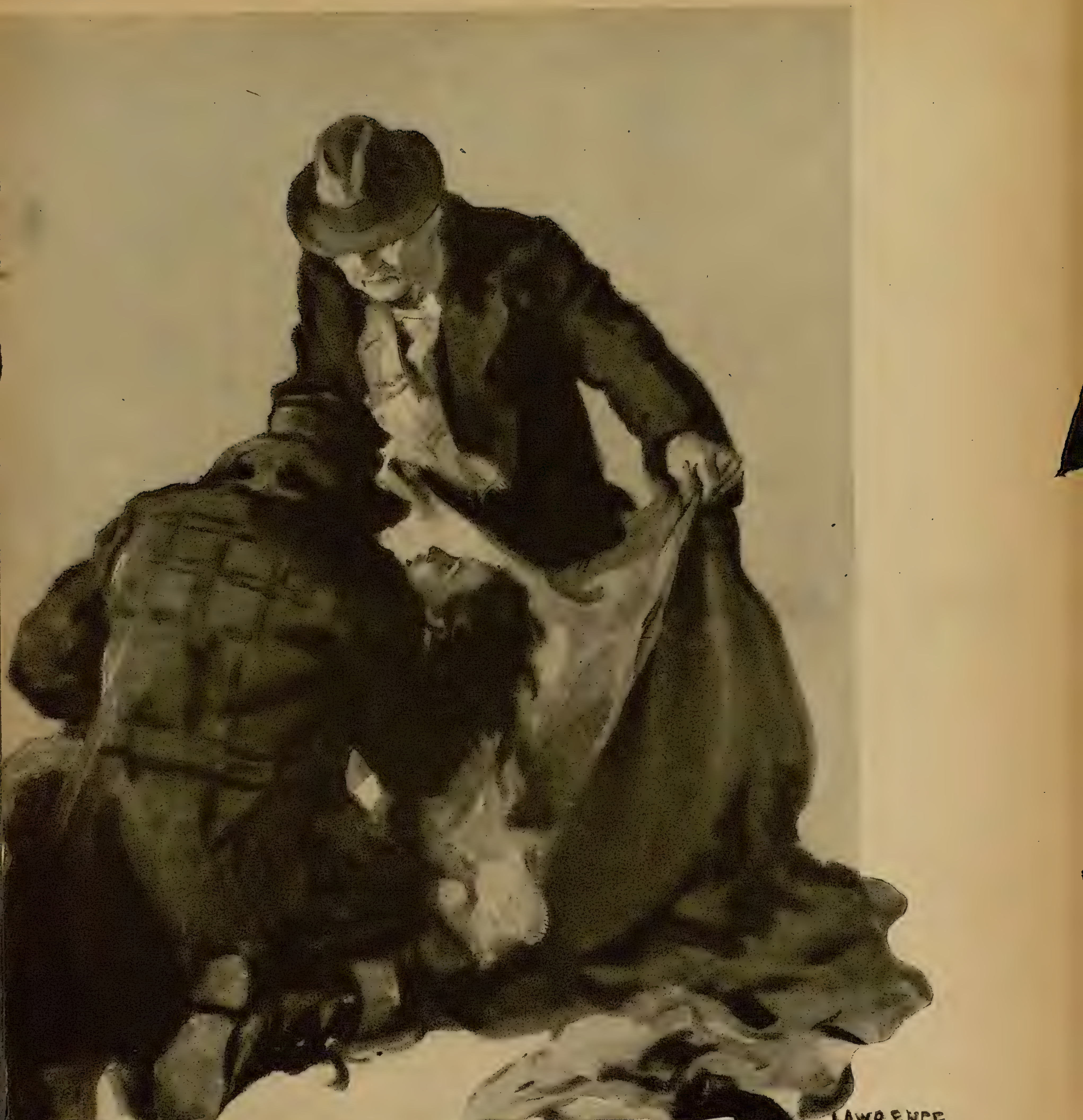
By
EDMUND PEARSON

The MYSTERY of

(Reading time: 24 minutes 15 seconds.)

A SINGLE country road is almost the only street in Tenants Harbor. It is like a dozen other villages on that part of the Maine coast—perhaps a bit quieter and prettier than many. There is nothing to make you look a second time at the post office, the three or four shops, or the little hotel on the waterside. However, as you turn to the left where the road forks at the church and the settlement ends, if you glance to the right you will see what ought to be a haunted house.

I do not say that it is haunted. On the bright afternoon when I saw it, nothing could have looked more cheerful, or more commonplace. Its friendly residents were far from being oppressed by gloom or by horror. The



Tenants Harbor

fact of a death long ago, even a death by violence, cannot cast a blight upon a house, except to the most determined believer in ghosts.

Yet once, in the dismal season of the year, in midwinter, this commonplace house stood day after day, and week after week, apparently deserted, and fearfully silent. The windows were black at night; the snow on the path to the door was unbroken. Only two persons—a man and a woman—knew that it had an occupant: a dreadful witness which could rise against them.

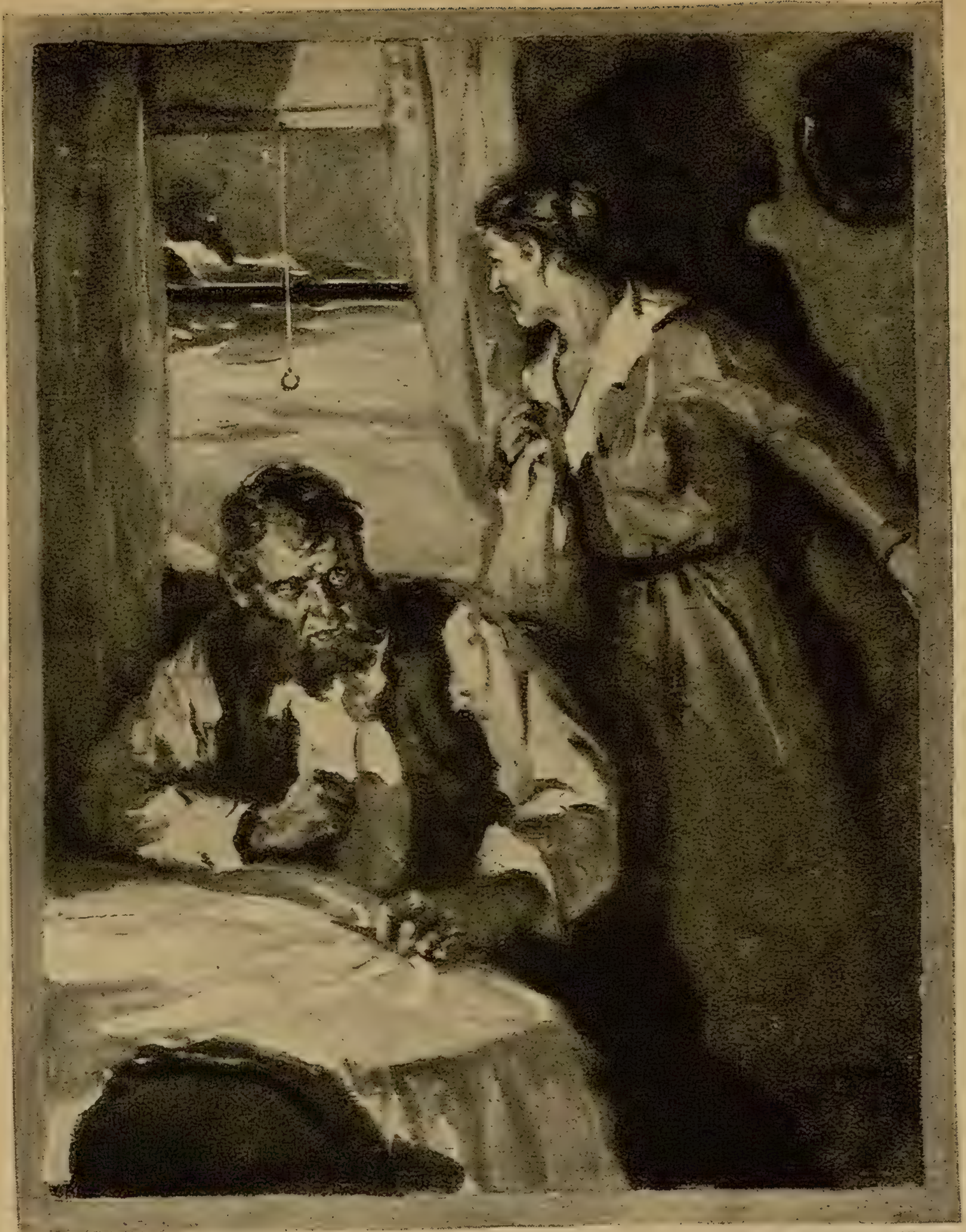
Sick with fright, perplexed and amazed, yet they did not dare to leave its neighborhood. For more than a month they were trying to prepare themselves for the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF TENANTS HARBOR
Continued from page forty-seven

day when this cold and silent house, and its inhabitant, should rouse the country. They looked toward it night and morning; saw its windows turn blood-red in the light of dawn and sunset.

They were stolid folk, and, as with most people of their kind, fear as to the future was livelier than remorse for the past. Nevertheless, like that other pair who shared a guilty secret, like Macbeth and his wife, it is said that these humble persons learned something about the terror by night and the visitation of evil dreams.



Picture by Lawrence Wilbur

Night after night the man and woman looked toward their neighbor's house.

IT was in October, 1877, that Captain Luther Meservey of Tenants Harbor put to sea in the schooner Bickmore. He intended to be away nearly all winter, and he was leaving his wife alone. There was nothing unusual about this, nor was Sarah Meservey either nervous or timid. She was a tall, active, courageous woman of thirty-seven, accustomed to living alone, since she had no children. She might stay at home all winter, or might vary the monotony by taking the stagecoach up to Thomaston to visit her friends.

Why should she be afraid? There were only about sixty families in Tenants Harbor; she knew them all, and was related to most of them, by blood or by marriage. Her house was near the end of the village, but it was only a few minutes' walk to the post office and general store. Her neighbors were all friends or relatives: the minister, Mr. Richardson; Mark Wall, whose house and barn were next door; and Captain Nathan Hart and his wife, who lived in the last house on the road. Captain Hart's sister was the wife of Captain Albion Meservey, who in turn was a cousin of Captain Luther Meservey.

These relationships might become confusing; but all that is necessary to remember is that Tenants Harbor was full of cousins and captains. For the sake of clearness, I will call Captain Albion Meservey simply "Captain Albion." Everybody knew everyone else's affairs—their goings and comings, their quarrels and friendships, their good luck or bad. People distrusted banks in those days, and often hoarded money. Sarah Meservey was reputed to have $115 in silver which she had been keeping for twenty years, and to have $200 or $300 in paper money.

For two months after her husband's departure Mrs. Meservey occupied herself as usual, exchanging calls with her friends and attending the church "sociables." Three days before Christmas, on Saturday, December 22, some friend, a woman, called upon her at noon. Later, in the early evening, probably about six o'clock, she walked down to the post office for her letters. A number of people recognized her on the way or in the center of the village. I have talked with an old gentleman who was in the post office or loafing in the barber shop that night. His eyes glittered as he said that he saw her go by on this errand which was to become so celebrated.

For an instant he had been near the most sensational event Tenants Harbor has ever known.

There was nothing for her in the mail; so she returned along the road. Little Clara Wall overtook her and walked with her a few steps. Clara remembered that she was wearing "magenta mittens," and also a "cloud"—a white woolen scarf—over her head as a hood, with the ends around her neck.

The lonely woman left the girl and went up the path toward her dark house. Nobody has ever been discovered who would publicly admit seeing Sarah Meservey again while she was alive.

That instant she vanished from the daily life of the place. Her house appeared deserted; the shades down by day as well as night; smoke never coming from the chimneys; no paths shoveled after snowstorms.

HERE is one of the most puzzling things in a case that is full of puzzles. Gossip was not exactly inactive at Tenants Harbor; interest in what other people were doing was as lively as in any other place, small or large. Yet nobody knew where this woman was—and apparently nobody cared. Afterward it was said that she was "supposed to be visiting in Thomaston."

Her letters accumulated at the post office, but no one inquired about her. Five weeks went by and the house remained cold, bleak, and silent. And it occurred to nobody to ask questions!

Nevertheless, all this time two human beings were on the rack.

At the end of January, Captain Albion went to the chief official of the place, Whitney Long, chairman of the selectmen, and laid before him facts which had made Sarah Meservey's friends at last feel some anxiety. Perhaps it had been discovered that she was not in Thomaston. Mr. Long agreed that some action should be taken. With another man, named Frederick Hart, they went to the Meservey house and tried to enter.

They experimented with keys; peered at the curtained and frost-covered windows; and prowled about for some time. At last they found a rear window unlocked. Through this they climbed.

The kitchen was in disorder. A bedroom on the ground floor was as usual, except for an unmade bed. In a spare bedroom, also on the ground floor, there was much greater confusion, and the visitors made out, in the dim light, a heap of clothes. This they soon found to be the body of Sarah Meservey, fully clothed and tightly wrapped in a blanket.

Not until night, and after the visits of doctors and the coroner, were most of the facts disclosed. In other words, the clues upon which the police could go to work became apparent gradually. The woman had been strangled. Her white scarf had been coiled tightly two or three times around her neck and tied at the back. This had probably caused death in a minute or two.

She had received numerous small wounds and bruises, and the blood resulting from these was all over the place—on the floor, on towels, and on a door knob. In the sink was a basin of discolored ice, as if someone had washed his hands to remove the stains of blood. There was a cup with blood on it, which looked as if it had been put to someone's lips.

Her arms had been brought above her head and tied at the wrists with a cod line. She wore rubbers over her boots. No crime other than robbery and murder had been attempted. On the floor was a small scrap of brown paper with a scribbled message. On one side, the words: " Monday Eveng 24 " and on the other this curious sentence:

> i cam as A Womn She was
> out and i waited till she Come
> back, not for Mony but i kiled
> her

Somebody had strangely wished to plant the idea that the murder had been done by a man disguised in a woman's clothes, and that the motive for entering the house was other than robbery.

IT is usually the custom, in novels and on the stage, to jeer at the rural police and to represent the " constabule " as a self-important jay wearing a haymaker's costume, with a big badge pinned to his suspenders. In this instance, the police seemed able to separate false clues from real ones.

They put little faith in the date " Monday Eveng 24," but chose to believe that the rubbers proved that Mrs. Meservey had been murdered as soon as she entered her house on her return from the post office on Saturday, the 22d. That she had surprised someone engaged in burglary, who had instantly attacked and killed her in order to destroy a witness who knew the identity of the intruder.

The " i cam as A Womn " was a rather greater puzzle. The high sheriff, who came to examine the premises, had a comic-opera name to accompany his title, for it was Low. Nevertheless, High Sheriff Low was willing (like Sherlock Holmes on occasion) to risk a long shot. Said he: " There was a woman in it. I saw where her dress or cloak dragged the blood after giving the murdered woman water."

The idea of giving " the murdered woman," or, more correctly, the half-murdered woman, a drink of water, suggested a situation which offered still another problem. And why should the hands of a woman who was already strangled be carefully tied?

HALF-BURNED matches of a kind not used in that house were found on the floor, and so was a man's paper collar, crumpled and blood-stained. To leave these behind indicated a very clumsy criminal, but in the end they failed as clues. They were not mentioned at the trial.

It was believed that so ferocious a criminal must have been a stranger, some man who had landed mysteriously from a ship and escaped the same night. It was asserted that, on the contrary, the murderer knew the house, the habits of its one occupant, and the fact that there was a meeting that evening in the village to which Sarah Meservey might go; the people in houses on both sides of hers had already gone to it; the coast was clear.

A number of men were asked to give samples of their handwriting; to write the words " I killed her " to compare with the note found in the house.

For more than a month no arrest was made. Nearly every man in Tenants Harbor had the unpleasant experience of being suspected by somebody. During these four weeks two events happened in Tenants Harbor. Captain Luther Meservey's schooner came in to Bath on February 16, and that unfortunate man learned for the first time of his wife's death. He had been at sea, and he was overcome with genuine grief.

He alone was able to solve the question of robbery, and told his friends that the only store of money his wife had, $200, was kept in a washstand in the room where her body was found. The searchers discovered the money untouched.

Signs showed that the murderer had opened the drawers in haste, but had missed the prize. He did not get the price of blood.

Two or three days later, one of the residents of Tenants Harbor, Mrs. Levi Hart, received the first of the anonymous letters which did much to lift this already fantastic murder into greater notoriety. These letters, whose authorship is still a mystery, are said to have continued to come for years; but only two of them are of legal importance. This first one

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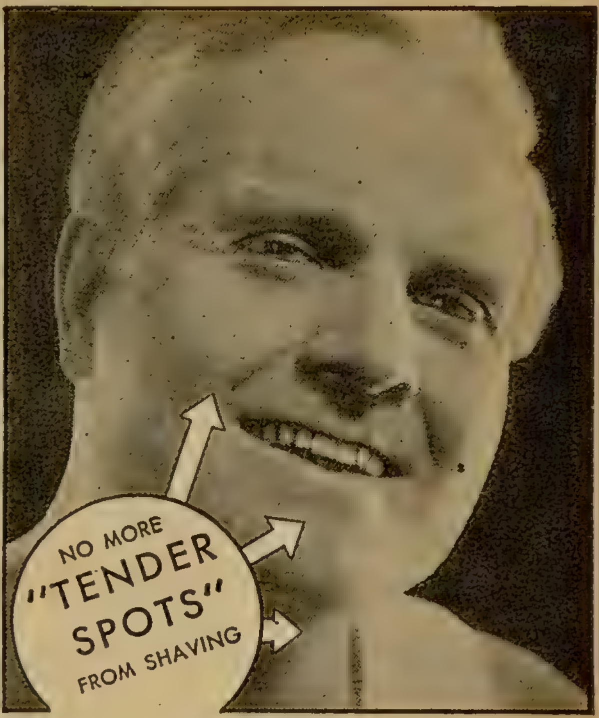

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GUARANTEED

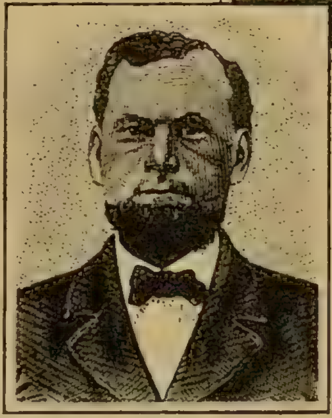
THE MYSTERY OF TENANTS HARBOR
Continued from page forty-nine

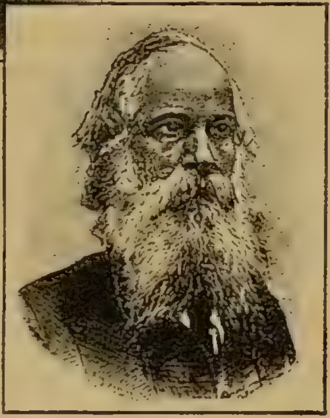
was sent to Mrs. Levi Hart because her husband was active in the attempts to find the guilty person. It was postmarked from Philadelphia, and had plainly been sent to that city for remailing.

It was written in pencil:

> Feb. 10, 1878
>
> To Mrs. Livi Hart
>
> I thought i would drop you A line to tell your husband to be careful how he conducted things about Tenants Harbor cause if he dont he and a good many others of the men will get A ounce ball put threw them for tell them that it is no use trying to catch this chap for he will not be caught—so be careful who you take up in st George you shall hear from me again in three months. D. M.

St. George is the name of the township in which Tenants Harbor is situated.





Woodcuts from Dunton's True Story

The house in which Mrs. Meservey was killed. At the left is Captain Nathan F. Hart, who was convicted of the murder; at the right, "Professor" Alvin Dunton.

Levi Hart and the high sheriff and others refused to be frightened, however, and continued to seek samples of handwriting. Before it had been discovered that no robbery had been committed in the Meservey house, all persons who seemed unusually flush had been objects of particular interest. One of these was a youth named Simeon Sylvester — stepson of Captain Nathan Hart and a neighbor of the murdered woman.

Simeon promptly satisfied the officers that his money had been acquired innocently. He had been whiling away the long evenings at some place where men of the village were wont to gather and where the game was poker. The cards had run very favorably for Simeon. There were witnesses, sorrowful ones, no doubt, to this fact, and the detectives withdrew with apologies.

Before they did so they reckoned it would do no harm to get a little bit of handwriting from Sim, and, in order to have no hard feelings, to get one from his stepfather, Captain Hart, also. The Captain and his wife had both been married before, and both had had children, but only by the former marriages. So there were two or three young Sylvesters living with them.

NOW, suspicion had been aroused against Nathan Hart a week after the dead woman had been found. He had said strange things, before and after the discovery of the murder; he appeared to have had opportunity to commit the crime, since he lived near by; and his reputation in the village was not too good. When the investigators thought they saw a similarity between his writing and that in the note found in the house, they passed the handwriting samples along to experts, took some of his clothing for examination for bloodstains, and put the captain himself in jail.

He and his wife, who was allowed to accompany him in his cell, strongly asserted his total innocence. Both had "experienced religion" in January (between the date of the murder and its discovery) and had suddenly become zealous church members. In jail, the captain immediately called for a Bible, and spent much time in prayer.

With the arrest of this mariner began a much-debated murder case. The evidence against Captain Hart was entirely circumstantial. Not one witness appeared who claimed to have seen him enter or leave the Meservey house. Nothing whatever from the house was ever found in his possession. The grand jury found a true bill, and Captain Hart, with his wife, was left to languish in jail for trial in the autumn. Whether they were able to compose anonymous letters there, or whether somebody outside attended to this in their interest, or whether some person unknown, "the real murderer," did it, has been the subject of endless argument.

But the promise of "D. M." of another letter was amply kept.

In May another resident of Tenants Harbor, Mrs. Mahala Sweetland, received a letter from Providence. It was written in pencil, in a very small hand, on a sheet of foolscap. The author certainly had a bad case of writer's itch, for it was ten times as long as necessary and simply reeked of blood and thunder. Its style recalls that of Mr. Tarkington's Penrod when he was trying to write a dime novel. The author conceived the idea that he must, to be convincing, paint himself as a bad, bad man, filled with rage, bitterness, and motives of revenge against the whole world, the people of Tenants Harbor in general, and the Meservey family, Deacon Long (father of the selectman), and Mr. Levi Hart in particular.

The letter's plain object, from beginning to end, was to liberate Captain Hart. The writer says: "i think this will satisfy them that they haven't got the man with in there reach that did the deed." He also says: "i am 1 of the hardest hearted of human men of the human white race living." Nevertheless, this hard-hearted one seemed fearfully exercised lest Captain Hart should suffer for the crime of another!

THE writer represented himself as an old-time lover of Sarah Meservey, eager for revenge. He went, so he said, to rob and kill her and burn the house. He described all this, with a great deal of gloating over his brutality, and he further confessed committing rape. The letter contains numerous threats against a number of persons—all more or less concerned in the arrest of Captain Hart. It was the stupid production of an ill-educated person who had no real knowledge of the criminal mind. Some of its details showed a fairly intimate acquaintance with the crime; others were quite false. One of the latter was the statement that the murderer robbed the house of $1,100.

Captain Hart was tried before Chief Justice Appleton, at Rockland, in October, 1878. His wife sat near him and gave him all the support and sympathy in her power. The attorney-general, Mr. Emery, and the county attorney, Mr. Staples, prosecuted; the prisoner's counsel were Messrs. J. H. Montgomery and H. F. Dunton. Only then, when the case for the state was presented, did the full strength of the accusation appear, and only then did the peculiar nature of the defense begin to be realized.

Remember that the case against the accused was almost entirely circumstantial, coupled with certain admissions or statements of his own, and see, if you can, why the jury found its verdict.

It was charged that the murder was not planned when the robber entered the house; it took place when he was surprised in burglary. The cod line about the dead woman's hands was tied by an expert—by a sailor. At the inquest, Hart had been unable to say where he was on the night of the murder, but had had a ready alibi for the 24th. Members of his family, his stepdaughters and wife, could not tell where he had been on the night of the 22d—they could not tell, that is, at the inquest. But as soon as he was accused, at the grand jury hearing, they suddenly remembered all about it. Not until the arrival of the coroner, the day after the discovery, had people generally known about the scarf around her neck, and the cod line. Yet Hart had known all about these things, and talked about them, on the day of the discovery.

Captain Hart had dreamed about the murder, and related his dream before the crime had been discovered. Moreover, although the case did not rest on the matter of handwriting, there were experts prepared to testify that the note found in the house was in the prisoner's hand.

A witness named Vinal Wall testified that on the day the body was found Captain Hart told him how the hands were tied, and how the "cloud" was wound three times round the neck and tied in a square knot. Deacon Long had heard the accused man tell about his dreams *before* the discovery of the murder. Another witness, Mrs. Hall, was at the Harts' house when the discovery was reported, and heard Captain and Mrs. Hart exchange remarks about dreams that had come true. Warren Allen, who had charge of the Meservey house on the day of the discovery, testified that Captain Hart came to him privately and asked to be permitted to enter the house "early in the morning, before anyone was stirring."

Two handwriting experts had been given letters and papers acknowledged by the defense as in Hart's hand. With these they compared the note found in the house and the letters from Philadelphia and Providence. All, they testified, were written by the same person.

A prisoner in the same corridor with Hart had talked with him about the letters. The captain, after hearing the letter read aloud from a newspaper, the Rockland Opinion, said he "had got too much Hart in it to look well for him." (This may have meant Levi Hart.) Then the captain "checked himself and tried to smooth it over." He also threatened his fellow prisoner with bodily violence if he repeated what he had heard.

A DAMAGING witness was Allen Andrews, who saw Captain Hart at the Meservey house the afternoon of the discovery.

"I asked him who had the house opened," said Mr. Andrews. "He said: 'I did; I have been putting Captain Albion up to having the damned tomb opened all winter.'

"I asked him why he called it a tomb. He said:

"'I knew she was in there, dead, all the time.'"

Mrs. Andrews heard this conversation and corroborated her husband.

Against this case, the defense dwelt on the hard lot of the prisoner, thrown into jail while the state "worked up" testimony. They pointed out that the fellow prisoner in Wiscasset jail was a convict, and probably unreliable. They produced the prisoner's stepdaughters, stepson, wife, and finally Captain Hart himself, all of whom swore that he was at home on the night of the murder.

Notable from the standpoint of picturesque and popular interest was the testimony for the defense of Mr. Alvin Dunton of Camden, a teacher of penmanship. He was usually known as Professor Dunton, and was presented as an expert in handwriting. His venerable features and flowing beard caused him to resemble an Old Testament prophet.

In earlier hearings he had been a witness for the state, and his testimony as to Hart's authorship of the note and letters had agreed with that of the Boston witnesses. But he had become convinced that the writing in a log book shown to him as Hart's was really by Captain Albion—and that this mariner was actually the author of all the writings in the case, and the real slayer of his cousin, Mrs. Meservey. He ignored the fact that the Boston experts had, as standards, acknowledged specimens of Captain Hart's writing.

THE subject was the professor's life interest, and by the time the trial came on he was in a state of boiling indignation, almost as intense toward the lawyers for the defense as toward the prosecution.

The jury were out an hour and thirty minutes, and found Captain Hart guilty of murder in the first degree. The chief justice sentenced him, according to the law at that time, to life imprisonment. In doing so, he said that the evidence was "clear and conclusive." Plainly, the jurors were convinced that the circumstances allowed but one conclusion. Seeing, as they did, the witnesses on both sides and the prisoner himself, they could not escape the belief that he had exhibited guilty knowledge of the crime, and that perjury had been repeatedly uttered in his behalf.

Professor Dunton was nettled to the point of wild exasperation. He began a series of letters to the papers with the purpose of vindicating his own reputation as an expert, convicting Captain Albion, and liberating Captain Hart. Captain Albion repeatedly sued him for libel, invariably got a verdict, and just as invariably failed to recover the damages which the juries awarded.

Finally he incorporated all this invective in a book, The True Story of the Hart-Meservey Murder Trial (Boston, 1882). In Tenants Harbor, to this day, it is considered a shocking and a scurrilous thing. The book tells something about the murder and the trial; a great deal about Professor Dunton's wrongs, and incidentally those of Captain Hart; and an enormous lot about what Professor Dunton thought of many citizens of Knox County.

Never admitting his guilt, so far as was known, and the object of his wife's affection and efforts, Captain Hart served out his sentence in the state prison. He was sent there for life, and his unhappy days ended there five years later, in 1883. His funeral was held in his home at Tenants Harbor. To this came his friends and sympathizers. Professor Dunton sat there glaring at Captain Albion. A local newspaper recorded that "a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE MYSTERY OF TENANTS HARBOR
Continued from page fifty-one

great many people" believed in the dead man's innocence At the close of the service his widow arose and stood beside the coffin. Placing her hand upon her dead husband's forehead, she made a pathetic speech in which she reiterated her absolute faith in his innocence.

One by one, almost everyone connected with the case died. Thirteen or fourteen years after the murder Captain Albion's purely moral victories over Professor Dunton were still going on; but at last the sea captain and the professor quietly mingled their bones with the dust. In 1928, fifty years after the murder, there was probably only one survivor of the trial: Mr. J. H. Montgomery, senior counsel for the defense.

In the Rockland Courier-Gazette, September 4, 1928, an interview was printed in which the lawyer told the story of the death of Mrs. Meservey. Briefly, it was that Captain Hart had very early acknowledged his guilt to his lawyer.

He had been surprised by the woman while he was searching for valuables in her darkened house. She seized him and struggled while he tightened the scarf about her neck and swung her about till she fell to the floor. She lay there, apparently unconscious but really dead, and he ran from the house.

Later he returned to the house with his wife, and, acting on her bad advice, they concocted all the false clues which were to help in the conviction. They wrote the brown-paper note, and probably at this time they tied the dead woman's hands and upset the furniture.

THE lawyer advised a confession and an offer to plead guilty to manslaughter. Captain Hart was willing; but Mrs. Hart, who might be held as an accessory, vetoed it and compelled him to risk trial. At one time when there was a prospect of the granting of a new trial, Captain Hart feared to ask for it. Maine had reenacted capital punishment, and the prisoner dreaded the possibility of a second conviction which might lead to the gallows.

Nothing in all this long series of strange events—nothing, almost, in the history of such crimes—can surpass the horror of the situation as, day after day, night after night, the man and woman looked toward their neighbor's house.

Fear, exasperation, terror were theirs as the delay became ever more and more intolerable. How long would it be before her blood cried out against them from the ground?

This is the second in a series of stories by Mr. Pearson of famous murder mysteries. Another will appear in next week's Liberty.

Liberty is offering $100 Apiece *for* Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Imagine That!

Little Ancil, Jr., was playing with some children when he saw a snake and killed it. The other children told his mother. When she called to him about it, he said, " Oh, ma, it was nothing but a baby snake. Couldn't even walk. It had to crawl."—Mrs. Theo. Duncan, 835 Lambuth Blvd., Jackson, Tenn.

A Simple Request

My three-year-old daughter received a string of beads as a gift, and as it was becoming to me when worn with a certain dress, I put it on. On seeing me, she was highly indignant and exclaimed: " Mother, I wish you would keep your neck out of my beads! "—Mrs. Flora Mae Olk, Box 397, Bayfield, Wis.

Policeman's Daughter

A Short Short Story

By

HAMILTON WILLIAMSON

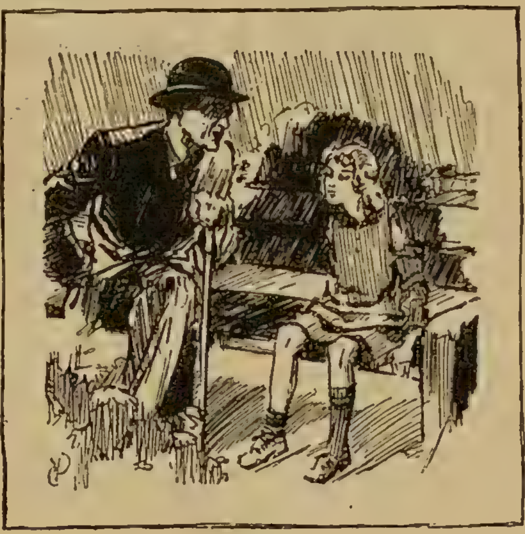
She was born in Missouri and has lived in various parts of the world. She has written a number of books and marionette plays for children, as well as articles. This is the second story of hers to appear in Liberty.

(Reading time: 5 min. 15 sec.)

THEY were walking in Central Park together, her hand in his. He was a large man, she a little girl. He fifty, she ten. His clothes crisply fashionable, hers unpretentiously cheap. He was a millionaire, she a policeman's daughter. The policeman was dead—killed two days before.

The millionaire had asked the little girl to walk in the park with him because the park, he felt, was a comfortable middle ground. There were things he wished to say to her concerning a sum of money. Also, he intended touching on the wild chance that had brought their lives together for this hour, their names together in headlines. But he was finding it all difficult. He longed to drop her hand, but didn't know how. He was trembling with nervousness. The conventional phrases he managed to bring out she answered with nods or slow shakings of her head. At last she spoke:

“This here is a good bench. Anyways, that end is shady. The sun don't bother me. Leave us sit down.”



Relieved, he sank on the shady end, while she sat near him in the sun.

“Are you tired?” he asked her.

“Yes, sir—no, sir,” she corrected. “Only I saw you was tired. Your legs kind of shake.”

“It's the shock. It knocked me out. I'll—get over it.”

His throat tightened. He cleared it painfully.

“Do you know about what happened Saturday?”

Her large, unhappy eyes turned toward him.

“Dast I talk about it?”

“Go ahead.”

“Well, Mrs. Monahan, her Jimmy and Johnny, they squeezed down in through our skylight and told me. They said folks had a right to tell me.”

“What did they say?”

Her mouth trembled, stiffened, and she asked:

“You're the rich party, ain't you, sir?”

He nodded.

“Well, they said your son went crazy nuts from sousing up booze, and went and pulled a gun and shot my papa, and then turned right around and shot himself dead, so as the law couldn't lay a finger on him.”

“Yes,” he said; “they got it straight enough. Do you hate me for it?”

“You was after writing you was awful sorry,” she stated. He withdrew his hand and burst out:

“Well, you ought to hate me! My fault, every cursed bit of it! I didn't raise my boy right. Didn't raise him at all. Just stood off and threw buckets of dollars over him.”

His voice broke on his remorse.

“I put in all my time piling up money.”

She sat erect then, and looked at him with quick pity.

“You've got to put in full time on that. Money ain't so easy to lay hold of. Don't feel bad. The one that makes the money has got to be took care of himself and his feet kept right.”

A brave effort at playfulness touched the corners of her mouth. “None of your lumpy darns,” she said. And suddenly her eyes were brimming with tears. Then, staring at him unseeingly:

“I've got a right to tell you my secret. I wasn't going to. It's bad.”

He gazed back at her, sunk in his own defeat.

“Maybe you'd better not tell it,” he murmured.

“I've got a right to,” she repeated firmly. “I made God mad. It was *my* fault, the shooting and all.”

“Oh, no!” he cried out. “Surely not.”

“Mama told me she was going to die, and she said take care of my papa good, and always say prayers and remind God about all cops to keep an eye on 'em. And thank Him.”

Her face contracted with pain that almost closed her eyes.

“I didn't do it. Not all the time. Our floor was splintery and I let it go. The night the shooting was, I—clean forgot.”

She sobbed into her bent arm for a moment, then lifted her face and said desperately:

“God was mad at me. So He took papa away to heaven.”

“Oh, no! You mustn't think such a thing. It isn't true.”

She gave a little wail: “It is so!”

He leaned back helplessly.

“Well, well! How strange! Here we sit weighed down by guilt—two of us.”

“Maybe,” she answered in a whisper, “you didn't pray, either. God's mad at the both of us.”

“Only at me, if anybody.”

REMEMBERING her years, he tried to adjust his speech to what he believed her level to be:

“I should never have told the stork to bring me a child. That's where all the trouble began. But just now—a crazy thing—the notion came into my head of asking you to let me adopt you. I'm—all alone.”

“Adopt,” she repeated, weighing the word.

“I was thinking,” he said, “you might like to be my little girl and live with me, till it came over me I couldn't look after you right. I wouldn't know how. I mustn't risk it.”

She had him then.

“Take care of me!” she cried in scorn. “What would I want of anybody taking care of *me?* I can make beds and fry eggs and boil coffee and sweep.”

She slipped off the bench and stood before him, her cheeks flaming at last.

“I take care of Mrs. Monahan's twins for her after school lets out, and they're a handful!”

“Yes, yes,” he said quickly.

“Men are the ones a person takes care of. They have the cops worried. They—they kill each other.”

His eyes dropped to the ground at his feet.

She softened.

“Was you thinking of trying to get me to take care of you?” she said.

“Well—I—”

“You don't have to be scared to say it.”

His head lifted and he gazed into the steady blue-gray of her eyes.

“Yes,” he answered earnestly; “I beg of you to.”

“Oh!” she cried. “Then you was right! That proves it. God's not really mad with me at all!”

THE END

Vox

Two Say "Aye!"

Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Your editorials are wonderful. Keep up the good work!

We don't stop, look, and listen—and read. Liberty is doing a wonderful work—the pity of it is that so few realize the same. They look, but do not see, read, but do not understand; and as far as thinking—that's impossible. All your editorials are hitting the mark. Keep it up. Good luck.—*Ben J. Berning.*

Cooper, Texas—The party who writes your editorials surely hit the nail squarely on the head with "Our National Egotism," August 8 issue.

When that old bell rang from the top of the Statehouse in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, 1776, it sounded the death knell of oppression and the birth of freedom.

It isn't so much that because I live in a free country I am free to do as I please.

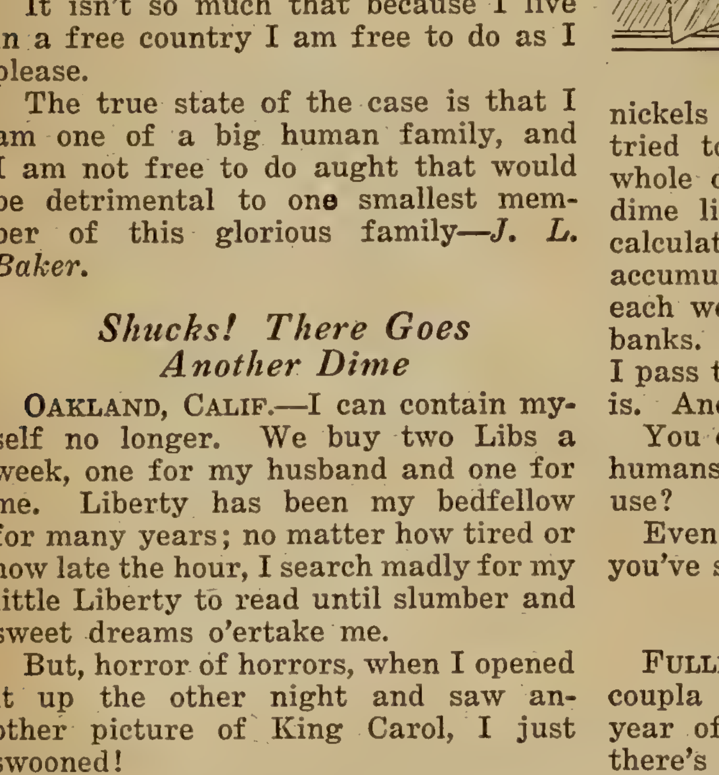
The true state of the case is that I am one of a big human family, and I am not free to do aught that would be detrimental to one smallest member of this glorious family—*J. L. Baker.*

Shucks! There Goes Another Dime

Oakland, Calif.—I can contain myself no longer. We buy two Libs a week, one for my husband and one for me. Liberty has been my bedfellow for many years; no matter how tired or how late the hour, I search madly for my little Liberty to read until slumber and sweet dreams o'ertake me.

But, horror of horrors, when I opened it up the other night and saw another picture of King Carol, I just swooned!

For days I have had a headache, and I blame it to the shock or loss of sleep. Why must you keep on talking about Roumania? Do you want King Carol to marry your daughter, or what can the reason be?



Anyway, there are two people good and tired of it and if you can't fill your magazine with something else you are apt to be out ten whole cents each week. —*M. S. W.*

The Right Dope

Greensboro, N. C.—It used to be "Wine, Woman, and Song." Now it's Bootleg, Cigarettes, and Liberty. If your circulation manager isn't kidding, think of the loaves and fishes, street-car fares, schooners of beer, etc., those 2,500,000 nickels would buy. Many times I have tried to break the habit and for six whole days have petted that lone half dime like nobody's business, mentally calculating how long it would require to accumulate a fortune were it dropped each week into one of these industrial banks. Just as the battle has been won I pass the news stand and there "she" is. And my nickel vanishes.

True Detective Mysteries
True Story
Liberty

You call it Liberty and yet we poor humans are its slaves. But what's the use?

Even smoking tastes better after you've sworn off.—*Grady L. Bain.*

It Stands for Lots!

Fullerton, Calif.—When we were a coupla young chickens, in our second year of high school, we learned that there's a Latin phrase that goes, "Vox Populi," simply meaning "Voice of the People." Anyhow, what we want to know is this: Is that what "Vox Pop" stands for?—*Hilda and Rilda.*

For Miss Dell

St. Petersburg, Fla.—Just a little criticism. Ethel M. Dell is a good author. There is no doubt about that. But she doesn't belong in Liberty. Keep her out!—*Keyes Beech.*

Dallas, Texas—Give us more stories like Ethel M. Dell's "Silver Bride." In fact, give us more stories by Ethel M. Dell. The characters stand out so—seem so real—one feels he is right with them, hearing them talk, feeling the way they feel, and being tossed about by the urge of right and wrong and that great human desire for love.

Miss Dell is certainly an artist at portraying characters. From now on, I'm a Dell advocate.—*M. Keathley.*

You're Right This Time

Los Angeles, Calif.—Like some other Vox Pop writers, I have written and sent Liberty about a score of short short stories, have competed in all its prize contests since the first one for naming the magazine, and like most of these writers have never won a cent by my much writing, but I will bet you I can give you a reason for things being thusly that will surprise you.

My explanation for my failure to cop the cash is that my stuff was not good enough!—*George L. Banks.*

The First 300 Years Are the Quietest, Oscar

Three Forks, Mont.—How old is this guy Benchley, anyway? He says he has maintained "what practically amounts to a complete silence on the subject of spiritism for three hundred and fifty years.

Is the gentleman forgetting himself? Or is this just some more of his levity?

Anyhow, Benchley is all right either way we take him.—*Oscar.*

Just a—

Boston, Mass.—When you get ready to resign your job let me know, and I'll apply for it. I'm something of a writer myself, and it must be fun to write all those letters purporting to come from the "dear pee-pul."—*Lizzie O'Day.*

—Few Lines—

Chicago, Ill.—Gosh—these people that are always writing in and telling you what's rotten with your magazine! What do they expect for a nickel? Look at ME—I just lost a hundred bucks on you (a short short back-fired) but I ain't mad. Not much!

Incidentally, that's the cleverest and funniest part of your book—what all these here now guys tell you for nothing. That's why *I'm* writing in.—*E. G. M.*

—from Our Friends

New York, N. Y.—If I had a weekly
I thought
That the public should know all about,
I would pay a live bimbo
To tie a can tin-o
To the tail of your page called Vox Pop.
—*Mary L. Dorsey.*

The Nation's Sweetheart

Macon, Ga.—Say, I wanta ask you something. What have you done to Liberty? My sweetheart was so nervous and high-strung that I could hardly kiss her, but after reading two copies of Liberty, anybody could kiss her.—*Lavell Waltman.*

Pop

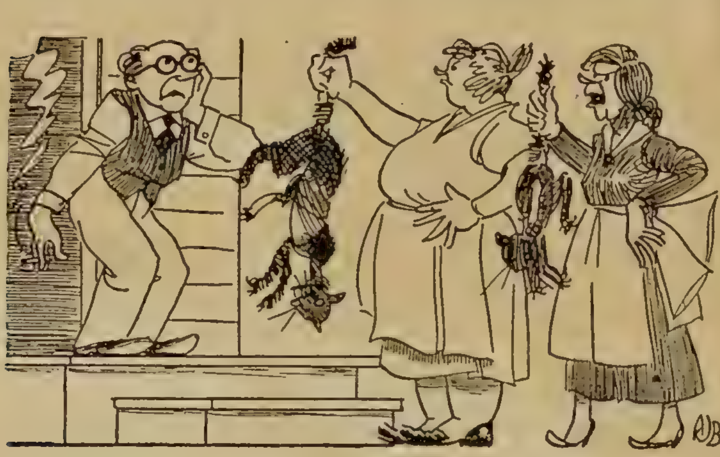
You've Proved It!

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—On the cover of your August 8 number Leslie Thrasher pictured a little puppy that had been considerably mauled by a great big old cat.

I showed the picture to my dog. The hair on his back bristled and I haven't seen him for three days.

Yesterday I got word two of my neighbors are expecting me to pay for two cats—valuable ones.

Now, listen! I'm willing to do what's right about this. How about each of us standing half? Let me hear from you.



In the meantime, so the bill won't get any bigger, I'll try to round up my dog—the hot-headed scamp.—*Sam Torochovitch.*

P. S. Please keep this letter. If I ever get accused of anything serious I may want to prove I'm crazy.

In Answer to Lady Doyle

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have read with interest Lady Doyle's correspondence, and I fully realize the gravity of my position as a handwriting examiner who has presumed to unscientifically render a scientific opinion that the materialization of a certain spirit message ascribed to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is spurious. If I have made an ethical error I am exceedingly regretful.

I am reproached for having made the statement that the message was written upon a piece of paper and that the statement is false.

Confining myself to what was made apparent to me during the regular processes of laboratory routine, I made certain not to commit myself on how the spirit writing was executed until after I had consulted my professional photographic coworker, who, in turn, consulted experts on the *modus operandi* of photography.

As *examinateur des documents analytiques* for a period of more than twenty-seven years, it is agreed that the handwritings of individuals do vary in general appearance, especially when overcome with fatigue. However, the apparent variations seen in the handwriting of different individuals are superficial. It in no way affects the unseen characteristics which constitute the important part of the handwriting expert's work. In other words, the unseen characteristics seen constitute what the handwriting experts call "individual characteristics."

As to the feasibility of my retracting my previous opinion upon further examination and comparison of the known handwriting of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, I wish to set forth that the "torch-head"—that is to say, the pyrotechnical consideration confined strictly to the chirography of the alleged spirit message—lacks the palpability of natural coördination, thereby throwing the analytical grouping into the summary of incoherence, in opposition to coherence.

The word torch-head is here employed in order to render possible the reference to the title of "Sir" of Arthur Conan Doyle. The deceased received royal recognition for literary merit. Torch-head has a bearing on the lance of St. George striking the Green Dragon shown in the decoration worn by the King of England in the Order of the Garter. This changes the infrangible torch-head to read, discipline.

The symbolical revelations are that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, being the author of the greatest detective fiction, "Sherlock Holmes," was urbanely exploring spiritualism and not literally believing in it. Having been cited for recognized literary excellence, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle also secretly emblematized his signature. The emblematizing occurs in *Tau Rima*, which corresponds to *th* of the name "Arthur." The traditional explanation is intriguing, as it involves the count of "one, two, break," as in the breaking of the Garter.

When I made the examination at the invitation of Liberty, I sensed the distinctive and highly individualized manner that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle crossed the letter "t" in the signature. At that time my examination was purely the routine work of a handwriting examiner and I was not free to make any reference to tradition. But in rendering my report, which was not published in full, I said in part: "the crossing of the small letter 't' that is suggestive of a banner tacked to a pole at a point just below the apex of the stem-stroke." The emblematized marking, or markings, are missing and the crossing of the "t" is improperly shown in the signature of the alleged spirit message.

In the manner of an awkward goose squealing in darkness, I set out with my own lance to strike down a green dragon. But I struck the heart of a woman. In a most ungallant manner, I sought to divert Lady Doyle from what I realized to be a thimblerig, sometimes maliciously alluded to as "Britannia metal."—*Hubert R. Erlbrookes.*

You'd Be Surprised!

OMAHA, NEB.—I have been a reader of Liberty for years and I have enjoyed it from cover to cover. However, now since it has a radio program I like it much more. I have looked forward to the Liberty programs on Friday evenings and have not been disappointed.

I think it would be interesting to the readers to see what the principal characters of the stories look like. I'd like personally to know what "Vox Pop" looks like in real life. In short, a Radio Page wouldn't be a bad idea to place between Liberty covers.—*Margie West.*

We're Not Crazy

CHICAGO, ILL.—Say, I have used every method of trying to bust in among the Vox Poppers—but failed. Now I'm writing you of one thing that has not yet been exploited, and if you don't print this you're crazy.

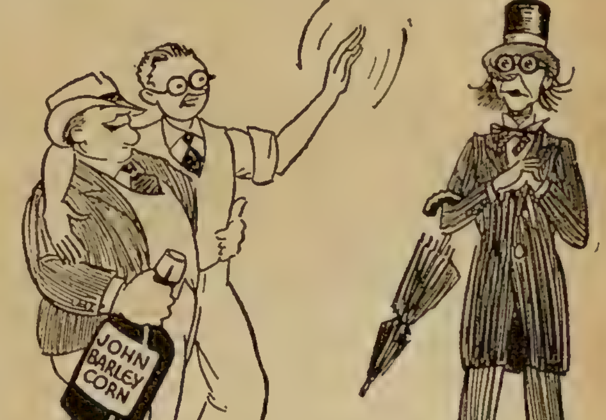
Here's the stuff—I do like the advertisements in Liberty. Their presentation is interesting enough to go through all of them in each issue.—*Jay Gee Kay.*

For Mr. Holloway

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—There must be thousands of Liberty readers who enjoy Tom Holloway as much as I do and who wonder why you confine his efforts to the cartoon on the weekly Limerick page. The boy's good.—*Connoisseur.*

We Might. We Had Beginners' Luck with the First One

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—In 1928, I think it was, in one of your editorials you had a sentence, "In 1926 we had an idea." I think that was probably the time you decided there would be much more money in it for you to take the side of liquor in your magazine.



I know you'll forgive me for asking, but all I wanted to know was: Do you think you will ever have another idea? Oh, most anything, you know.—*Fred Hanson.*

Enjoy Thrilling Satisfaction of a Figure Free from

FAT

Woman Loses 43 pounds in 3 months

Thank Modern Science for this safe, pleasant, easy way to lose ugly fat—simply take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast, and go a little lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastries.

Unlike other salts, Kruschen doesn't reduce by rushing food thru the system—rather it's an ideal combination of 6 separate minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—an unexcelled home reducing treatment which constitutes the same principles as the world famous European Spas.

Mrs. Jerry Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa., writes: "Since taking Kruschen Salts 3 months ago, I have lost 43 lbs. I feel so much better and look so much better, too."

An 85c bottle of Kruschen (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading druggists thruout the whole wide world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

ADVERTISEMENTS THIS SIZE

in Liberty have brought results as high as five times those in other national magazines. Let 99% voluntary circulation—no buried ads—lowest cost of all magazines—make money for you, too!

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Sell CYPHERS Personal Christmas Cards

$5 to $10 an hour! Full or spare time, daily pay, no experience needed. Samples free. Write today!

UP TO $100 A WEEK

CYPHERS CARD CO., 229 Cyphers Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

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GLOVER'S

Imperial (SARCOPTIC) MANGE MEDICINE

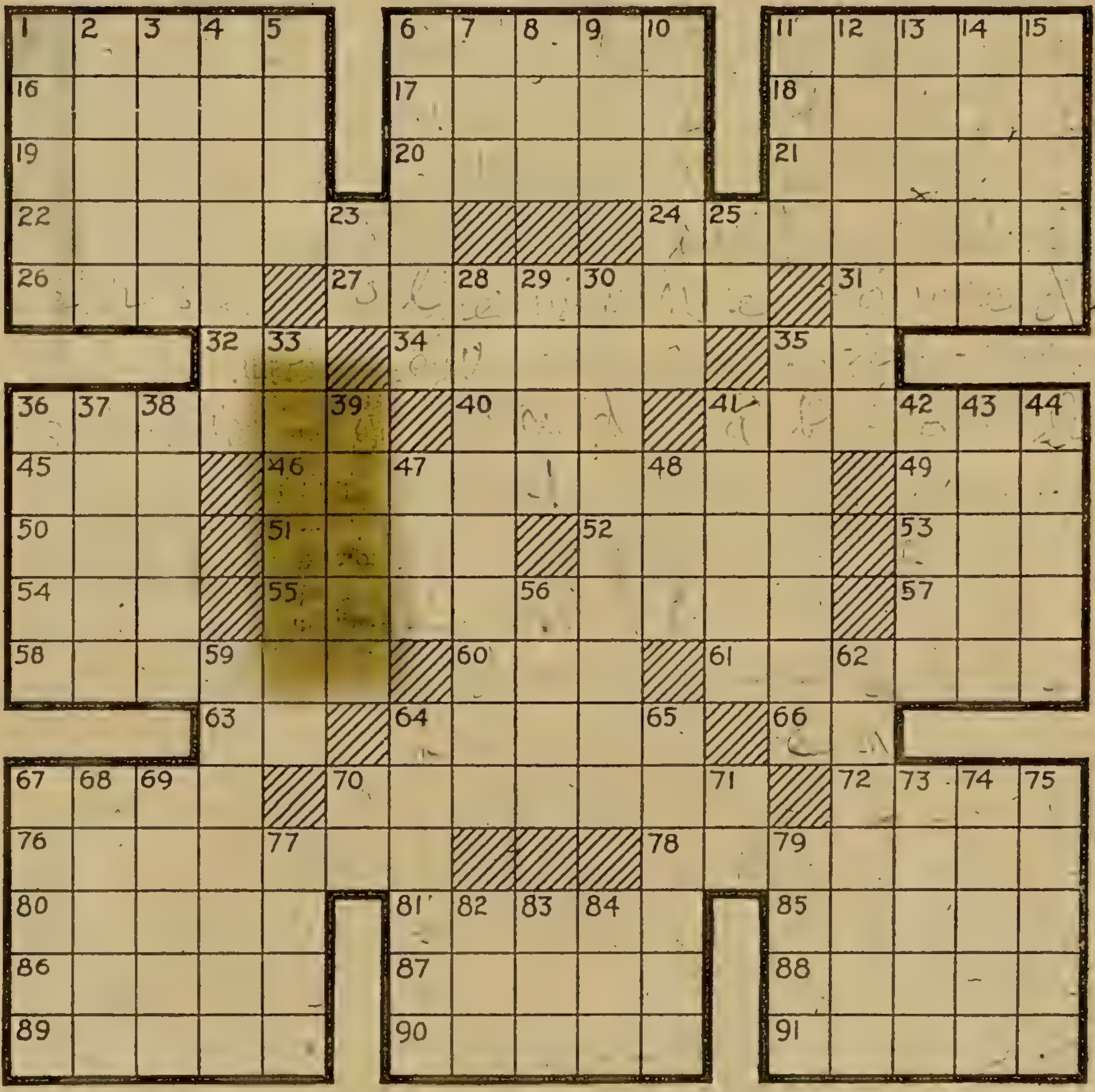
IS ANTISEPTIC—GERMICIDAL

POSITIVELY REMOVES DANDRUFF

Write for FREE, New Booklet on Care and Treatment of Scalp and Hair.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

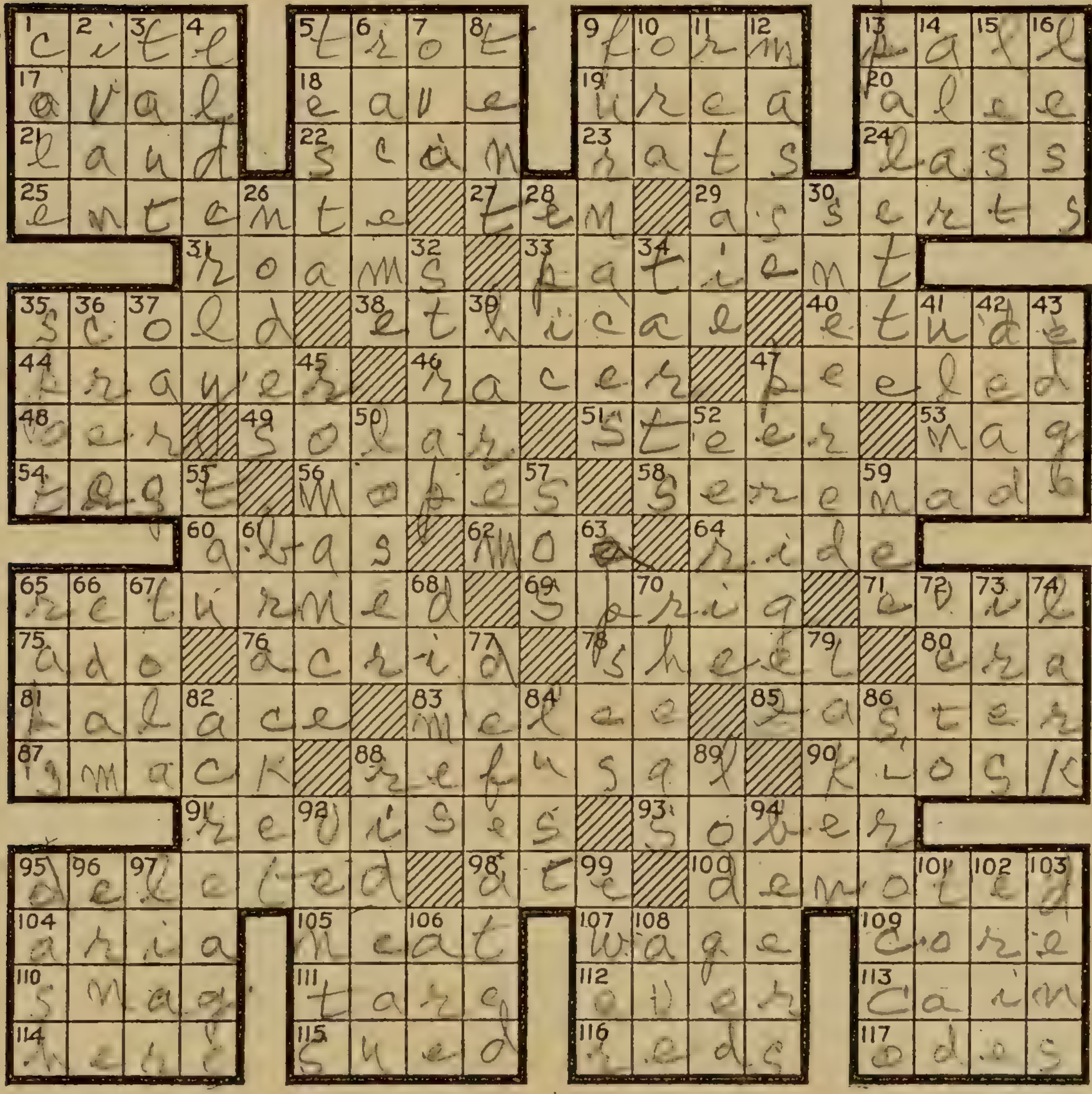
1 Drink freely
6 Hydrographic or marine map
11 Platform
16 Shade or shadow
17 To conjecture from signs or omens
18 The earth
19 The superior or head of an abbey
20 Minute orifice in the epidermis of leaves
21 A misplay
22 Sharpest
24 To bring nearer to perfection
26 Formerly
27 An unsaturated hydrocarbon
31 Was bound to pay
32 Concerning
34 Levels
35 Either
36 Rocks
40 Terminus
41 Suck up
45 Beard of grain
46 Relative position; rank (plural)
49 A deer
50 Force
51 Heel over
52 Blood
53 Rough or prickly envelope of a fruit
54 Pronoun
55 One that makes vigorous or active
57 Ovum
58 Answer in kind
60 The couch of a wild beast
61 Avoids by artifice
63 Pronoun
64 English coins
66 Type measure
67 Heave or raise aloft
70 Rigorous; stern
72 Edible seeds
76 Manifest
78 Charm; bewitch
80 Postpone
81 Subject of any distinct portion of a discourse
85 Hang about
86 Reduce to small particles by rubbing
87 Turn inside out
88 Region in an amphitheater
89 Journeys in circuit
90 Rows or files
91 Pleasing to the palate

VERTICAL

1 Tremble
2 A brown earth used as pigment
3 Abbots
4 Court for the game of pelota
5 Destiny
6 One of the counters in the game of chess
7 Hovel
8 Past
9 Alcoholic liquor
10 Educates; teaches
11 Pace
12 Extreme fear (pl.)
13 Missile weapon
14 A wood of small extent
15 Furnished with ear-like appendages
23 Thus
25 Pronoun
28 Evenings
29 Ward off
30 Poverty
33 Postules
35 Pay attention to
36 Taste and odor
37 Heavy cord
38 Attack
39 Any of several small sandpipers
41 Harmonize
42 Round
43 A cosmetic
44 Icebergs
47 Entire
48 Prefix with the sense of not
56 Small aperture
59 To antiquate; render out of date
62 Measure of content of ancient Greece
64 Club used in the game of golf
65 Builds
67 To surround, as for defense
68 Each
69 Pertaining to a thread or line
70 Article
71 Printer's measure
73 Part of a roof
74 Concerning
75 Wander, as from a direct course
77 Gazes fixedly
79 Converse without ceremony
82 Eggs
83 Inclosure
84 Weary; annoy

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL
1 Quote
5 Jog
9 Shape
13 To cloak
17 Ellipse
18 Part of a roof
19 An element of urine
20 Toward the lee
21 Praise
22 Scrutinize
23 Rodents
24 Girl
25 An understanding
27 Cardinal number
29 Declares
31 Wanders
33 Forbearing
35 Chide
38 Moral
40 Musical exercise
44 Invocation
46 American snake
47 Pared
48 Over
49 Of the sun
51 Guide
53 Horse
54 Trial
56 Glooms
58 Open-air music
60 Arabian garments
62 New Zealand bird
64 Go horseback
65 Came back
69 Shoot or twig
71 Bad
75 Commotion
76 Pungent
78 Article of bedding
80 Period
81 Sovereign's residence
83 Affray
85 Church festival
87 Slap
88 Denial
90 Pavilion
91 Corrects or amends
93 Subdued in demeanor
95 Expunged
98 Corroded
100 Signified
104 A song
105 Tidy
107 Carry on, as war
109 Heart
110 Knot; protuberance
111 Weed
112 Always
113 Son of Adam
114 At this point
115 Entreated
116 Anarchists
117 Poems

VERTICAL
1 Cabbage
2 Man's name
3 Tense
4 Old
5 Seed coating
6 Inflorescence
7 Eggs
8 Surgeon's probe
9 Apparatus for producing heat (plural)
10 Anglo-Saxon coin
11 Sell in small lots
12 Billiard shot
13 Artist's board
14 Winged
15 For fear that
16 Not so much
26 Protuberances
28 An epos
30 Mocked
32 Leather strip
34 Pastry (plural)
35 Stain
36 American Indian
37 Propellers
39 Seraglio
41 Bone of the arm
42 Disused; obsolete
43 Margin
45 Fictitious tale
47 Point in moon's orbit nearest the earth
50 One that loses
52 Weird; uncanny
55 Greek letter
57 Distress call
59 Born
61 Shelf support
63 Part of a church (plural)
65 Strikes smartly
66 Town in Holland
67 Weight of India
68 Silver coins
70 Ostriches
72 To interdict
73 Ill temper (plural)
74 A bird
77 Conquered
79 Seized
82 Acres collectively
84 Sensuous desire
86 Desert wind
88 Ridge of earth
89 Resided
92 Openings
94 Beverage (plural)
95 Sudden rush
96 Eagle
97 Prevaricator
99 Pitcher
101 Tailless amphibian
102 County in New York
103 Lairs
106 Form of to be
108 Salutation

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Your Mirror Can't Tell You
But

The Finger Tip Test Can!

If dandruff has caked on your scalp, clogging up the pores and stifling the growth of hair, neither your mirror nor your friends can tell you about it. But you can find out in a second by gently scratching your scalp and then looking at your finger-nails.

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To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 25 seconds.)

"FIVE thousand years of thralldom for the women of China—and now we are as free as American women."

That's the story of Chinese feminism, as told to me by Princess Der Ling, daughter of the Manchu dynasty, once lady in waiting to the Dowager Empress, now the Americanized wife of an American business man.

Her father was an imperial ambassador. As a girl she studied the refined accomplishments of a high-born Chinese miss. Then the old order crumbled overnight. Fortune, position, all the elegances of Chinese life were dissipated by the revolution. And the pampered little princess of the court became one of the crowd.

Does she mind the change? She revels in it! Working now for her living, she writes, lectures, has learned to cook and loves to do it. Five feet two inches tall, dark-haired, vivacious, with tiny feet and hands, she dresses in lovely simple clothes. Does a tremendous amount of reading. Adores babbling in politics. Hated to take her first payment for a lecture. "In China only tradesmen are handed money," she says—but she now takes pride in being an astute business woman.

Princess Der Ling.

Delights in the new freedom her countrywomen have won. In Shanghai there is a bank operated exclusively by Chinese women, also a newspaper managed, edited, and printed entirely by women. A Chinese girl graduate from Columbia will soon launch a modern fashion paper there. "It's a pity we have discarded our picturesque national costume," said Princess Der Ling, "but we must move with the times.

"Carrie Chapman Catt, American feminist, started our ball of emancipation rolling when she came to China. So, you see, we are 'American born,' in a way."

A glorious, joyous zest in life has Princess Der Ling.

SURGEONS can now remove almost any part of us with their little knives, but they can't take out a scrap of our feminine vanity. A friend of mine is a surgical nurse at one of America's very best hospitals, and the other day she gave me this rather amazing sidelight on the way we women behave when we're about to undergo an operation:

"Before they go into the operating room," she said, "our women patients always insist on making up their faces. They make an extra special job of it. You'd think they were going to the opera, they're so careful to have their cheeks tinted and powdered just right, their lips rouged to perfection, their eyes glorified with mascara. They are very fussy about having their hands exquisitely manicured, and many of them even have their toenails painted pink for the occasion."

"But don't they have to have their faces washed antiseptically clean before the operation begins?" I asked.

"Try and do it!" said my friend. "We couldn't get all that muck off even if they'd let us. We sponge off as much as we can after they're under the ether.

"The laugh is on them, though," she went on. "They take all that trouble to look pretty on the operating table —and you should see what they look like as soon as the ether and the heat of the big lamps get to work on them. They always perspire so much that the rouge and powder and mascara run together on their faces in great blobby streaks of red, white and black. Such a sight!

"We try to clean them up before they come out of the anæsthetic, so that they won't know how dreadful they looked in case they yell for a mirror—but they are usually too sick at first to care about anything.

"The old ladies are the worst. They put on more paint. Old or young, their make-up stuff is the first thing they holler for as soon as they're able to sit up and take notice."

"What idiots we are!" I exclaimed. "If I ever have to have an operation I promise I won't make up for it."

"Oh, yeah?" said my skeptical friend the nurse.

HAVE you noticed how fruit deteriorates after forty-eight hours in the ice box? Do you know what happens to it? It *suffocates!*

Yes, fruit kept in an airtight place will actually suffocate to death like human beings and animals. It will look all right outside, but the inside will be spoiled by brown patches of rot caused by lack of oxygen.

Fruit breathes in oxygen exactly as we do—though in very small quantities, of course. A thousand pounds of fruit requires about one cubic foot of oxygen per day. But it *must* have it. Otherwise it spoils.

TWENTY-FOUR in a bed—is that scandalous? No, indeed; merely an old English custom, a relic of which has just come to light in the Great Bed of Ware. Eleven feet square, seven and a half feet high, canopied like a tent, this long-lost giant of a bed, built four hundred years ago, was found recently and is now in a museum. Old King Henry VIII, who took unto himself so many wives, is said to have been among those who once slept in it.

Freak pieces of antique furniture always fascinate me. Not that I want to possess them. Heaven forbid! But I love to contemplate the whims of bygone householders as I see them reflected in the strange articles of furniture they had built for them.

Take the nutcracking chair. About a hundred years ago some inventive nut lover had it made for him. It is three-legged, and one of the legs sticks up above the seat to form an anvil for the nutcracking. Below this leg is a slatted box into which Mr. Nut Man dropped the nuts and nutshells, so that the broken shells fell through on to the floor. And who swept them up, I wonder?

THE cooky plate at a tea party should offer a surprise or two. People always like to find some unexpected delicacy among the little cakes served with tea or with cool summer drinks. One cooky surprise may be made at home quite easily in the following manner:

Cut puff pastry in small heart shapes. Spread with orange marmalade or apricot jam (not too much, or the jam will run). Bake in a fairly quick oven until light brown.

Have a heavy sugar syrup prepared beforehand. Also some macaroons broken to crumbs. Baste the cookies with a little of the syrup; then roll in the macaroon crumbs. Put on a wire cake tray to set. You'll like these —and so will your guests.

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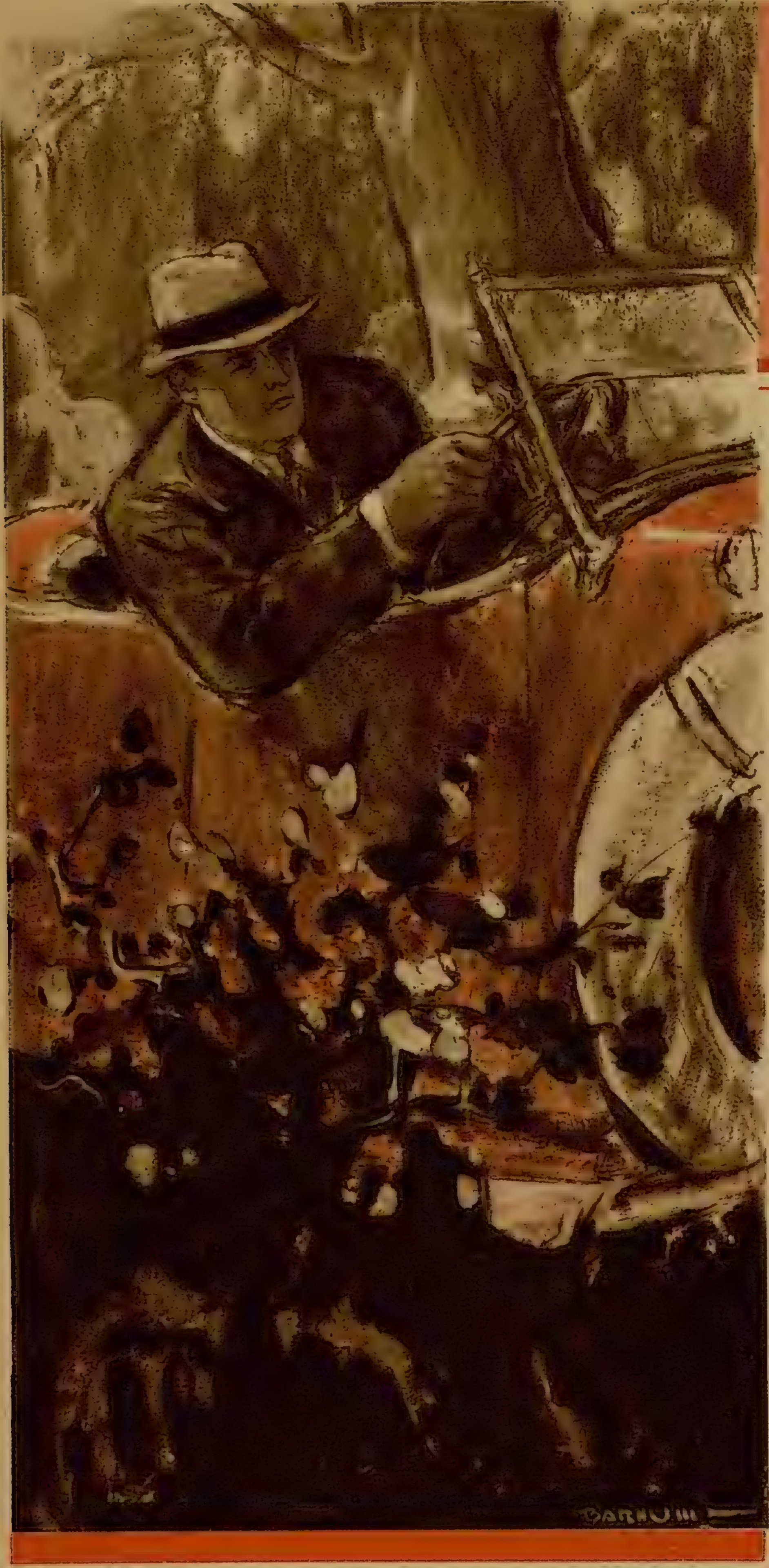
Silver

A Story of the Stratagems

By Ethel



(Reading time: 35 minutes 11 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the loves of Marcia Templeton. When she had been a nurse during the war she and Eric Morven had lived through dangers together. Some years later Eric again came into her life. This was at a time when, in her London home, with her work-absorbed husband and her two youthfully self-sufficient children, Marcia was soul-starved. Eric's passionate devotion overcame her resistance and she begged for speed in starting their drive together toward a steamer bound for Canada.

PART SIX—THE CRASH

ERIC complied, for there was an urgency about Marcia that would not be denied. She had mastered her weariness, but in its place was a tension that told of nerves sorely overtaxed. It had not cost her nothing to come to him thus, though of the long hours of irresolution and ever-deepening despair he could only dimly guess. Knowing her as he did, he realized that nothing but despair had goaded her to take this step. She was like a person driven mad by thirst, and the wonder crossed his mind, in spite of him, as to what might happen when her sanity returned. For was she indeed wholly responsible for this act? Would she never regret what she had done?

Deep in his soul, below every other conscious thought, lay a knowledge which he would fain have cast out but could not—a deadly certainty that what she had done had been wholly foreign to her whole nature and inclination. She had been forced thereto by bitter circumstance, unable any longer to endure the persistent neglect of the man she loved. That was the whole crux of the situation, and he was too shrewd not to know it. He was only the substitute for that which her soul so urgently needed.

SHE loved him as a friend, indeed, but she would never have come to him as a lover unless driven by a revulsion of feeling which compelled her to seek a refuge from the daily torture which was no longer endurable. Even now—even in her extremity—she shrank from a full surrender, and that in itself was evidence which could not be ignored.

There was only one thing now to be done, and that was to go blindly forward, shielding her as far as in him lay from all further suffering. At least she should have the very best that it was in him to give, and it might be that in time she would come to see that the substance which now she grasped was of more value than the shadow she had relinquished.

If he had not the wherewithal to satisfy her finally, at least he would not offer her the bare husk of the fallen grain. For he loved her—as he had always loved her—with a love that would not count the cost.

It was a perfect summer night, and they sped along a moonlit road that seemed as if it had been made for them alone.

"We'll stop at the lake—where I brought you that first night," he said. "The water cool and deep that you wanted! Do you remember?"

"Of course I remember!" she said. "That was the night you became my holiday pal." She smiled over the words, but rather sadly. "And I made a little plan that night that I never told you of."

"I guessed it, all the same," he said.

She made a small gesture of surprise. "Eric, you guess everything!"

"I can't help reading your mind," he said. "Besides, we talked about it, didn't we? Cornwall and the sea. I knew well enough that you were planning to bring the children down again for the summer holidays."

She stifled a sigh. "Ah, well, they planned otherwise. Perhaps it's as well. A thing is so seldom a success twice over."

"Practically never," he said, "where there are more than two people concerned. No; the only way to be happy is to cut out the rest of the world. I found that out long ago."

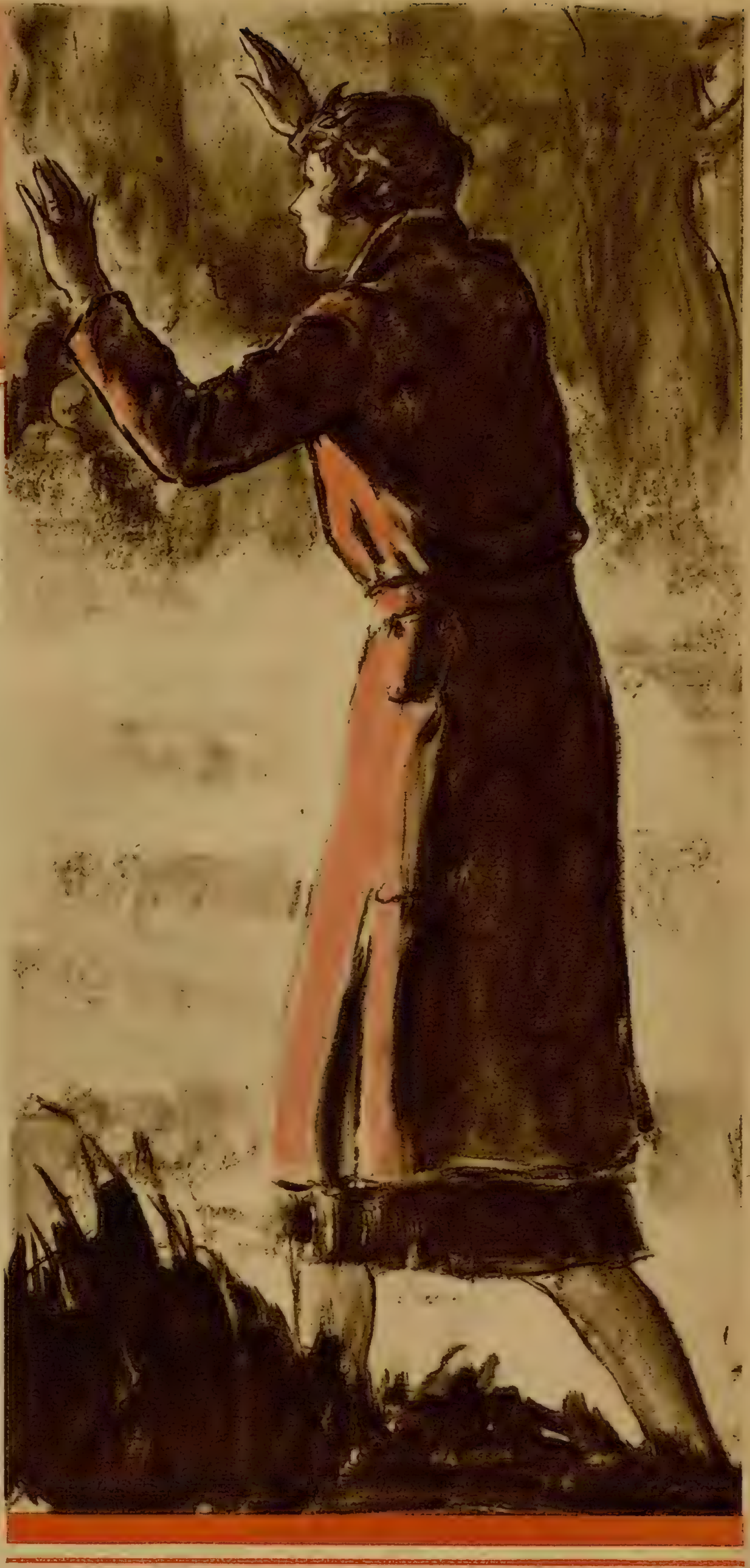
"It sounds rather selfish," she objected.

Bride

of a Love-Hungry Wife

M. Dell

Pictures by
JAY BARNUM



She took a few paces forward into the middle of the road and stopped with arms extended.

"It's the only way," he reiterated doggedly.

On they went through the quiet night. The country around them was all silvered by the moon. The very air seemed to sparkle, and the road before them shone like a strip of metal, winding on and on into the misty distance, caught here and there by a tree shadow so dense that it appeared to cleave it.

"How wonderfully you drive!" Marcia murmured presently.

"Do I? She isn't much of a car," he said. "It's difficult to get any speed out of her."

"But we needn't hurry. We have the whole night before us." She smiled over the words. "After all, it's only seventy miles."

"I don't propose to take the whole night over it," he told her with a certain grimness. "You've got to get a rest somehow. I am wondering if we had better make a halt at that hotel near the water."

"Oh, don't let us risk missing the boat!" she said.

He laughed. "No, we won't do that. But if we leave it too long, they may not take us in anywhere."

"I am sure we can find some small inn by the wayside farther on that will," she protested. "If not—well, it's a lovely night—we can have a sleep under a haystack in the early morning."

"Marcia, you're magnificent!" he said.

They went on through the sleeping world till they came to the lake all ashimmer in the moonlight, and here once more they descended and walked along the edge. The vast peace of the night seemed by some mystic process to give them to each other more fully than ever before, welding more firmly still the links of that sympathy which had sprung into being in the raging furnace of war a few years earlier. There was to Marcia something sacred in that hour of quiet companionship which she was to remember all her life.

When they returned to the car at length she thanked him again under her breath.

"But what for?" he said, pausing to look at her with a whimsical lift of the eyebrows.

"For your great goodness to me," she answered earnestly, "which is so very wonderful."

He bent to kiss her hand which rested on the door. "My dear," he said, "I haven't even begun to be good to you yet."

And then he got into the car, and they sped on again over the shining road into the deep heart of the country.

THEY spoke so little thereafter that presently a drowsiness began to steal over Marcia and she found herself drifting into a state of semiconsciousness. Once or twice she tried to rouse herself, but it closed in around her like soundless, moonlit billows, and she was obliged to yield to it. Even the rush of the wheels and the rhythm of the engine faded finally into her dream.

It seemed more than a dream, amounting almost to a vision. That winged flight through space gave her the sense of hope growing into the joy of certainty—a joy of which nothing but a crashing fall could deprive her.

The thought was actually in her mind; she was, as it were, already stretching out to grasp the wondrous gift, when, like the flash of a sword severing her very life asunder, she saw the pathway barred. In that moment, with terrific violence she came to herself and knew that she was falling. Over and over, down and down, clutching at empty space, she went, the moonlight blinding her—repudiating her—the darkness at length receiving her. And in that darkness, like a lost soul, she wandered, as it seemed, for countless ages. . . .

She realized dimly at length that something terrible had happened; that that fall from the height had been no dream but a ghastly reality; that some frightful force had somehow broken loose and hurled her into this pit. She looked around her, her dazed faculties slowly recovering, and saw that she was halfway up a steep grass-covered hollow. Her feet were sliding on the slope, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page sixty-one

she sat down to steady herself and take further stock of her surroundings. Her brain was still swimming dizzily, and her heart beat with a strange uncertainty, but gradually some measure of steadiness returned to her and she became capable of coherent thought.

Yes, something terrible had happened. She could not remember what, beyond a vague sense of shock. She had been asleep, and her mind had failed to register more than that. But now she was awake, wide awake.

She clutched at the earth on which she sat huddled. It was all wet with dew, but it gave her a species of comfort because of its solidity. She clung to it in desperation, giddy with the effort to think.

It was then that a voice seemed to speak to her—out of the night—out of her quivering soul—she knew not which. "Eric—" it said. "Eric—where is Eric?"

She raised herself from the almost prone position to which she had sunk, pressing her hands very tightly to her head.

"Yes—where is Eric?" she said aloud, and looked slowly around her.

Only the dazzling moonlight and dew-drenched grass met her eyes. It was obvious that the road ran along the top of the slope on which she crouched, and the car must have shot over the edge while traveling at high speed. Unless Eric had managed to fling himself out, or had been pitched out, as it was evident that she had been, he must have gone to the bottom of the hollow with the car, and must be lying there in the wreckage. Her heart began to thump again in panic-stricken distress, but she summoned all her mental strength to control it.

WITH quivering effort she dragged herself up and gazed down into the deep shadow beneath. She could see nothing with any distinctness. Only, several yards below her, as it were at the bottom of the cup, there seemed to be a few clumps of bushes grouped together.

In any of these might lie that which she sought but dreaded to find—the twisted wreckage of that which had once been a car, the mangled and disfigured remnant of that which had once been a man.

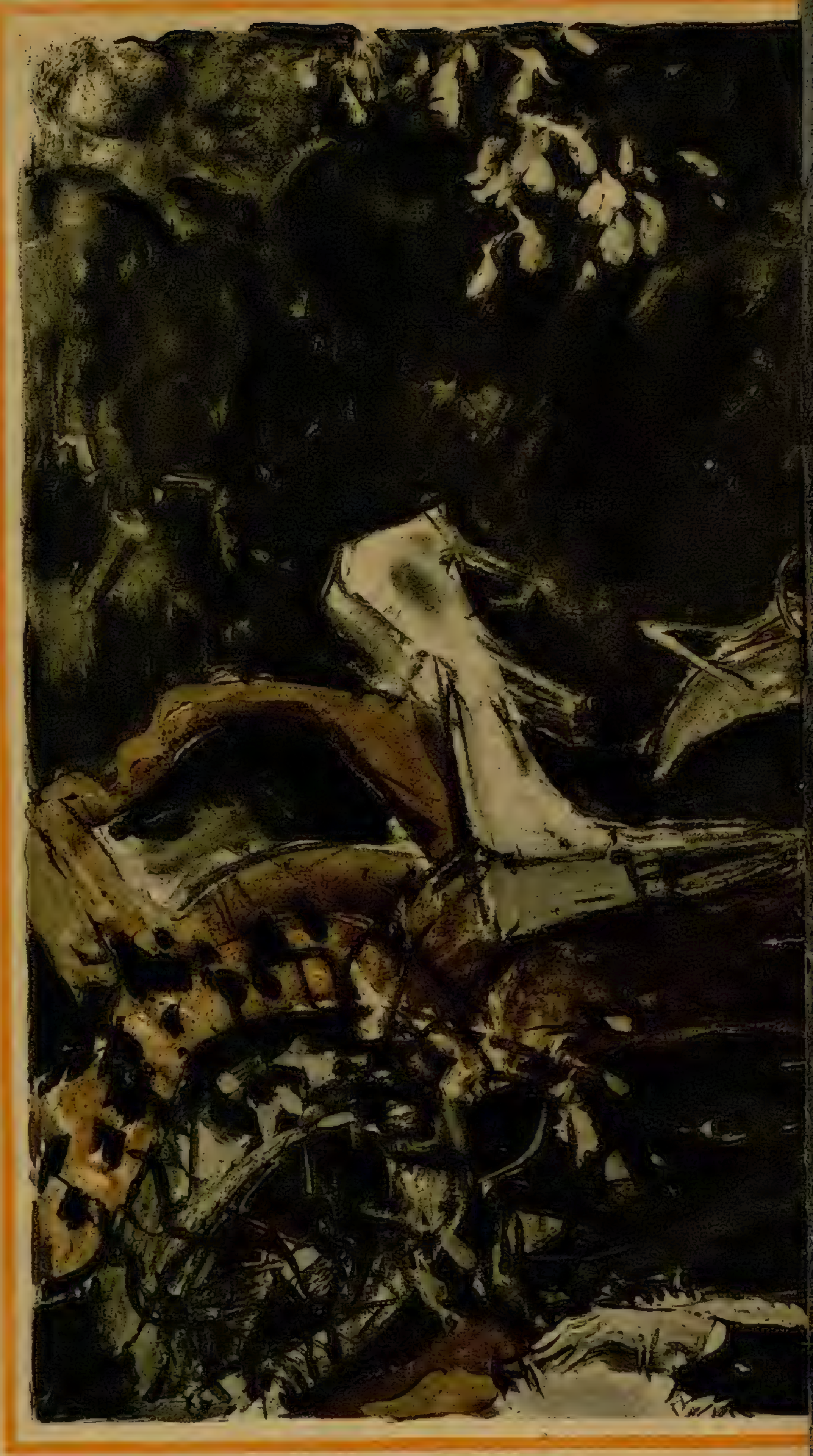
She was on her feet now, but a horrible sense of sickness was upon her, a nausea which for a few moments she was unable to control. She battled with it in a kind of frenzy, and it passed. Then, cold to the very heart, she set herself to the task of descending the slope.

It was not easy, for the grass was wet and slippery, and more than once she nearly lost her footing altogether; but at length, after prolonged effort, she reached the shadow and trod more even ground. Here for a space she had to pause to rest and accustom her eyes to the dimness.

Gradually at last the vague objects below her began to take more definite shape. Here was a molehill and there a clump of gorse. And there, a little farther on, a dark mass of something which was certainly neither of these. The feeling of sickness came upon her again. Her heart was throbbing with a violence that seemed as if it must choke her. More by instinct than by sight she knew that she was on the verge of discovering that which she sought. And even as she stood there, halting, irresolute, tortured by doubts and agonizing fears, there came to her faintly out of the shadows the sound of a voice she knew.

"Marcia! Marcia!" There was gasping entreaty in the voice; it pierced her every nerve. "Where are you? Marcia—for God's sake—speak to me—speak to me!"

She went forward, all her dread faded into the one tremendous thought that he still lived. There was no longer any hesitation in her movements or any shrinking in her soul.



She hung over him in the darkness. "My dear!" she sai

"I am here," she said. "I am coming. Where are you?"

She heard no answer, but a sure instinct guided her. In ten seconds she had reached the shapeless bulk beyond the gorse bushes and was kneeling by his side.

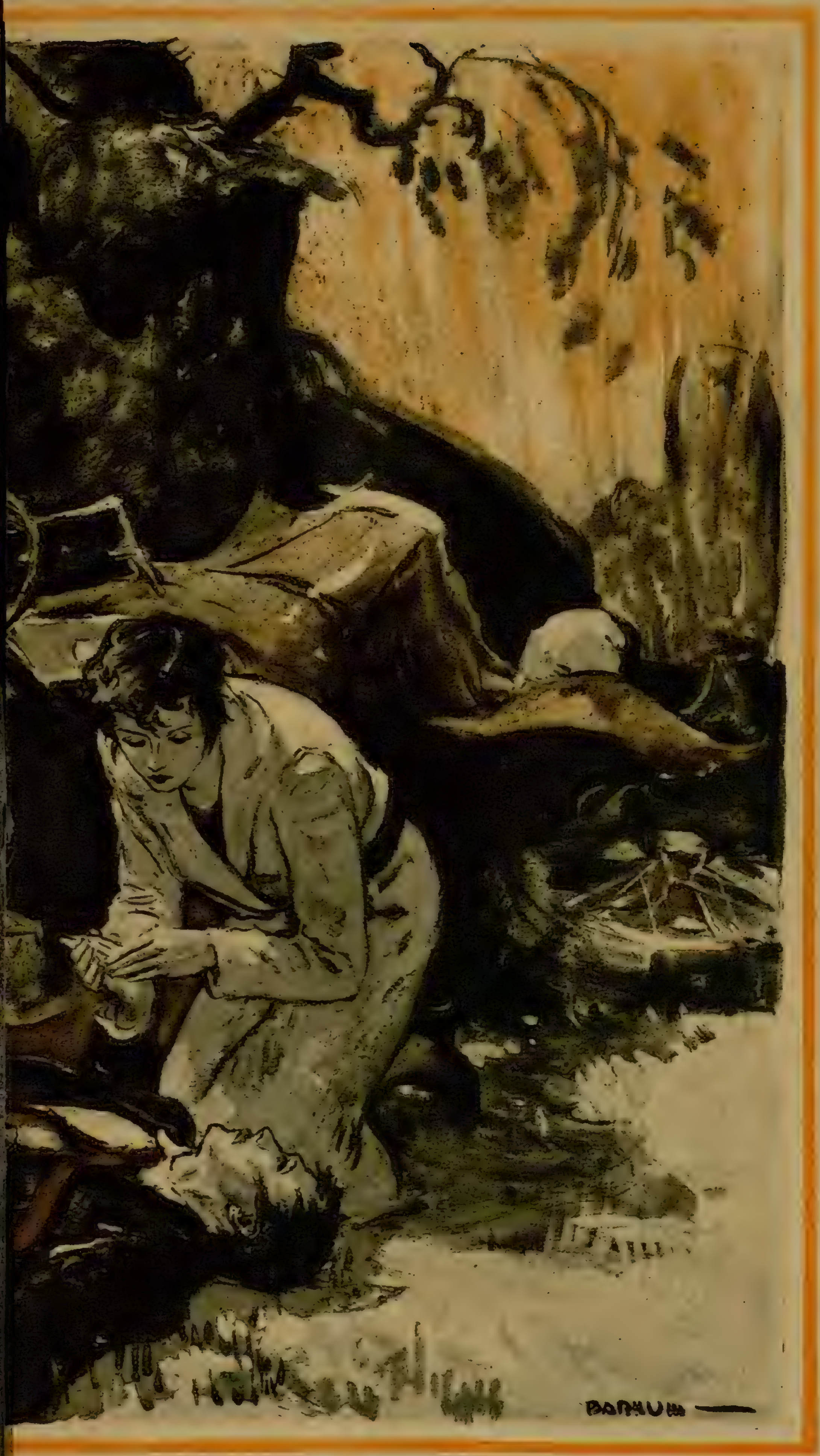
"Eric—Eric!" she said, seeking to lift him.

He was lying in a position which she could but dimly grasp, owing to the wreckage of the car with which he seemed to be inextricably mingled, but she very quickly realized that it was beyond her strength to help him. He was pinned by a weight from which she was powerless to free him.

"Don't!" he whispered. "Don't!" as she tried to raise his head and shoulders. "You can't. You'll only hurt yourself. Marcia—tell me—you're all right?"

She caught the desperate anxiety of his voice, weak as it was. "I am quite all right," she said.

And he murmured, "Thank God!" and lay motionless for a space.



"Oh, my dear!" Her voice trembled in spite of her.

She thought he was slipping into unconsciousness when, with less effort, he spoke again. "I'm all right too, in a sense. That is, I'm not in any pain, though I'm afraid I'm damaged somewhere. You—I suppose you were flung out?"

"I must have been," she said. "I can't remember. I was asleep."

"YES—yes, you were asleep. I remember now." He spoke with increasing coherence. "I saw you were, just before things went wrong."

"What happened?" she whispered.

"I can't say. It must have been the steering gear. I couldn't brake in time. The curve was too sharp. You're sure you're not hurt?"

She heard the anxiety rising again in his voice, and hastened to allay it. "Yes, yes. I am quite all right. But—oh, Eric—you!"

"Never mind me!" he said, and she heard the old characteristic grimness in his voice. "I don't matter. I've had hard knocks before."

"You do matter!" she said, and suddenly, inexplicably, found her voice choked by tears. She fought them back with all her strength so that he should not know, and in a few moments was able to continue. "I'm going to get help. Will you be all right—if I leave you—just for a little while?"

His hand came groping out to her. "Oh, Marcia!" he said, and as she grasped and held it she had the feeling of one who seeks to comfort a panic-stricken child. But in a second or two he had himself under control. "Yes—of course—perfectly all right. Only—so awfully sorry you should have the trouble."

She hung over him in the darkness. "My dear!" she said. "Oh, my dear!"

Her voice trembled in spite of her, and instantly his own broke in, rallying her. "That's all right, darling. Don't you worry! We'll win out yet. Now, don't hurry! Take it easy! I shall be perfectly content to lie here for the next two hours. If you can climb back to the road, I think there's a lodge at the bottom of the hill. There used to be—that is, if we're where I think we are. But it may be farther than that. Don't hurry! Just say to yourself all the way how damned lucky we are to be alive!"

SHE caught the smile in his tone and wondered how much it cost him. Impulsively she stooped, his hand pressed to her breast, and kissed him on the forehead. It felt cold and damp to her quivering lips.

"Good-by, Eric darling!" she whispered. "I won't be long. You shan't lie here a single second longer than I can help. I won't fail you. Don't be afraid!"

"My own love!" he answered. "That's the last thing on earth I could ever be afraid of."

She stood up and pulled off her coat. "See, I shan't want this. I shall get on better without it. No, really, Eric!" as he began to protest. "That's the truth. I shall be much happier if you have it for a pillow." She rolled it up and slipped it under his head. "There, dear, now I'm going. And I shall be back very soon—very soon."

"God bless you!" he said faintly.

She turned from him resolutely, feeling as if something were dragging at her heart, and struggling as she went to stifle the wonder if she had left him to die alone.

Back once more into the moonlight and up the slippery slope she forced herself. Her limbs felt leaden, but there was no time to think of that while Eric lay there a prisoner. To obtain help to release him was the only thought in her mind, and she put forth her utmost strength. There were places where the ground rose so steeply and her foothold was so precarious that she had to use her hands as well in that difficult upward progress; but nothing stopped her, nor did she slacken her efforts for a single second. And at last, reaching a more gradual ascent, she straightened herself to see the road just above her, winding away like a metal ribbon into the distance.

It seemed completely deserted. She had certainly not expected to find help near at hand. Scarcely indeed did she look for it. But as she came out upon that shining surface she heard a far-off thrumming that was as yet hardly more than a vibration on the still air, and with a great throb of thankfulness she stood still. There was no mistaking that sound, and it was steadily and swiftly growing. Help was coming. She waited for it, panting.

In a few seconds more she saw the advancing car. It topped a distant rise and appeared on the highway like a spider running down its web. It was moving very fast, and she saw in a flash that she must make a determined effort to check its progress or it would shoot past her. She took a few paces forward into the middle of the road and stopped with arms extended.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page sixty-three

She was none too soon, though there had seemed to be plenty of time. The driver of the car swerved at the sight of her, checked sharply, and came on at reduced speed.

"Hullo!" he shouted. "Hullo! Anything wrong?"

Marcia's arms fell to her sides. The car stopped close to her. She went up to it.

"There's been an accident," she said. "Can you help me?"

"I can try," came back the gruff response. "What's happened?"

She found herself confronting a man with a red face and the keenest gray eyes she had ever seen. They looked at her searchingly, not without suspicion. An urgent need for support came suddenly upon her. She rested her hands on the door of the car and began to tell him.

"We were in a car and the steering went wrong and we went over the edge. He's down there now, pinned under the car. We shall want men—several men—to free him."

The man in the car continued to gaze at her with an unswerving scrutiny, almost as if he did not believe her. Then, just as she was beginning to lose hope, he broke into speech again.

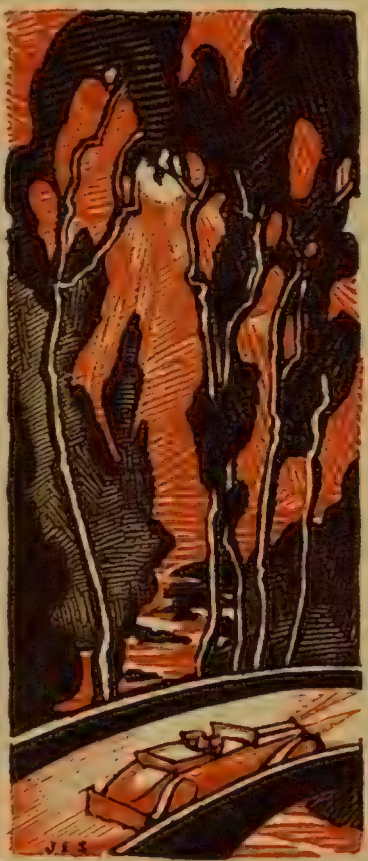
"Where is he? Down there? Have you tried a jack?"

"I don't even know if we've got one," she said.

"Let me get out!" he said.

She stood back and he opened the door and alighted—a man of enormous bulk and height who towered gigantic in the moonlight to her overwrought imagination.

"You sit down somewhere!" he said, and turned and rummaged in the back of the car.



She sank down on the step, thankful for the moment's respite. She could hear him turning over the tools, and then abruptly he threw something out on to the road.

"That's the thing! Now, where is it? Down there? Mean to say you plunged right down into that hollow and weren't killed?" She heard incredulity in his voice.

"I was flung out," she said.

"And not even hurt?" he questioned.

She stood up. "No, I don't think so. I'll show you the way down. Can I carry anything?"

"No, you look after yourself!" He spoke with a sort of rough sympathy. "But don't go straight down! There's a path a few yards up. I know this part of the world."

His gruff kindliness gave her confidence. She breathed a great sigh of relief. The terrible weight of responsibility pressing upon her had begun to lift. She followed his guidance in silence.

WHEN they reached the bottom of the hollow at length, the moon's rays were beginning to penetrate farther downward and the shadows lay less deep. But there was a deathly stillness all around which sent an icy shiver through Marcia.

She saw the shapeless mass of the wrecked car and stood still, literally afraid to go forward. But her companion had no such qualms. He strode on past her. And that gave her courage to follow.

She came again to the spot where she had left Eric. He was lying just as she had left him, with his head on her coat; but no voice greeted her as she stooped over him. He made no movement of any kind.

"Fainted, has he?" said the big man above her.

"I don't know," she said with a sinking heart.

"Well, we'll soon have him out, anyhow. Jolly lucky the thing didn't catch fire." He bent to examine the situation. "Yes, I think I can get a hold for the jack under there. My word! It's a pretty thorough smash-up. Still, we'll manage somehow."

He went to work without further delay, and Marcia, kneeling by Eric's side, watched tremblingly as he raised the twisted mass inch by inch, dreading every moment to see it slip and crash down again upon the helpless man.

But the rescuer was no fool. He secured his progress with stones wedged scientifically under the lifted bulk, and presently he turned round to Marcia.

"I think I can pull him out now. Let's try!"

She gave place to him dumbly. Eric was unconscious, but his heart was still beating. So much she had ascertained. She clasped her hands tightly over her own while the big man bent to his task.

It was no easy one. Eric was a dead weight in any case, but she saw with quivering thankfulness that the lifting operation had freed him from that crushing weight. Very slowly, with infinite care, the big man dragged him from beneath it. His legs trailed helplessly over the grass as his rescuer laid him down.

"That's all we can do for the moment," he said. "Now I'll go and get help. Will you stay with him?"

"Of course!" Marcia said. "But—can you get help at this hour?"

"Yes, I can." He spoke with reassuring confidence. "I'm the landlord of the Castle Hotel at Martinworth. It's not five miles away. I'll go to the Cottage Hospital and get the ambulance if possible. But it may take a little while. Shall you be all right?"

"Oh, quite," she said, "quite. Don't stop to think of me! Do whatever will bring help the quickest—and—thank you."

"Better wait till I've done it," said the big man.

HE departed. She heard the regular tread of his feet as he made his way up the winding path that ascended to the road, and in a very few minutes she heard the whir of his engine as he started it, and then the rush of the car as it sped away.

The sounds faded into the distance. The night was still again. But the moonlight had found them. It was shining upon Eric's face, and as she bent over him she saw that his eyes were open, watching her.

He spoke, and his words had a strange distinctness, as if he were making an immense effort to be intelligible.

"Marcia!" he said, and, as she bent closer, "Marcia! I want you—to go."

"To go!" She repeated the words in some bewilderment. His eyes were fixed upon her, wide and startlingly dark, seeming to beseech her.

"Yes." His voice was husky, but his meaning was unmistakable. "You mustn't stay with me. You must go back. Promise me—promise me you will go back!"

"Eric!" she said in distress. "My dear, I couldn't leave you."

"You must," he said. His speech was gathering clearness. She heard the old dogged quality beginning to assert itself. "Listen, Marcia! I won't have you throw yourself away on me now. I'm badly damaged. I may die. You've got to go—for my sake. I couldn't endure to—ruin your life—and then go out. No. Listen!" as she began to protest. "It's no good talking—arguing. I know you'd stand by me till the end if I'd let you, but I won't. Understand, Marcia? I won't. You must go."

"My dear!" she said. "I couldn't—possibly—bear to leave you. You mustn't think of it."

"I do," he said. "And I must. It's just everything to me, Marcia. Don't you understand? We can't go on. We must go back. At least, you must. You can send for Peter. He'll come to me. But you must go. It's the only way, and—thank God—it's still open." He paused, panting a little. There were great drops on his forehead. She wiped them tenderly away. "You'll do it?" he said, and suddenly she saw an agony in his eyes that was not physical. "You'll do it for me, Marcia?"

"You know I would do anything for you, darling," she said.

"Would you?" he said. "Would you?" His gaze was still upon her, as if it would penetrate to her very soul. "Bless you, I believe you would." He spoke slowly, as if aware of failing strength. "Then you will go back—and never—let anyone—know. Only Peter—but he's loyal. He'll stand by. You'll do that, Marcia? You promise?"

She hesitated momentarily, but there was no resisting the imploring of his eyes. Was it death that looked at her behind their pleading? Was it eternity into which they gazed?

"I'll do my best, dear," she said. "I promise you that."

"Ah!" It was half sigh, half groan that broke from him. His eyes drooped suddenly but jerked open again, gazing widely, seeming to search the sky for her. "You'll keep—your promise," he said. "I—shall know."

And then—it was like the drawing of a veil between them—she realized that he saw her no longer. He continued to stare sightlessly for a space, murmuring incoherently, stubbornly fighting the slow creeping of unconsciousness, until like a rising flood it spread and overwhelmed him.

To Marcia it was relief unspeakable when at last his eyelids closed.

LONG afterward, looking back, it was to Marcia as if a woman quite alien to herself went through the subsequent happenings of that terrific ordeal. Though they were indelibly stamped upon her memory, though she was to carry the marks for the whole of her life, she came to regard the events of that night as in some fashion totally apart from herself. Just as in pleasure there comes at last satiety, so in suffering there is a point of exhaustion beyond which there is no further reaction. What she endured in those final hours seemed to her as unreal as it was inevitable. She went through it all like an automaton.

Eric did not move or speak again, and she sat beside him, half dazed in the moonlight, until help arrived. Then she saw him lifted on to a stretcher and carried to an ambulance on the road, following herself as one follows in a procession, with no sense of direction and scarcely any of movement. It all passed through her consciousness like pictures on a screen, and she saw herself taking part in it while scarcely recognizing that it was indeed herself.

Then came the arrival at the Cottage Hospital at Martinworth. They had put her into the ambulance with Eric and one of the stretcher bearers. As she descended she saw the first flush of the summer dawning behind the hills that sheltered the old gray town.

Then had succeeded a period of waiting, and she had been alone save for the uneasy coming and going of Dan Bellamy—she supposed he must have told her that was his name, though she had no recollection of his having done so—the big landlord of the Castle Hotel. He was very good to her in a gruff, unobtrusive way,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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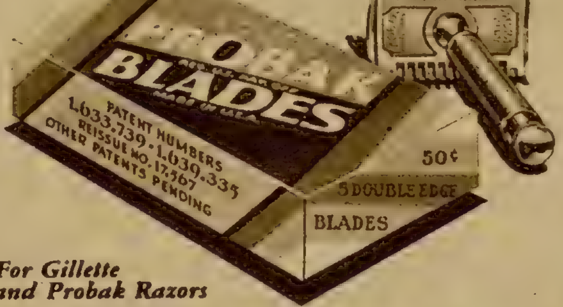
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PROBAK BLADES

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page sixty-five

and it was he who eventually came and told her that everything that was possible had been done for the patient, who was still unconscious, and that for the moment they could do no more. Undoubtedly there was some spinal injury, but they could not as yet say how serious. He asked for Eric's name, and she gave it, and then remembered her promise regarding Peter. He undertook to transmit a message to Peter, regarding her thoughtfully the while. She found comfort in the look of his large red face, even though the eyes still held a certain suspicion.

"What are you going to do?" he asked her bluntly at length. "Can I put you up at the Castle Hotel?"

She hesitated; then, almost before she knew it, she was telling him the truth. "He says I'm not to stay. I've promised to go back to town."

Normally she could never have uttered those words. It seemed exactly as if another woman had spoken them. But it was the understanding in the man's face that had called them forth.

And he had responded instantly, as if he were too sorry for her to inquire too closely: "All right. I'm going up myself. I'll take you."

And he had taken her. In retrospection that was always to her the extraordinary part, that he had offered and she had accepted almost as a matter of course.

Through the exquisite crystal and gold of the early morning they had traveled back along the road which she had traveled by moonlight, leaving the tragedy of the night farther and farther behind. She had but a dim impression of the dew-steeped country through which they passed. Her brain had almost ceased to register ordinary things. She was as one walking a tight rope over a deep abyss who might at any moment fall over into nothingness.

They had reached London at length, crossing the river, all shimmering in the early rays of the sun. The market vans were lumbering in, and her companion threaded his way among them with a dexterity that seemed to her rather surprising in a man of his bulk.

He spoke at last, breaking a silence that had lasted practically throughout the journey, to ask for directions.

She gave them almost mechanically, and he proceeded to follow them, but checked again a little later to say, "I'd better not take you right up to the door, had I? You'll have to explain that the car you were out in broke down."

She looked at him then with vague astonishment filtering through the numbness of her brain. "You seem to think of everything," she said. "I don't know why."

HE explained briefly: "I couldn't place you at first—or Major Morven either—but I was sure I knew you. I was one of the R.A.M.C. orderlies at Fontenelle when they fired the hospital. I helped carry you both out. You were the night sister, weren't you?"

She was staring at him with a growing wonder. "Yes, I was the night sister," she said. "I don't remember you."

"Well, of course—you wouldn't," he said with simplicity. "It's a long while ago, isn't it? Look here! I'll give you my address. Then you can ring me up for news." He drew up, pulled a note case from his pocket, and extracted a card. "Just ask for Bellamy," he said, giving it to her. "I'll tell you everything. And I'll send that message as soon as I get back. That's Mountgrave Square down there, isn't it? Had I better leave you here? Can you walk so far?"

She saw the trees of the square at the end of the road. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I can manage." And then, collecting herself with a great effort: "But what do I owe you for all this? You've done—so much."

"I don't want anything," said Dan Bellamy almost aggressively. "I'll always stand by any of the old crowd. It's one of my mottoes. Those were good days, those were. Good-by—sister!" She gave him her hand, and found it enveloped in his enormous clasp while she tried to utter a few confused words of thanks.

"Don't!" he said. "It spoils things. We never bothered about that in the old days. I'll help you any time I can. Good-by!"

And then she was on the pavement and walking up the quiet road toward those trees that waved in the morning sunlight.

. . . . .

She was home again. That was the next thing she knew. She found the door unbolted, and she opened it with her latchkey and walked in. There was no stealth whatever in her movements. It did not seem to matter whether she met anyone or not. Straight in, closing the door behind her, and straight up the stairs she went.

No one met her. No one seemed to be stirring. But as she reached her bedroom door she heard a sound. The door was ajar, and Hobbs started up from a chair as she entered, as near to dishevelment as it was possible for a person of her prim niceness to be.

"Oh," she gasped, "your ladyship is back at last! Thank God for that!"

MARCIA paused, faintly disconcerted by this fervent reception; then, Dan Bellamy's words recurring to her, she made quiet use of them. It was no effort to her. It seemed to be the other woman who spoke, quite calmly and collectedly. "Have you been sitting up for me?" she said. "I'm sorry. I have been out motoring, and the car broke down. It was some little time before we could get help."

She stopped, looking at Hobbs questioningly, for to her surprise she saw that the woman was in tears.

"Oh, madam—oh, my lady, I don't know how to tell you!" she sobbed. "I've been sitting up all night—and that anxious. The message came—after Sir Everard left. We didn't know—what to do."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Marcia, and, as she spoke the words, her own self stepped forward, as it were, and took possession. "What has happened? What message?"

Hobbs, unnerved by prolonged strain, was weeping unrestrainedly. "I don't know how to tell you," she reiterated between her sobs. "I said we'd ring up—the moment you came in—but it may be—may be—too late by now."

A sudden light broke upon Marcia. She took a step forward and grasped the maid's quivering shoulder.

"Hobbs—for heaven's sake"—she spoke through white lips—"tell me. What is it? One of the children?"

Hobbs made an agonized gesture and choked forth an answer. "Yes, madam, yes! It's Master Dennis. An urgent operation. They wanted—your consent. Appendicitis—very bad—very critical, they said. And—Sir Everard was gone—and Lady Barrowdale's at Goodwood—and there wasn't anybody. And you—I thought you'd been killed too! It's been dreadful—waiting here." She broke into a further paroxysm of sobbing.

Marcia stood for a moment perfectly stiff and motionless, conscious of no feeling but a terrible coldness. It was as though she had been turned into a block of ice.

Then, with a curious movement that was almost like the violent flinging off of some shackling force, she turned to the telephone beside her bed, mechanically throwing aside her hat as she did so.

"Please be quiet, Hobbs, or go outside!" she said. "I want to hear clearly."

Hobbs checked her tears with a gasp, as though a shower of water had been thrown over her.

And with absolute steadiness Marcia sat down and picked up the telephone. . . .

It was raining at Graybourne. The slow drip, drip of the eaves had a ceaseless monotony that made a dull background to the cawing of the rooks in the ancient elm trees that bordered the playing fields. Beyond the trees flowed the misty gray river along the banks of which Marcia and Dennis had walked together a few weeks before, when he with his young ardor had poured out all his eager plans for the holidays and she, with an ache at her heart, had listened and acquiesced. How long ago it seemed! How strange the space between!

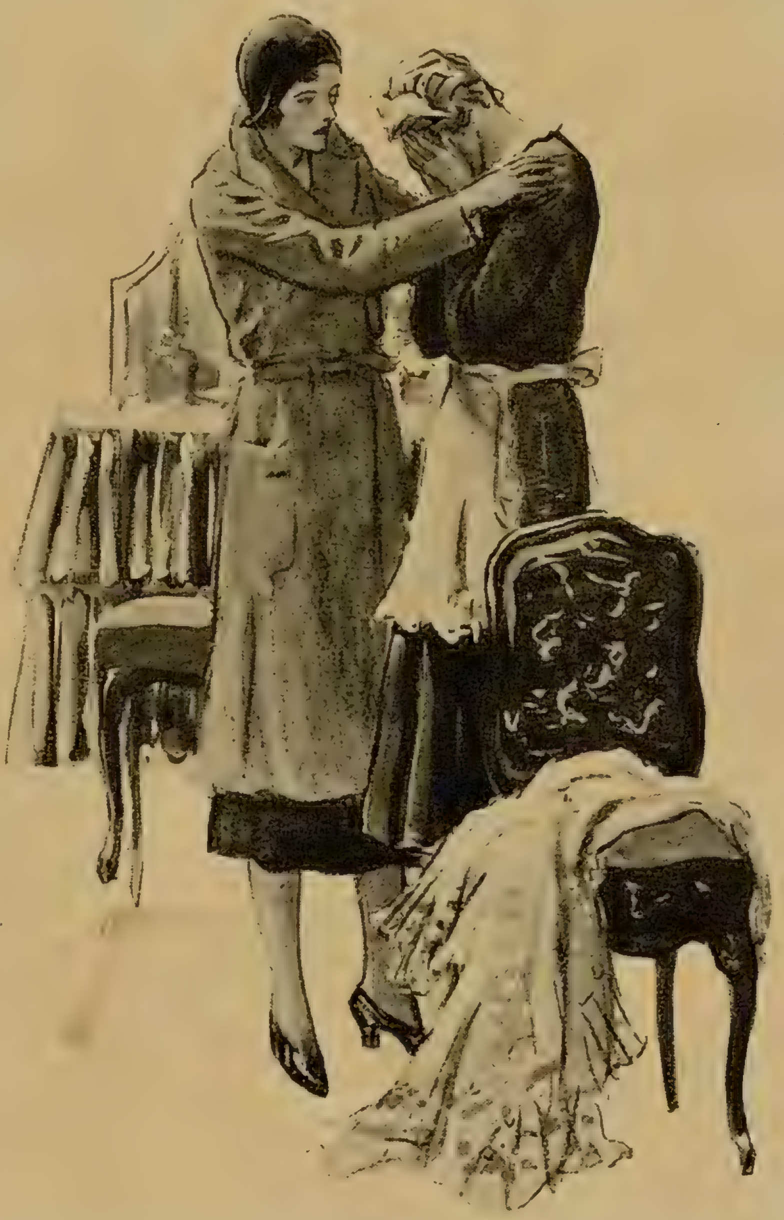
And now, all alone in the matron's room, she waited to hear whether her boy was to live or die. Somehow, looking out upon those age-old trees, it was hard to realize that human life was any more than the merest incident, so transient, so unimportant, so vain. The world went on perpetually, but life—human life—was no more than a flickering flame upon its surface, coming and going, waxing and waning—a fleeting spark, bound to be quenched at last.

Her own life, viewed in perspective, seemed a mass of futility. There had once been a time when the fact that she had brought two splendid children into the world had been a matter of pride to her. Where was her pride now? Life—human life—was so small a thing, pathetic in its aspirations, almost contemptible in its achievements. And always death standing by to cut off those who overcame all other obstacles! There could be no lasting victory anywhere, she reflected drearily, with death so close at hand. There was no bargaining with death.

Back over the past hours went her thoughts. Till now there had been no time to think. She had been like a driven animal, afraid to stop, afraid to go forward, compelled by the goad of relentless circumstances. But now the power to think had returned to her. Now, while she waited for the verdict upon her son, her mind went back with a heavy fatefulness to the lover who had also been stricken, as it were, by an unseen hand. It came upon her like a sudden blinding flash of illumination that but for that shattering blow she would by now have been out of reach, and Dennis might have died with neither father nor mother within call. She shivered as the knowledge went through her. It was like a sword piercing her. Even now the delay might cost him his life.

AND what of that other life? What of Eric—the man who loved her—lying helpless and alone in that far-off Cottage Hospital? Was his life also to be forfeit, and all because of her? She clasped her hands together with a gesture of entreaty, but no word of supplication passed her lips. She was as one cast out into the desert where there was none to hear; as one against whom sentence had been pronounced. And was that to be her doom—to remain unscathed while all around her were stricken down?

Heavily the time rolled on, punctuated by that forlorn dripping which was like the fitful ticking of a phantom clock, like the gradual but inevitable approach of fate. There was no escape. The curse had been laid upon her. She was as one branded and turned adrift in the wilderness, condemned to walk forever in waste places. Her life was in ruins, and it seemed to her in that hour that nothing could ever build it up again. Dennis was dying. Eric was dying. Of her husband she did not dare to think.



Marcia took a step forward. "Hobbs—for heaven's sake—tell me. What is it?"

A sudden sound came to her, drifting through the mist and the rain, and she gave a start of horror. The tolling of a bell? No; surely it was only the school clock striking the hour of noon! Her clasped hands parted and went up to her face as, quivering, she counted the slow notes. Twelve o'clock! And somewhere in the direction of the quadrangle a door opened and there came a rush of feet, and boyish voices through the stillness. Instinctively she turned inward. She could not endure the thought of curious young eyes upon her in her misery.

Very soon now the door would open and the kind-faced matron would enter. She had promised to come and tell her the moment it was over, and till she came there was nothing to be done but wait. She began to walk up and down aimlessly but persistently, like an animal prowling its cage or, perhaps more accurately, like a condemned prisoner awaiting execution and chafing at the delay.

Anything to get it over, was the scarcely conscious thought in her mind. Dennis first, and then Eric! From deathbed to deathbed! And, when it was all finished, the empty desert and the outer darkness for herself!

VAGUELY the stir and life of the school reached her senses, but they did not pierce within to the place where her soul crouched, waiting for the voice of doom. Pacing to and fro, to and fro, in torment, with all her buoyancy gone and hope in ashes, she faced only the stark reality of her punishment. She had sinned, and she must pay the penalty. She only asked that the payment might be swift.

The drip, drip of the eaves was lessening, and a pale light had begun to show above the elms. It was very pale, remote as the shining of a far-off star, but it had potentiality. It spread very slowly, wedge-shaped, across the gray sky. The cawing of the rooks had almost sunk into silence, but now it was renewed suddenly to a positive babel. Nor sight nor sound reached Marcia in her agony, but something—some inner unseen power—touched her. It was as if an angel had entered her prison and bidden her turn and look.

And there before her, spread to her gaze, she saw a great arch, many-colored, vivid with the splendor of a divine promise, overhanging the earth as though it had been the gateway to heaven. . . .

The door opened and someone came in, came quietly to her, and paused. For Marcia's face was as the face of one who sees a vision and who cannot turn away.

After a few moments the matron spoke:

"He has come through the operation, Lady Templeton. Would you care to come and see him for a few minutes?"

Marcia turned at last, with a strange long sigh. It was as if she called her spirit back from heights undreamed of and saw once more the prison walls around her.

"Yes, let me see him!" she said quietly. . . .

The first face that Dennis saw when he recovered consciousness was his mother's, and the first words he succeeded in uttering were addressed to her. "Oh, mum!" he whispered. "How I've wanted you! Don't—don't go away!" And tearfully he laid his cheek upon her hand.

While Dennis is apparently out of danger, Marcia still faces the problem of her shattered elopement with Eric. Read what she decides to do in next week's installment.

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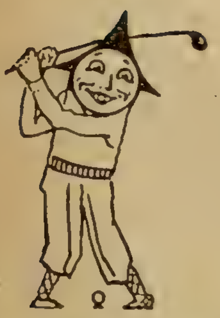

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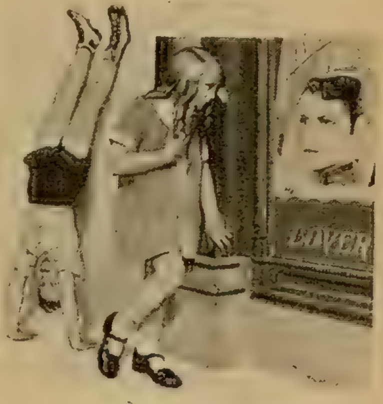
LOVE is expensive.

Every time a picture with the great actor, Harlan Truehart, comes to town, Gwen has to beg and borrow her way into the movie theater. Nobody has guessed how much it means to her.

Red goes willingly, because Harlan Truehart happens to be a red-blooded he-man type that does breath-taking gymnastics on horseback and wins innumerable duels with swords. Red tries to imitate all of the famous Truehart stunts.

But Gwen! She sits in the darkened theater and holds on to her bumpy heart as Harlan Truehart whispers to his lady fair that he would die a thousand deaths for one smile from her lips. Oh!

She has swiped stamps from her mother's desk to scrawl a grubby note to Harlan Truehart, and when, one morning, the postman brought an autographed picture of her heart's hero, Gwen was dazed with joy. She slept with the picture under her pillow until she nearly wore it out. She sent for another, inclosing the right number of stamps, and then had to buy a ten-cent-store frame to hang it over her bed. She wheedled her mother into buying a movie-fan magazine, so that she might read what her beloved ate for breakfast, and see a picture of his house and gardens and swimming pool.



This week's cover picture.

Then the local movie house advertised the big feature film, Eternal Lover, and Gwen couldn't sleep for excitement. She mortgaged herself for the necessary quarter, promising to cut the Jenkins lawn that very week. A cheap price to watch her ideal.

Gwen went in as soon as the theater opened. She sat gripping the arms of her chair and watched Harlan Truehart gallop at breakneck speed across the mountains, watched him bound to a tree to be shot as a spy. And then right at the happy ending she closed her eyes and listened to his voice, pretending he talked straight to her. . . . "You are the most wonderful girl in the world! I've waited for someone like you all my life. Darling, do you love me?"

Oh, heaven! Oh, joy! Ah, but love is wonderful!

Gwen sat through three showings of the picture, forgetting her dinner completely. And Red, sitting beside her, was disturbed at the look of reverent joy on her face. Aren't girls silly? He was torn between a desire to inspire such a look himself and the need of belittling Harlan Truehart's accomplishments. Of course he didn't pay Gwen's way in there, but a gal *might* hear you when you speak—when you're there in the flesh and the other guy is nothing but a shadow!

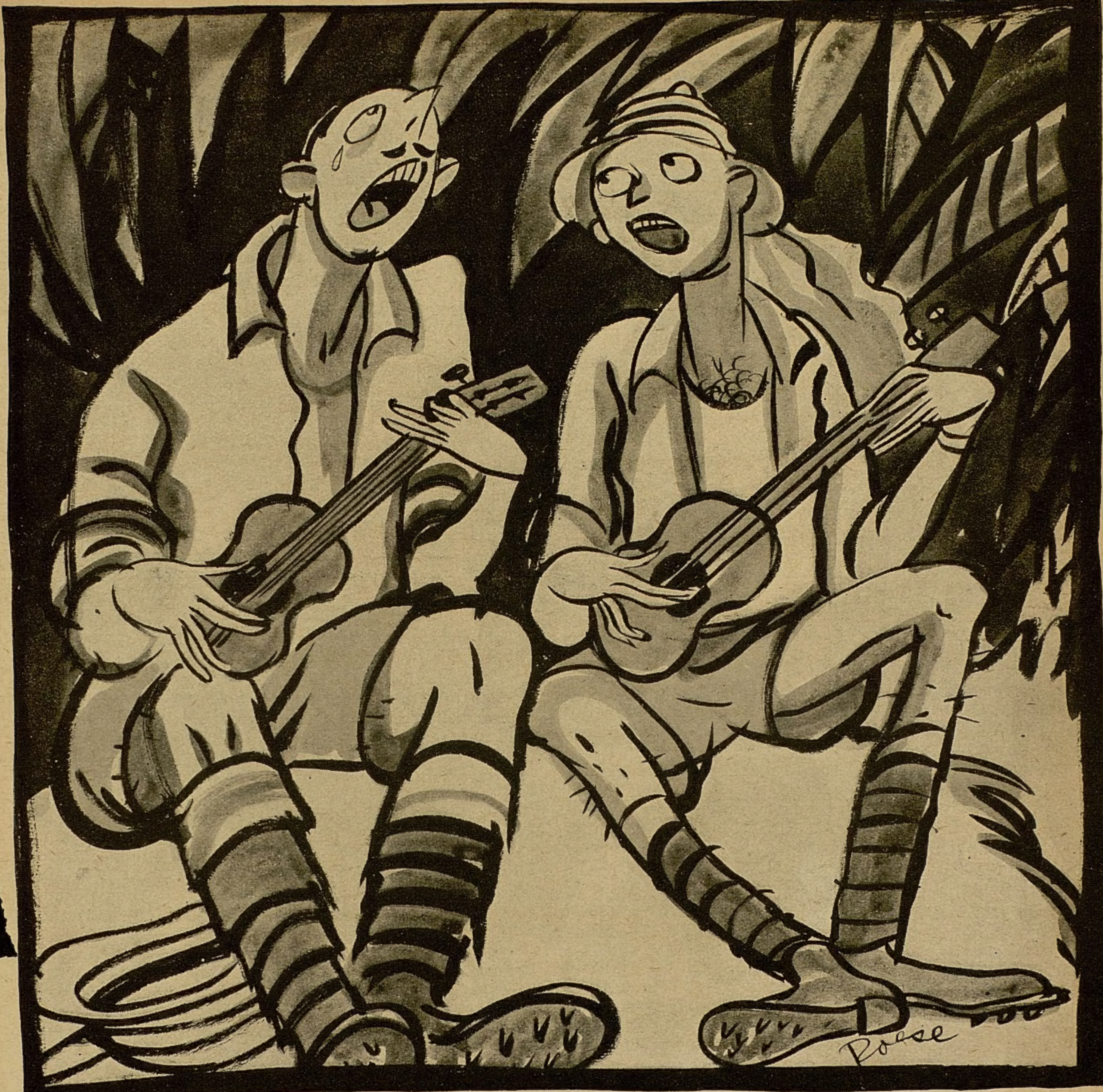
What could a feller do to win such rapt attention, such doglike admiration, such soul-stirring devotion?

"Wanna soda?" he ventured when they hit the street.

But Gwen shook her head. That's bad! Refusing a soda! Red was puzzled as he watched her waken from her dreams, as she gazed around at the everyday street and realized that life must go on, errands must be run, school must be attended, lessons studied, and spinach eaten.

Red made one valiant attempt to divorce her attentions from his dangerous paper-doll rival. Poor Red, who truly felt he "would die a thousand deaths for one smile from her lips"! He did six single-hand cartwheels and then stood on his head. But Gwen paid no attention. Red's show-off stunts went totally unappreciated. For Gwen was absorbed in gazing at a gargantuan picture of her heart's dream. Such is life.

(Next week's cover adventure: Mice and Men.)



We played them Silver Threads Among the Gold one night, with Dr. Meexus singing the tenor.

Announcing a New Vitamin

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

(Reading time: 6 min. 10 sec.)

DR. ARTHUR W. MEEXUS and the author of this paper take great pleasure in announcing the discovery of vitamin F on August 15, 1931. We ran across it quite by accident while poking through some old mackerel bones, trying to find a little piece of fish that we could eat.

"By George," exclaimed Dr. Meexus, "I think this is a vitamin!"

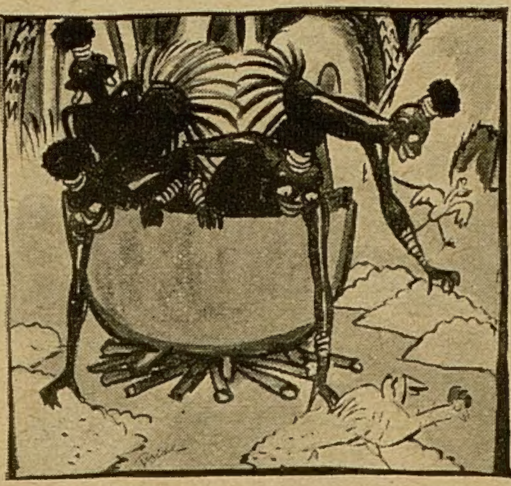
"By George," I said, examining it, "it is not only a vitamin, but it is vitamin F! See how F it looks!" And, sure enough, it was vitamin F all over, the very vitamin F

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

which had been eluding Science since that day in 1913 when Science decided that there were such things as vitamins. (Before 1913 people had just been eating food and dying like flies.)

In honor of being the first vitamin to be discovered, this new element was called vitamin A, and a very pretty name it was, too. From then on, doctors began discovering other vitamins—B, C, D, and E, and then vitamin G. But vitamin F was missing. It is true vitamin G looked so much like vitamin B that you could hardly tell them apart, except in a strong light, and vitamin E was, for all practical purposes, the same as vitamin A (except a little more blond), but nobody seemed able to work up any discovery by which a vitamin F could be announced.



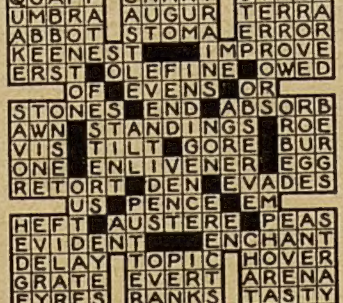
The sad suicide of Dr. Eno M. Kerk in 1930 was laid to the fact that he had just got a vitamin isolated from the E class and almost into the F, when the room suddenly got warm and it turned into a full-fledged vitamin G. The doctor was heartbroken and deliberately died of malnutrition by refusing to eat any of the other vitamins from that day on. If he couldn't have vitamin F, he wouldn't have any. The result was a fatal combination of rickets, beriberi, scurvy, East Indian flagroot, and all other diseases which come from an undersupply of vitamins (most of them diseases which nice people up North wouldn't have).

First in our search for a vitamin which would answer to the name of F, we had to figure out something that it would be good for. You can't just have a vitamin lying around doing nothing. We therefore decided that vitamin F would stimulate the salivary glands and the tear ducts. If, for instance, you happen to be a stamp licker or envelope sealer, or like to cry a lot, it will be necessary for you to eat a great deal of food which is rich in vitamin F. Otherwise your envelopes won't stay stuck, or, when you want to cry, all you can do is make a funny-looking face without getting anywhere.

For research work we decided that the natives of one of the Guianas (British-French, or French-British, or Harvard-Yale) would present a good field, so we took a little trip down there to see just what food values they were short of. Most of the food in the Guianas consists of Guiana hen in its multiple variants, with a little wild Irish rice on the side to take away the taste. The natives reverse the usual order of tribal eating, placing the hen and rice outside a large bowl and getting into the bowl themselves, from which vantage point they are able to pick up not only the food but any little bits of grass and pebbles which may be lying on the ground beside it. This method of eating is known as *hariboru*, or "damned inconvenient."

NATURALLY, a diet consisting entirely of Guiana hen and wild Irish rice is terribly, terribly short on vitamin F, with the result that the natives are scarcely able to lick their lips, much less a long envelope. And when they want to cry (as they do whenever anyone speaks crossly to them) they make a low, grinding noise with their teeth and hide their eyes with one hand to cover up their lack of tears. We played them Silver Threads Among the Gold one night on our ukuleles, with Dr. Meexus singing the tenor, and although every eye in the house was dry, the grinding sound was as loud as the creaking timbers on an excursion boat. (As loud, but nothing like.)

The next thing to do was to discover what foods contain vitamin F. Here was a stickler! We had discovered it in a mess of mackerel bones, so evidently mackerel bones contain it. But you can't tell people to eat lots of mackerel bones.



QUAFF CHART STAGE
UMBRA AUGUR TERRA
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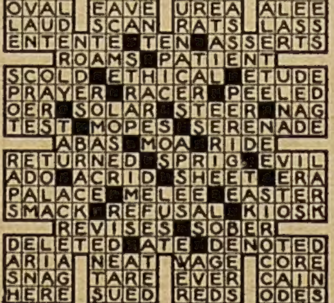
Answer to the puzzle on page 56



CITE TROT FORM PALL
OVAL EAVE UREA ALEE
LAUD SCAN RATS LASS
ENTENTE TEN ASSERTS
ROAMS PATIENT
SCOLD ETHICAL ETUDE
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OER SOLAR STEER NAG
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ABAS MOA RIDE
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PALACE MELEE EASTER
SMACK REFUSAL KIOSK
REVISES SOBER
DELETED ATE DENOTED
ARIA NEAT WAGE CORE
SNAG TARE EVER CAIN
HERE SUED REDS ODES

Answer to the puzzle on page 57

Now, from a study of vitamins A, B, C, D, E, and G, we knew that all one really needs to have, in order to stock up on any one of these strength-giving elements, is milk. Milk and cod-liver oil. Milk has vitamin A, vitamins B, E, and G—so it is pretty certain to have vitamin F. For all we knew, it might also contain vitamin F sharp. So we picked milk as the base of our prescribed diet and set about to think up something else to go with it.

Then it occurred to Dr. Meexus that he had a lot of extra radishes growing in his garden, radishes which he was sure he had not planted. He had planted lots of other vegetables, beans, peas, Swiss chard, and corn, but radishes were the only things that had come up in any quantity. He was radish poor. And he figured out that practically six million amateur gardeners were in the same fix. Where you find one amateur gardener in a fix, you are pretty likely to find six million others in the same one. And, according to the Department of Agriculture's figures for 1931 (April-September), practically every amateur gardener in the country was in some sort of fix or other, mostly due to a bumper crop of radishes.

WE therefore decided that radishes must contain a lot of Vitamin F, since they contain nothing else, unless possibly a corky substance which could be used only in the manufacture of life preservers. "Milk and radishes" was selected as the slogan for vitamin F.

We figured it out that our chief advantage over the other vitamin teams was in the choice of conditions which our vitamin would cure. The vitamin B group had taken over beriberi, but who wants to have beriberi for a disease to be avoided? Vitamin D is a cure for rickets, but most of our patients ought to know by now whether they are going to have rickets or not. (We planned to cater to the more mature, sophisticated Long Island crowd, and, if they haven't had rickets up until now, they don't care much. If they *have* had them, it is too late anyway, and you can always say that your legs got that way from riding horseback.)

Vitamin C is corking for scurvy, but, here again, scurvy is not in our line.

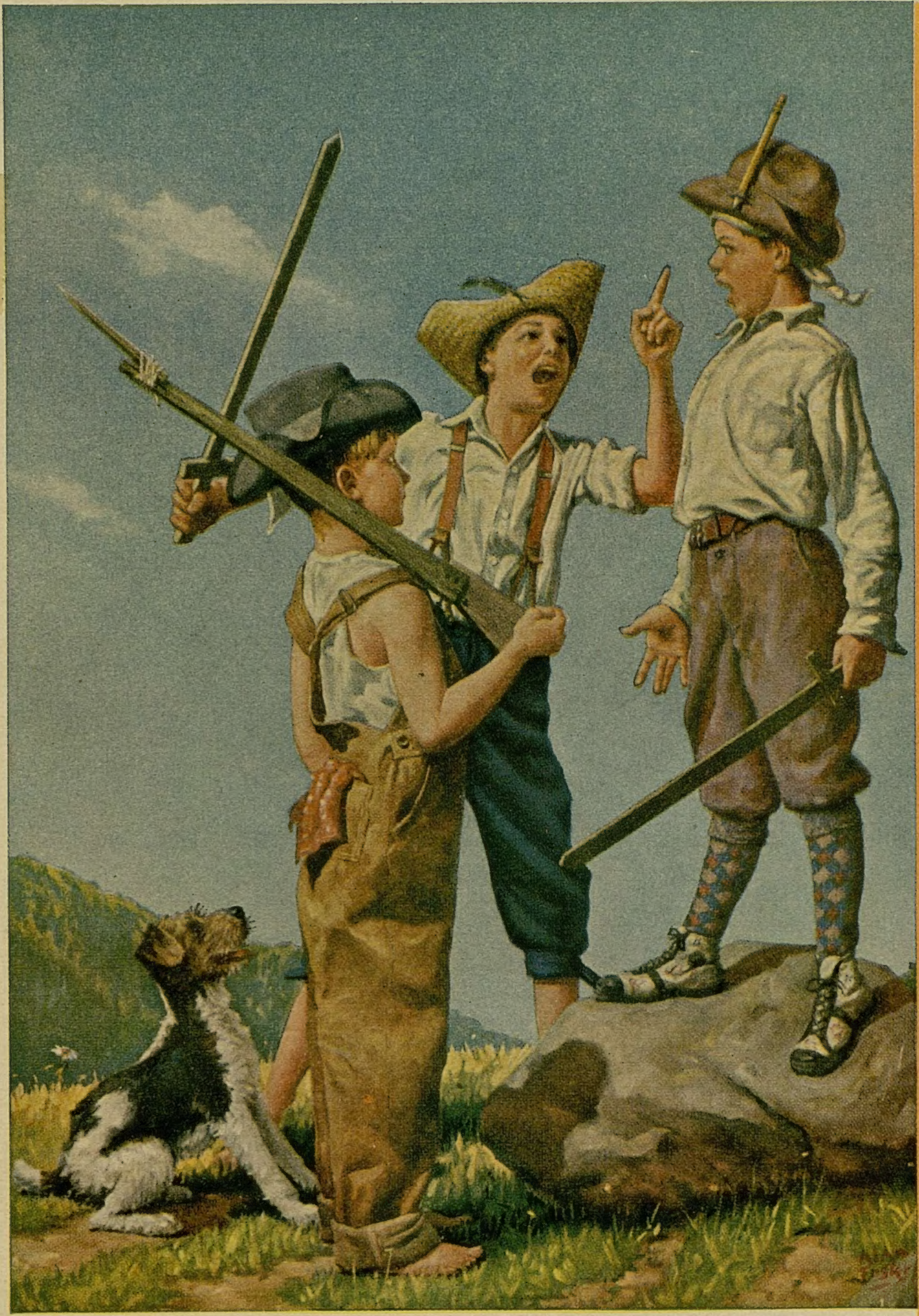
In fact, I don't know much about scurvy, except th it was always breaking out on shipboard when sailing vessels went around the Horn. But Dr. Hess, one of the discoverers of vitamin C, has pointed out that scurvy need not always be present in cases demanding vitamin C.

According to Hess (you must always call doctors who discover something by their last names without the "Dr."), the frequency among children in which irritability can be cured by vitamin C is proof that it has more uses than one.

This was pretty smart of Hess to pick on such a common ailment as irritability among children, for, up until the discovery of vitamin C, the only cure for this had been a good swift smack on the face.

However, it looks now as if we were stuck with a perfectly good vitamin and nothing for it to cure. Licking stamps and crying aren't quite important enough functions to put a vitamin on its feet. We have announced its discovery, and have given to the world sufficient data to show that it is an item of diet which undoubtedly serves a purpose. But what purpose? We are working on that now, and ought to have something very interesting to report in a short time. If we aren't able to, we shall have to call vitamin F in, and begin all over again.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.



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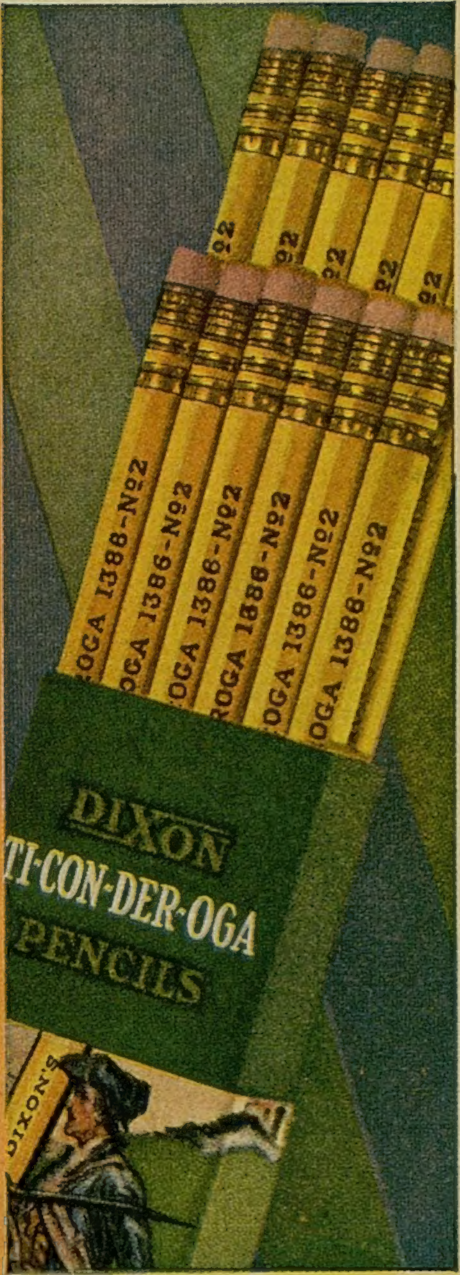

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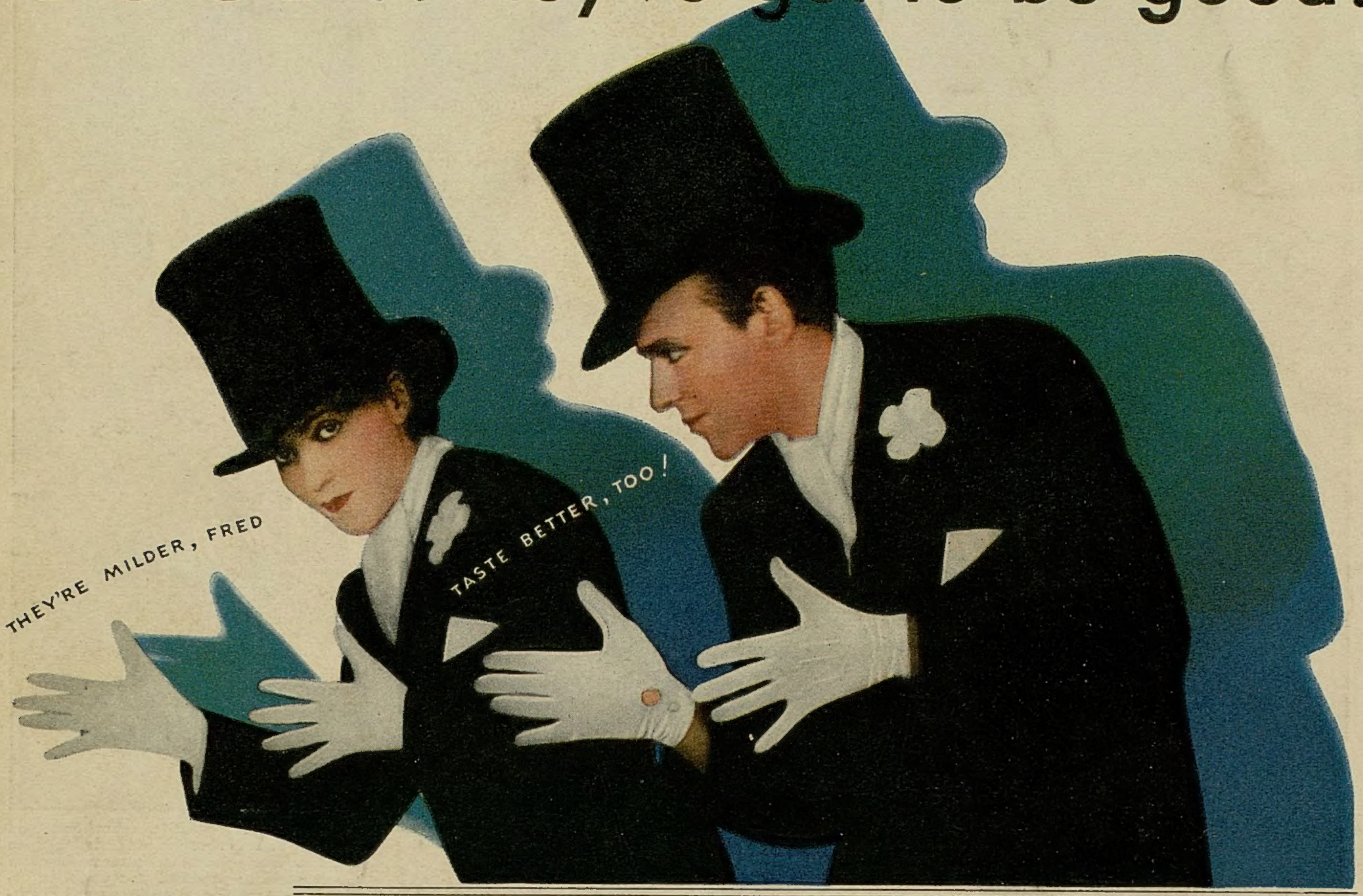
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Fred and Adele Astaire in Broadway's musical hit, "The Band Wagon"

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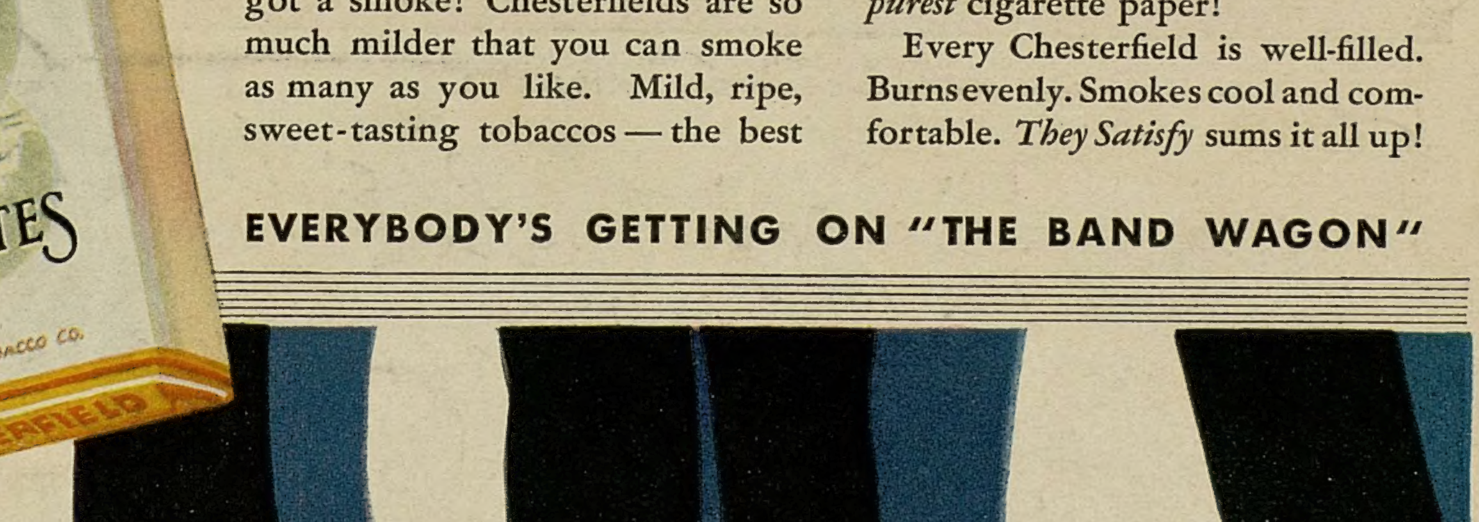

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